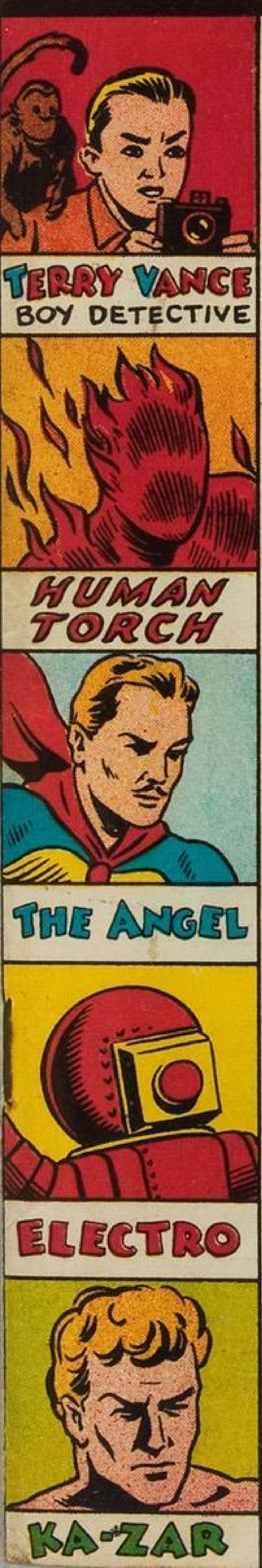
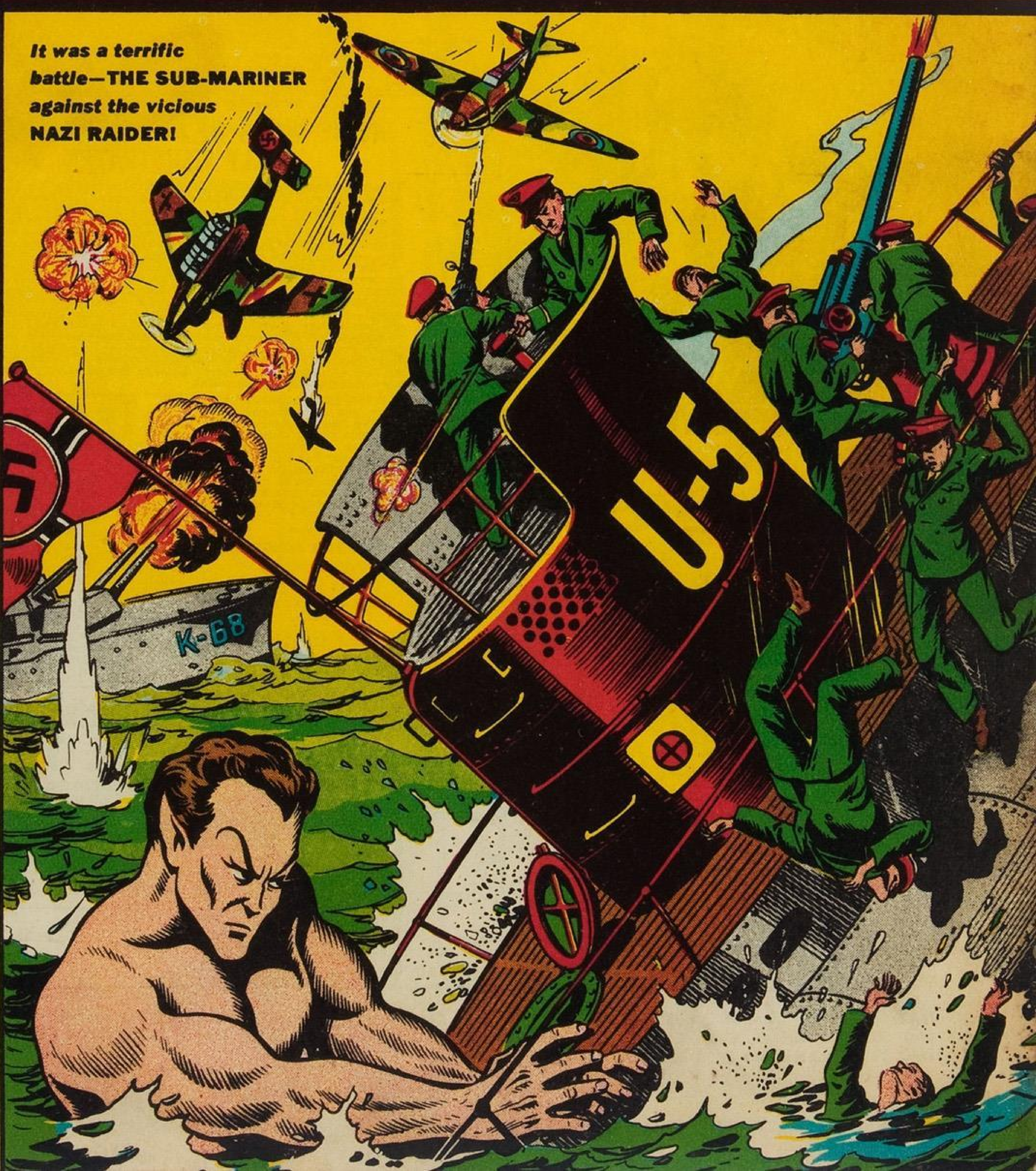
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

AUGUST

10¢

No. 10


TERRY VANCE
BOY DETECTIVE
HUMAN TORCH
THE ANGEL
ELECTRO
KA-ZAR


It was a terrific battle—THE SUB-MARINER against the vicious NAZI RAIDER!

MECHANICS

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AUTO
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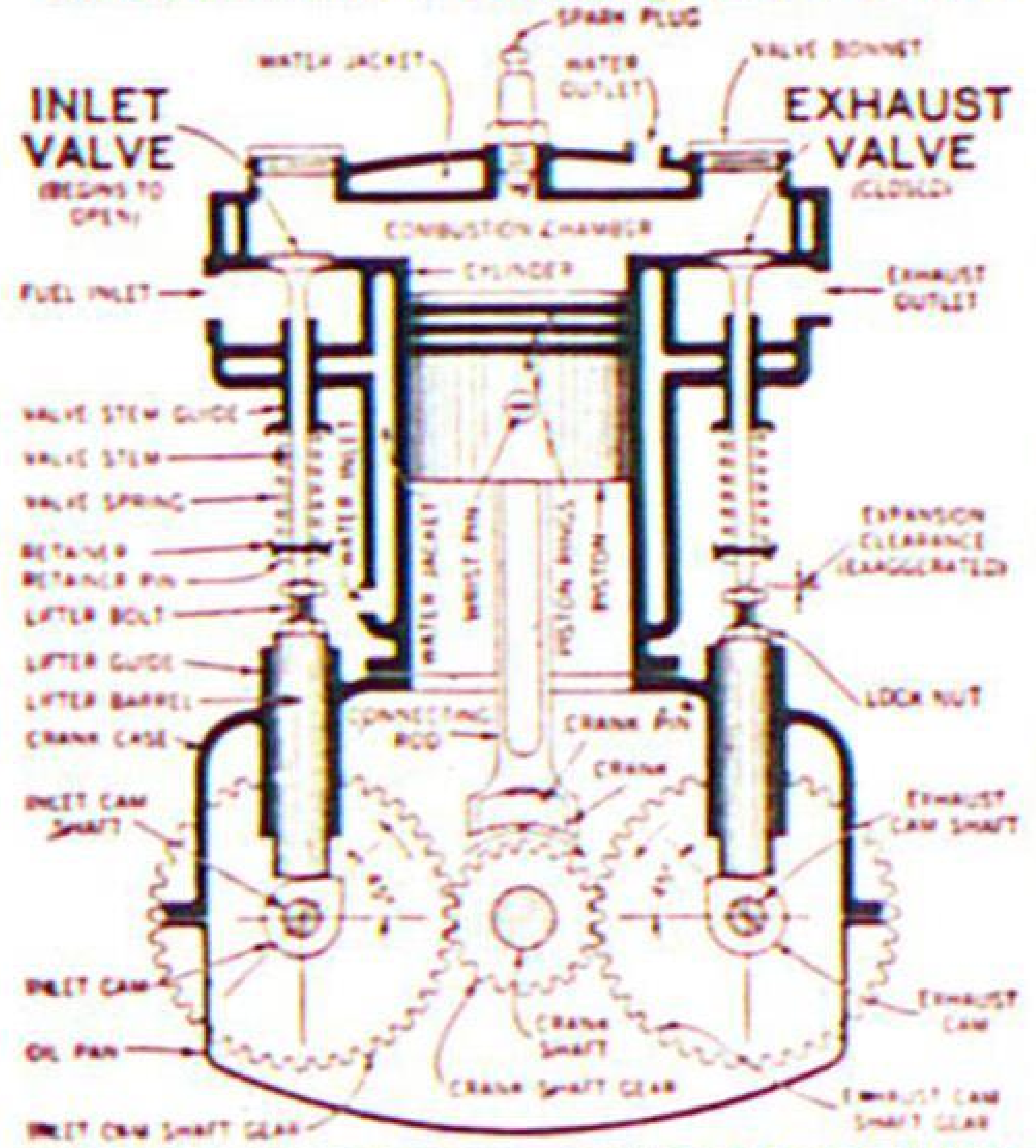

SPARK PLUG
WATER JACKET
WATER OUTLET
VALVE BONNET
INLET VALVE (BEGINS TO OPEN)
EXHAUST VALVE (CLOSED)
COMBUSTION CHAMBER
CYLINDER
FUEL INLET
EXHAUST OUTLET
VALVE STEM GUIDE
VALVE STEM
VALVE SPRING
RETAINER
RETAINER PIN
LIFTER BOLT
LIFTER GUIDE
LIFTER BARREL
CRANK CASE
WATER INLET
WATER JACKET
WRIST PIN
PISTON RINGS
PISTON
EXPANSION CLEARANCE (EXAGGERATED)
LOCK NUT
CONNECTING ROD
CRANK PIN
CRANK
INLET CAM SHAFT
EXHAUST CAM SHAFT
INLET CAM
EXHAUST CAM
OIL PAN
CRANK SHAFT
CRANK SHAFT GEAR
INLET CAM SHAFT GEAR
EXHAUST CAM SHAFT GEAR

SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATION—INSIDE VIEW OF MOTOR

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THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE SUB-MARINER!

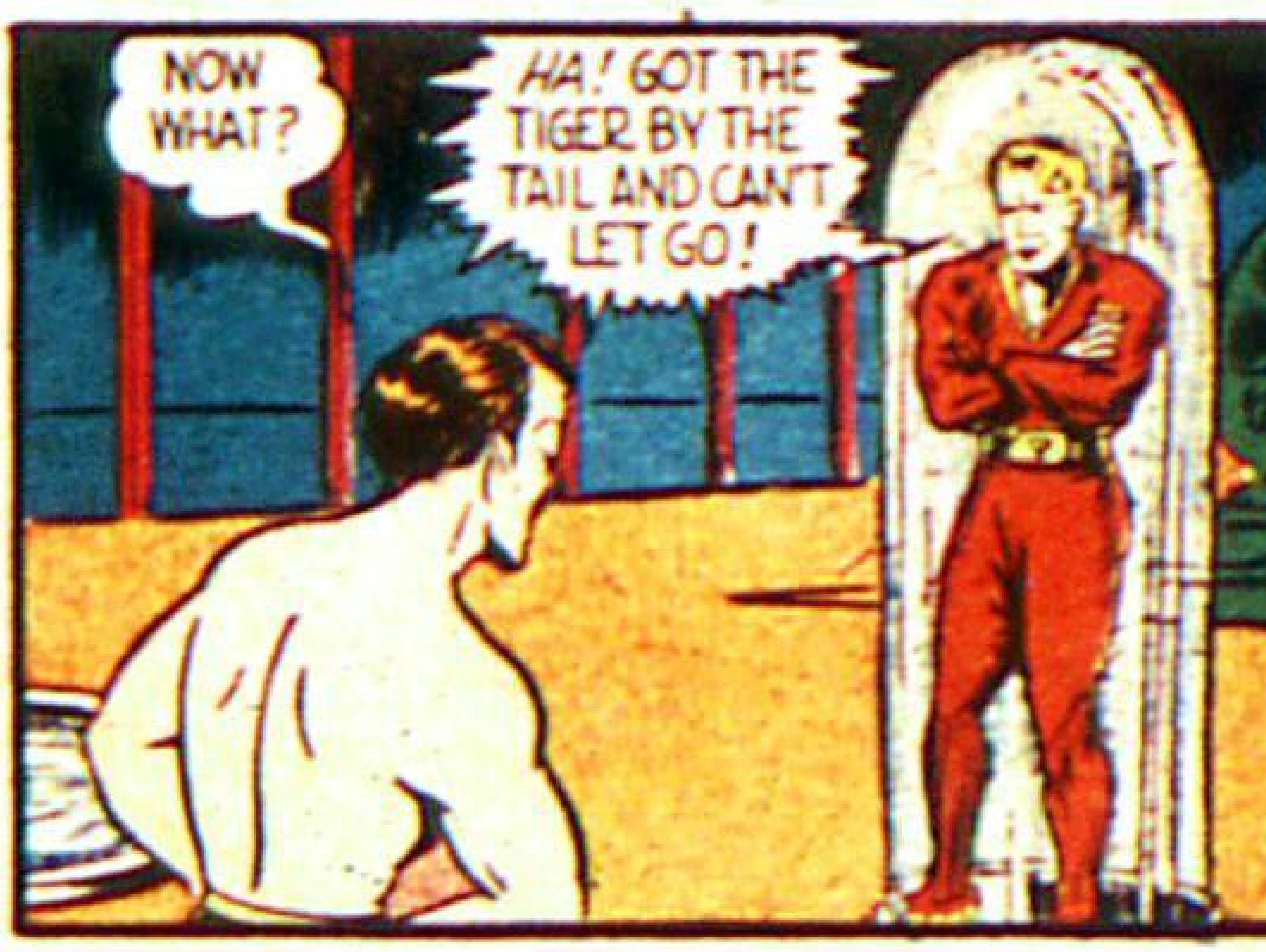
HERE IT IS, KIDS -
THE RESULT OF THE MOST FAMOUS BATTLE IN COMIC MAGAZINES -

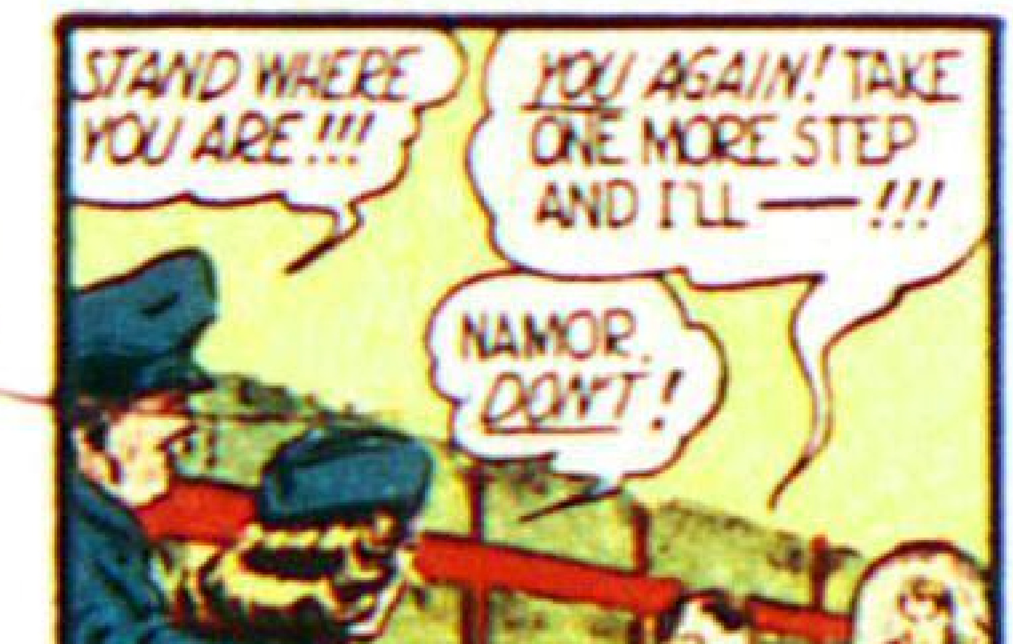
THE MEETING OF THESE TWO SUPER-CHARACTERS IN LAST MONTH'S ISSUE OF ***MARVEL COMICS***

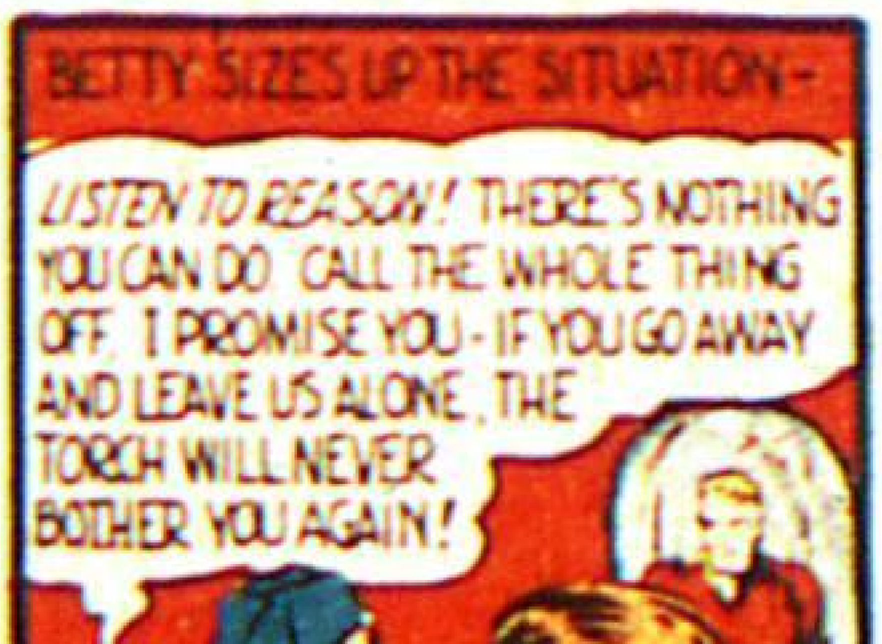
LET'S TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT THE ENDING OF LAST MONTH'S STORY:

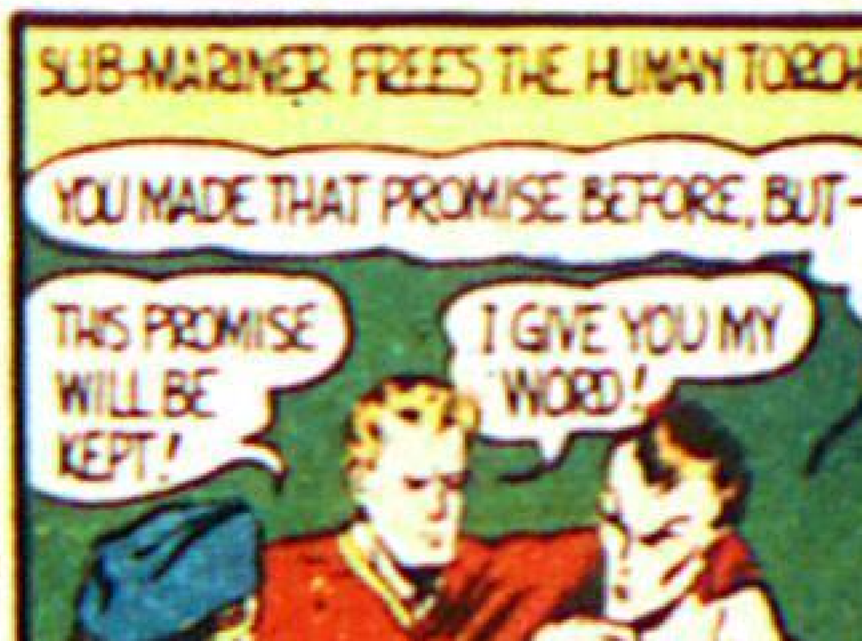
REMEMBER? THE TORCH, TRAPPED IN A TRANSLITE TUBE, WAS UNABLE TO ESCAPE. ON THE OTHER HAND, SUB-MARINER WAS ALSO IN A TOUGH SPOT. HE COULDN'T MOVE THE TUBE TO KILL THE TORCH, FOR THE MINUTE THE LEAST BIT OF AIR ENTERED INSIDE, THE TORCH WOULD BURST INTO FLAME. NOR COULD SUB-MARINER LEAVE THE TORCH THERE AND GO ON WITH HIS VOW TO DESTROY AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, FOR IF HE LEFT, WORKMEN WOULD BE ABLE TO FREE THE TORCH BY USING A DERRICK ON THE TUBE, AND SUB-MARINER'S TROUBLES WOULD START ALL OVER AGAIN.

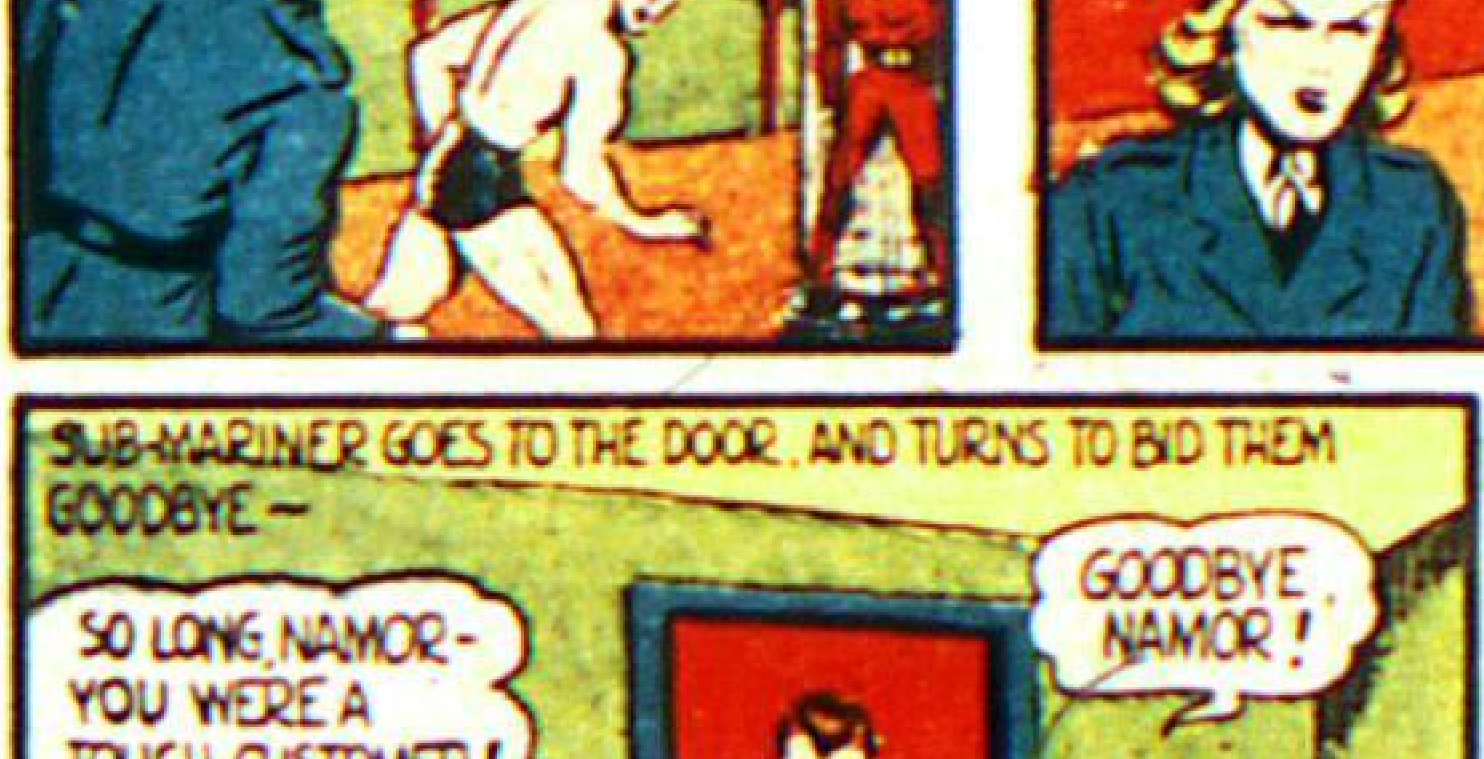
IN OTHER WORDS, IT REALLY WAS A COMPLETE DEADLOCK. THE TORCH WAS TRAPPED, AND THE SUB-MARINER ON THE SPOT – WE ASKED YOU WHAT *YOU* THOUGHT THEY WOULD DO. BUT HERE'S WHAT ***REALLY*** HAPPENED.......


NOW WHAT?
HA! GOT THE TIGER BY THE TAIL AND CAN'T LET GO!


STAND WHERE YOU ARE!!!
YOU AGAIN! TAKE ONE MORE STEP AND I'LL ——!!!
NAMOR, DON'T!


BETTY SIZES UP THE SITUATION –
LISTEN TO REASON! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO. CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF. I PROMISE YOU - IF YOU GO AWAY AND LEAVE US ALONE, THE TORCH WILL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN!


SUB-MARINER FREES THE HUMAN TORCH –
YOU MADE THAT PROMISE BEFORE, BUT –
THIS PROMISE WILL BE KEPT!
I GIVE YOU MY WORD!


SUB-MARINER GOES TO THE DOOR, AND TURNS TO BID THEM GOODBYE –
SO LONG, NAMOR - YOU WERE A TOUGH CUSTOMER!
GOODBYE, NAMOR!

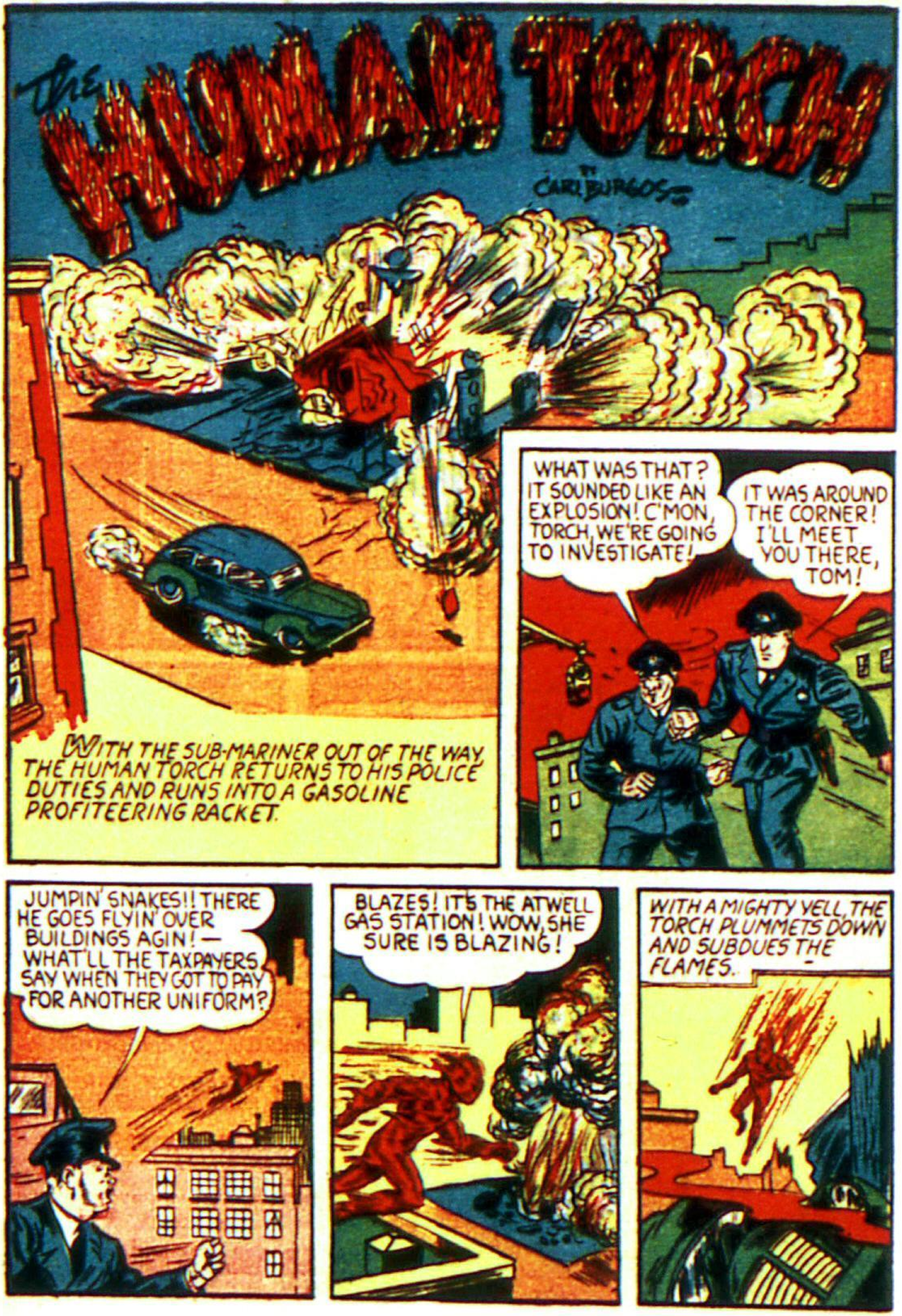
WELL, KIDS, THAT'S THE WAY IT ENDED. THERE WAS REALLY NOTHING THAT EITHER THE HUMAN TORCH OR SUB-MARINER COULD DO TO END IT ANY OTHER WAY —

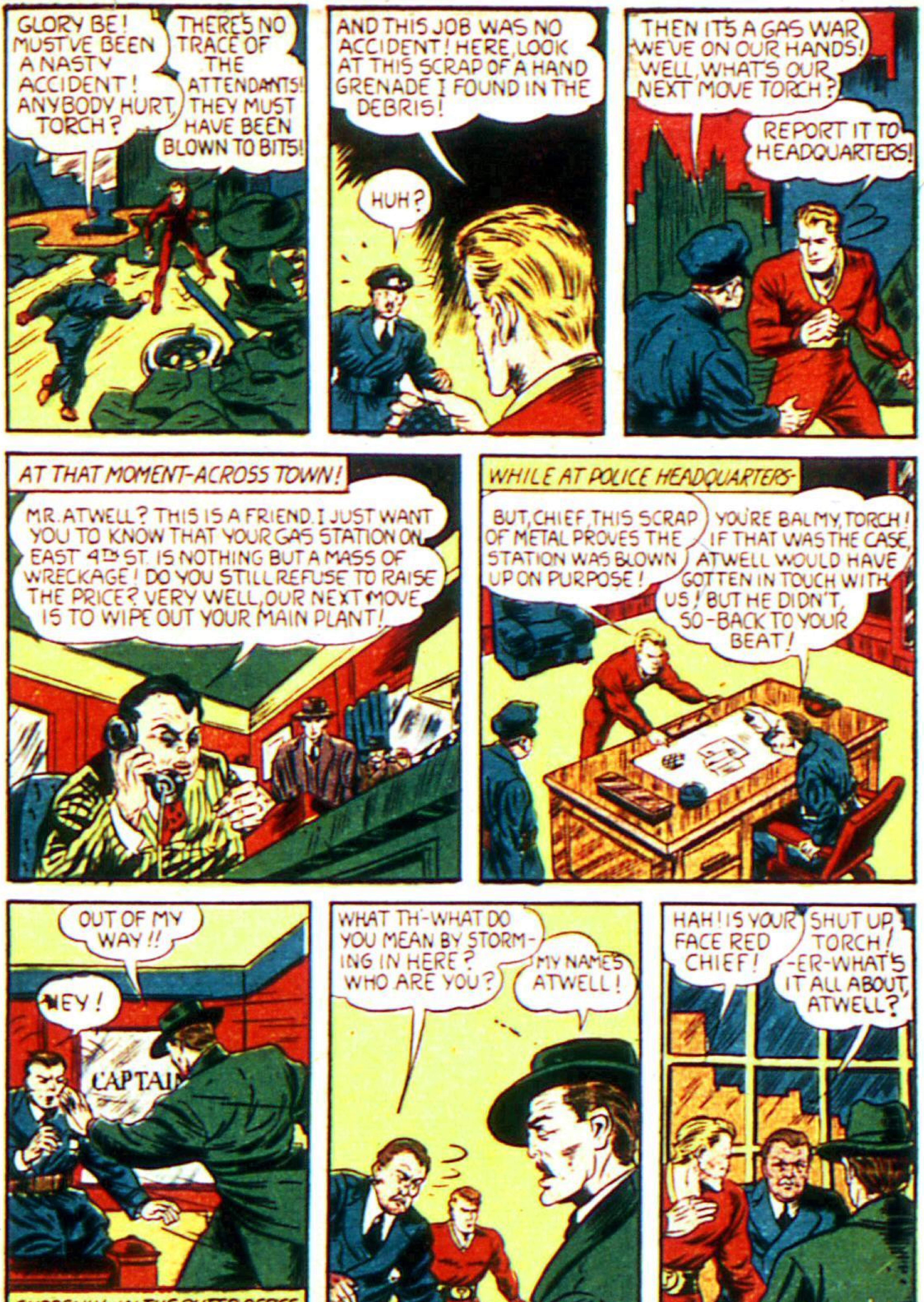
SO TURN NOW TO THE NEXT PAGE, AND FOLLOW THE ***TORCH*** IN A NEW ***SLAM-BANG*** ADVENTURE!

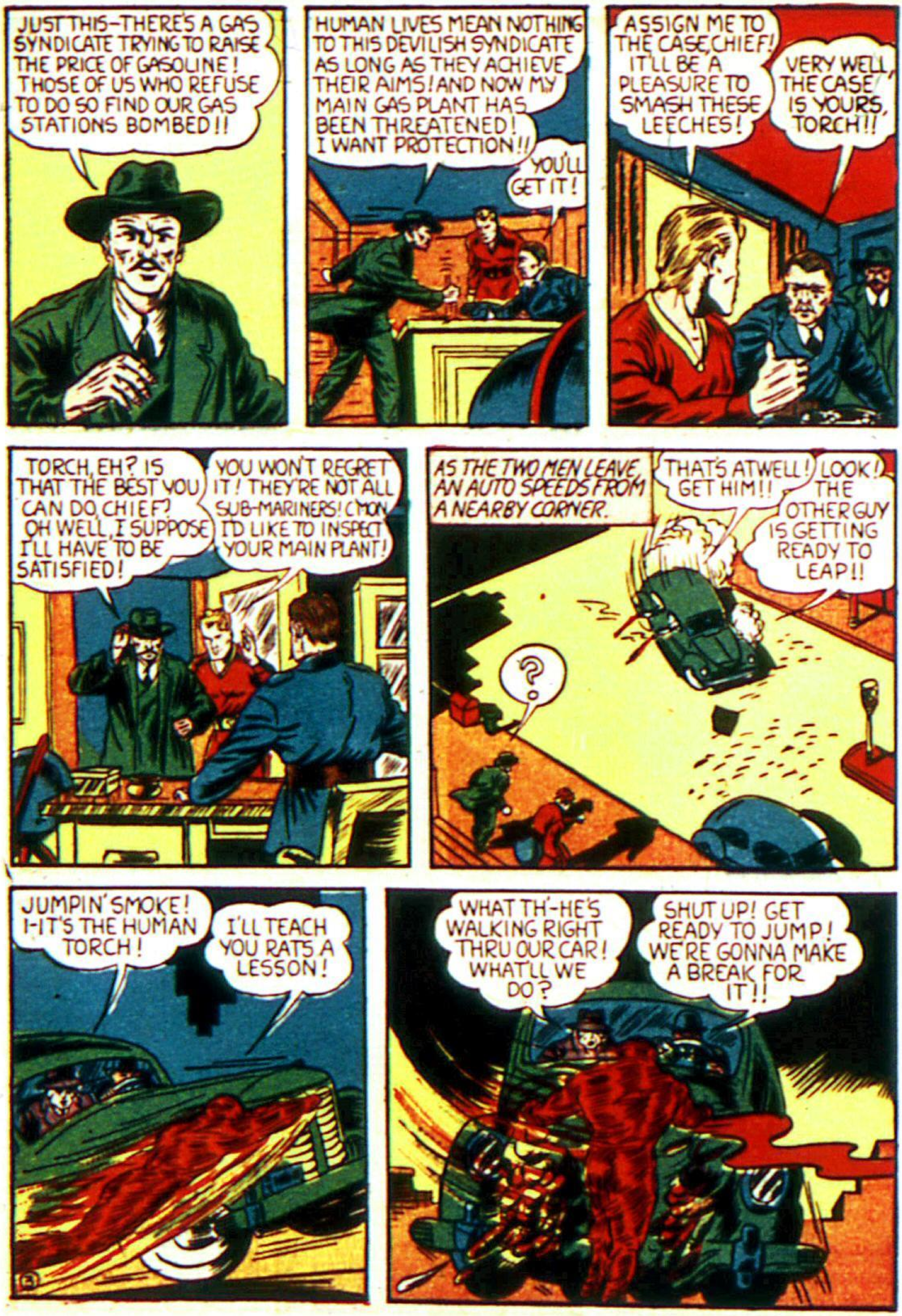
THEN READ THE ***SUB-MARINER*** STORY, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM!

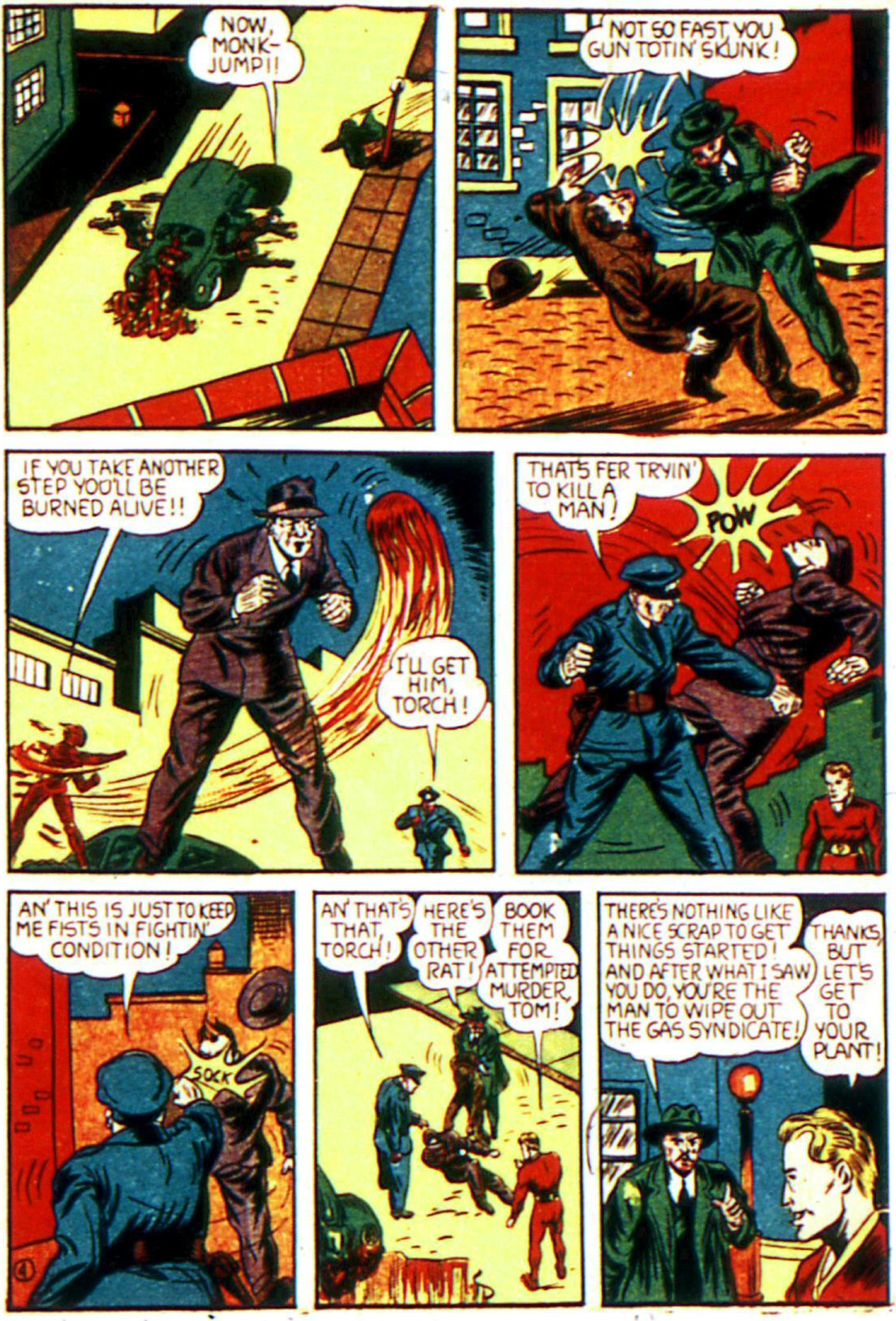
DON'T FORGET THE OTHER EXCITING STORIES, THOUGH, IN THIS ISSUE OF

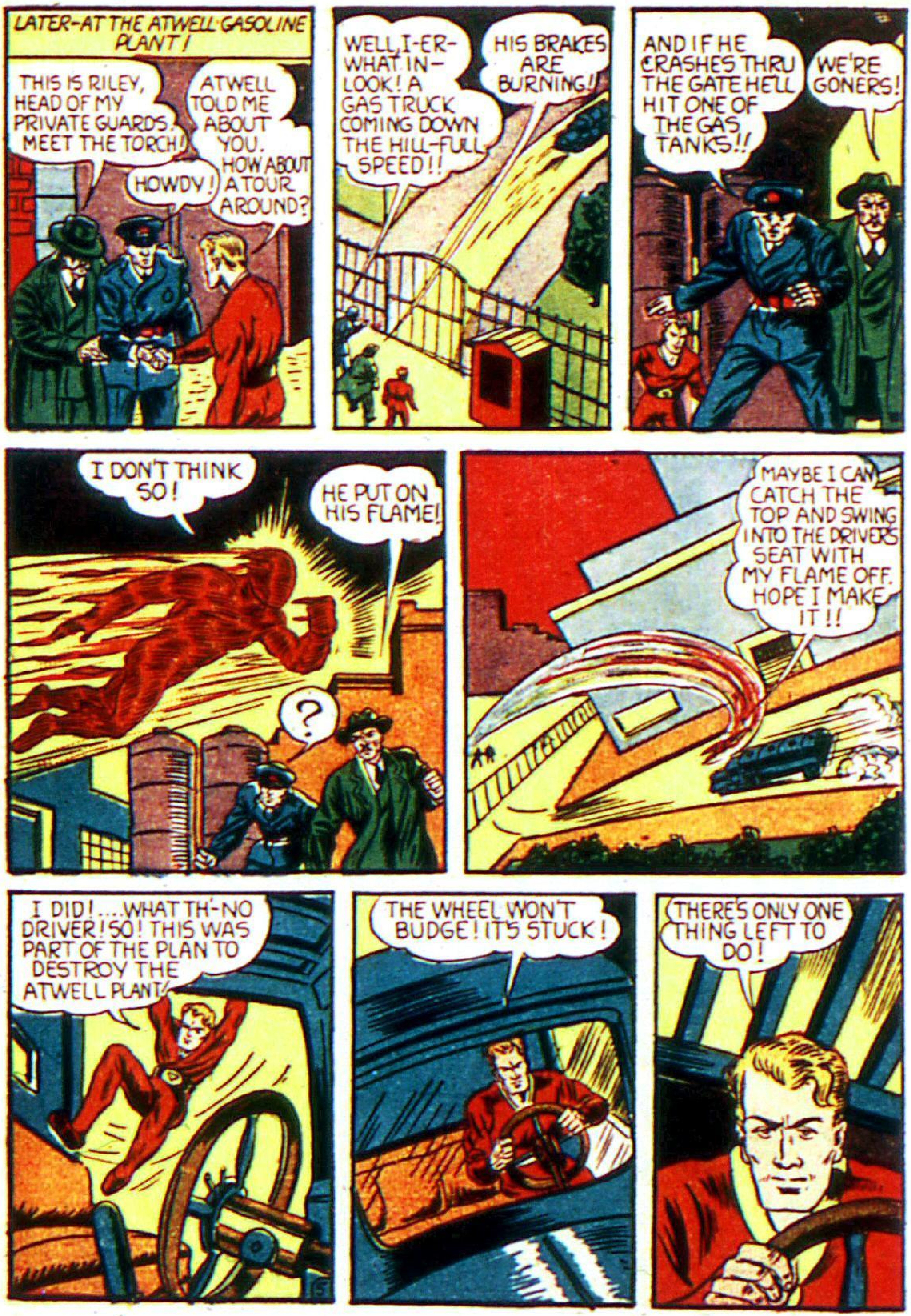
MARVEL COMICS!

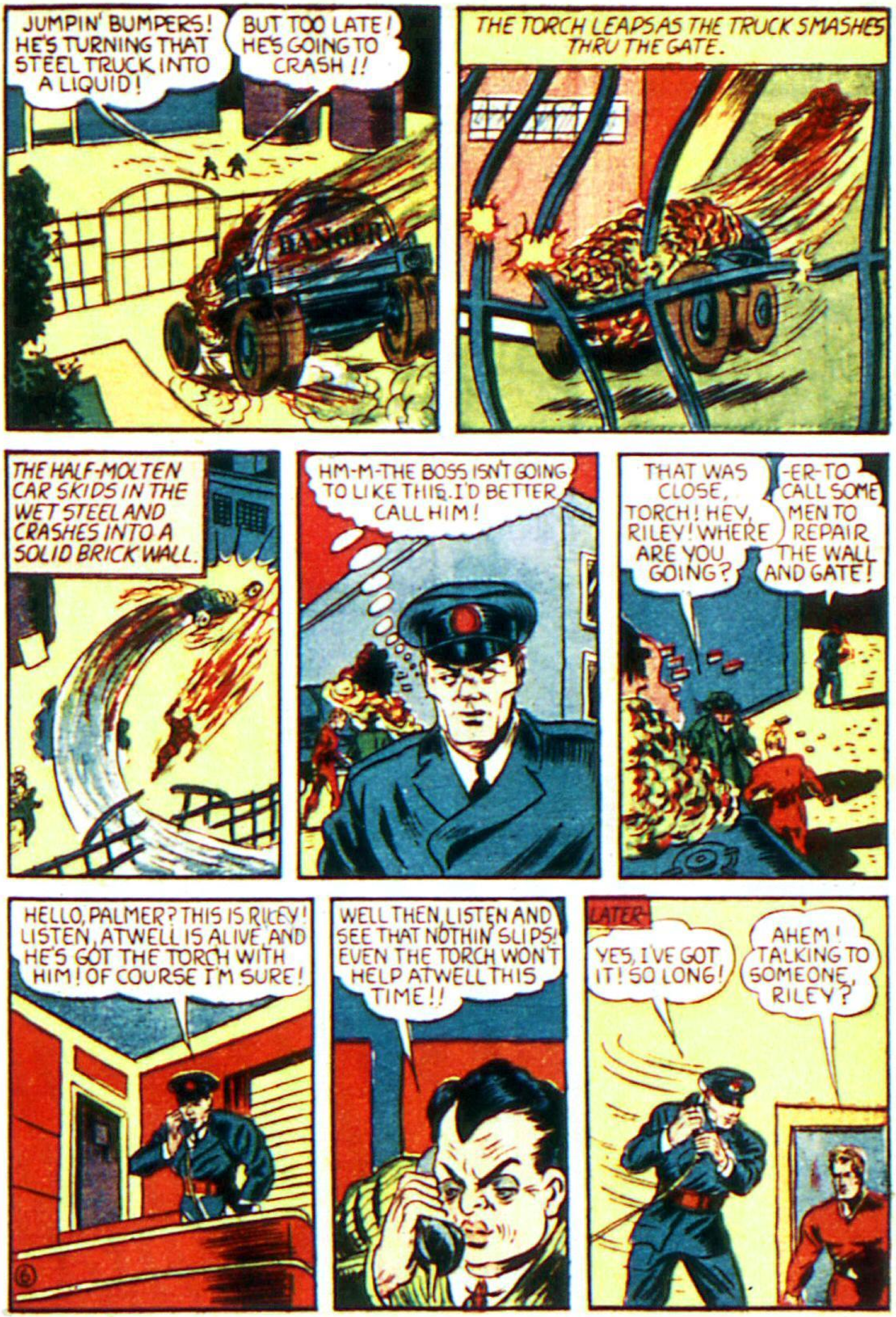

The HUMAN TORCH
BY CARL BURGOS
WITH THE SUB-MARINER OUT OF THE WAY THE HUMAN TORCH RETURNS TO HIS POLICE DUTIES AND RUNS INTO A GASOLINE PROFITEERING RACKET.
WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION! C'MON, TORCH, WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE!
IT WAS AROUND THE CORNER! I'LL MEET YOU THERE, TOM!
JUMPIN' SNAKES!! THERE HE GOES FLYIN' OVER BUILDINGS AGIN! — WHAT'LL THE TAXPAYERS SAY WHEN THEY GOT TO PAY FOR ANOTHER UNIFORM?
BLAZES! IT'S THE ATWELL GAS STATION! WOW, SHE SURE IS BLAZING!
WITH A MIGHTY YELL, THE TORCH PLUMMETS DOWN AND SUBDUES THE FLAMES.

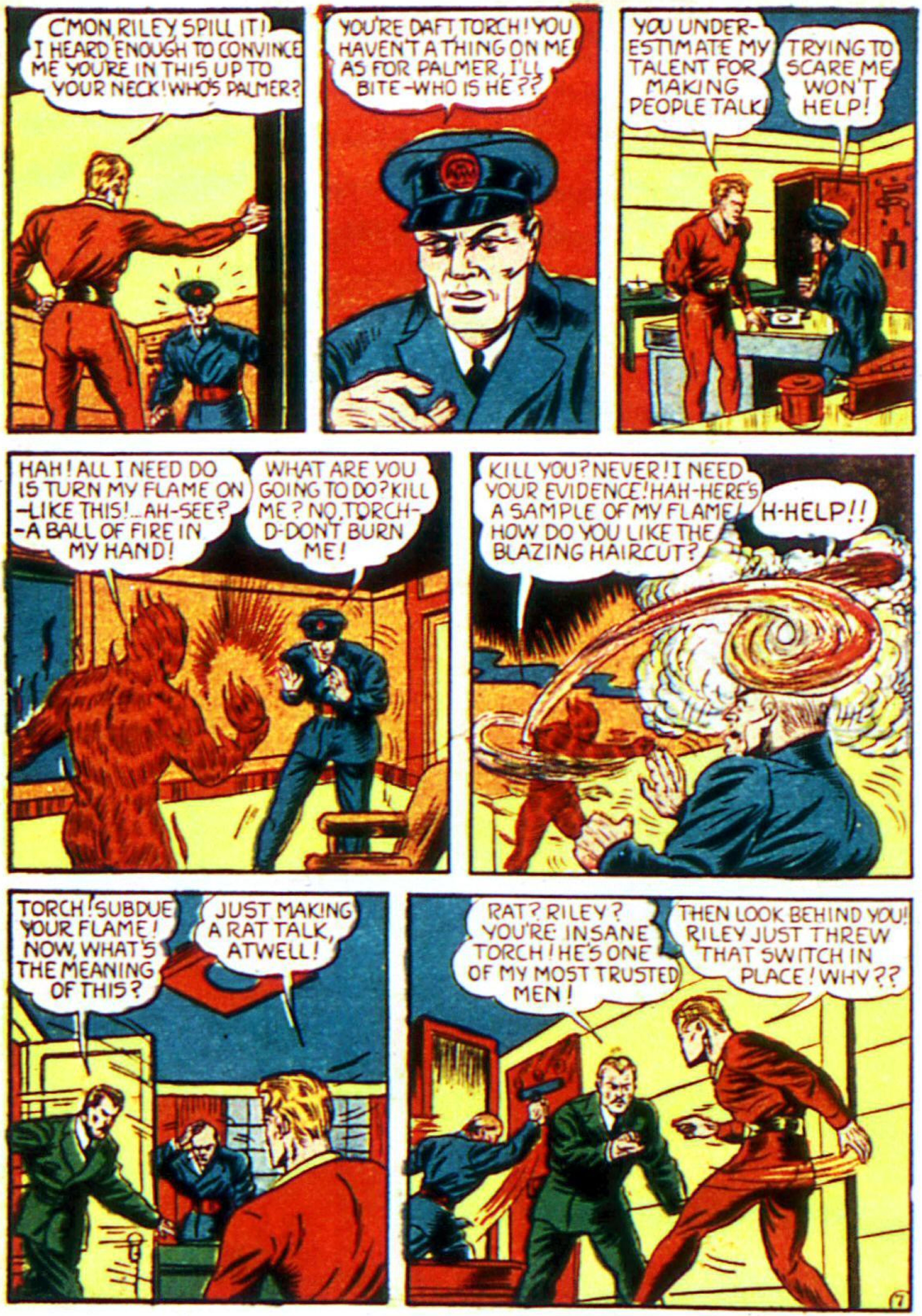

GLORY BE! MUST'VE BEEN A NASTY ACCIDENT! ANYBODY HURT, TORCH?
THERE'S NO TRACE OF THE ATTENDANTS! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS!
AND THIS JOB WAS NO ACCIDENT! HERE, LOOK AT THIS SCRAP OF A HAND GRENADE I FOUND IN THE DEBRIS!
HUH?
THEN IT'S A GAS WAR WE'VE ON OUR HANDS! WELL, WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE TORCH?
REPORT IT TO HEADQUARTERS!
AT THAT MOMENT-ACROSS TOWN!
MR. ATWELL? THIS IS A FRIEND. I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT YOUR GAS STATION ON EAST 4TH ST. IS NOTHING BUT A MASS OF WRECKAGE! DO YOU STILL REFUSE TO RAISE THE PRICE? VERY WELL, OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO WIPE OUT YOUR MAIN PLANT!
WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS-
BUT, CHIEF, THIS SCRAP OF METAL PROVES THE STATION WAS BLOWN UP ON PURPOSE!
YOU'RE BALMY, TORCH! IF THAT WAS THE CASE, ATWELL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN IN TOUCH WITH US! BUT HE DIDN'T, SO-BACK TO YOUR BEAT!
OUT OF MY WAY!!
HEY!
CAPTAIN
SUDDENLY-IN THE OUTER OFFICE-
WHAT TH'-WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY STORMING IN HERE? WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME'S ATWELL!
HAH! IS YOUR FACE RED CHIEF!
SHUT UP, TORCH! -ER-WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, ATWELL?

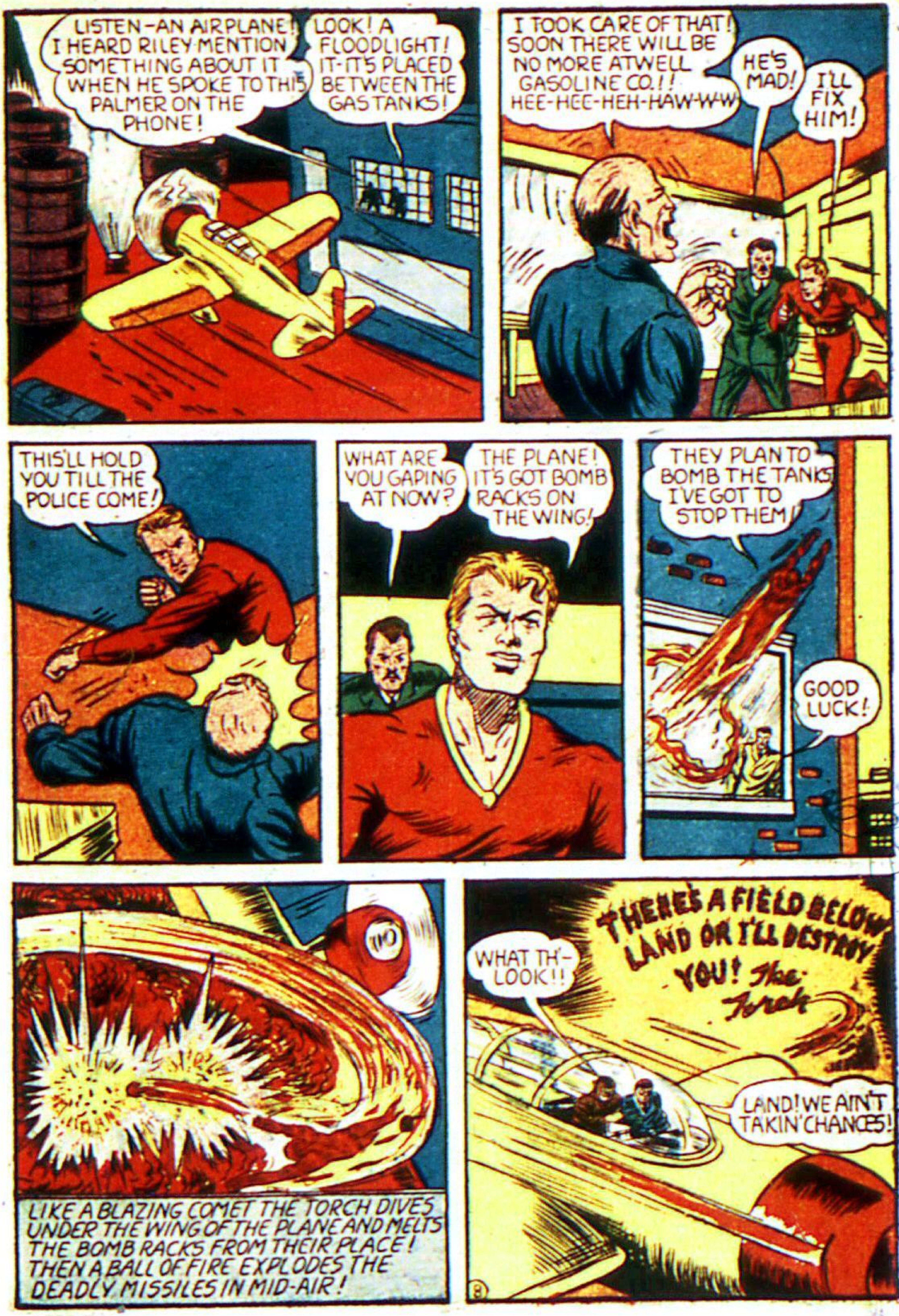

JUST THIS—THERE'S A GAS SYNDICATE TRYING TO RAISE THE PRICE OF GASOLINE! THOSE OF US WHO REFUSE TO DO SO FIND OUR GAS STATIONS BOMBED!!
HUMAN LIVES MEAN NOTHING TO THIS DEVILISH SYNDICATE AS LONG AS THEY ACHIEVE THEIR AIMS! AND NOW MY MAIN GAS PLANT HAS BEEN THREATENED! I WANT PROTECTION!!
YOU'LL GET IT!
ASSIGN ME TO THE CASE, CHIEF! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO SMASH THESE LEECHES!
VERY WELL, THE CASE IS YOURS, TORCH!!
TORCH, EH? IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO, CHIEF? OH WELL, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO BE SATISFIED!
YOU WON'T REGRET IT! THEY'RE NOT ALL SUB-MARINERS! C'MON, I'D LIKE TO INSPECT YOUR MAIN PLANT!
AS THE TWO MEN LEAVE, AN AUTO SPEEDS FROM A NEARBY CORNER.
THAT'S ATWELL! GET HIM!!
LOOK! THE OTHER GUY IS GETTING READY TO LEAP!!
?
JUMPIN' SMOKE! I-IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH!
I'LL TEACH YOU RATS A LESSON!
WHAT TH'-HE'S WALKING RIGHT THRU OUR CAR! WHAT'LL WE DO?
SHUT UP! GET READY TO JUMP! WE'RE GONNA MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!!

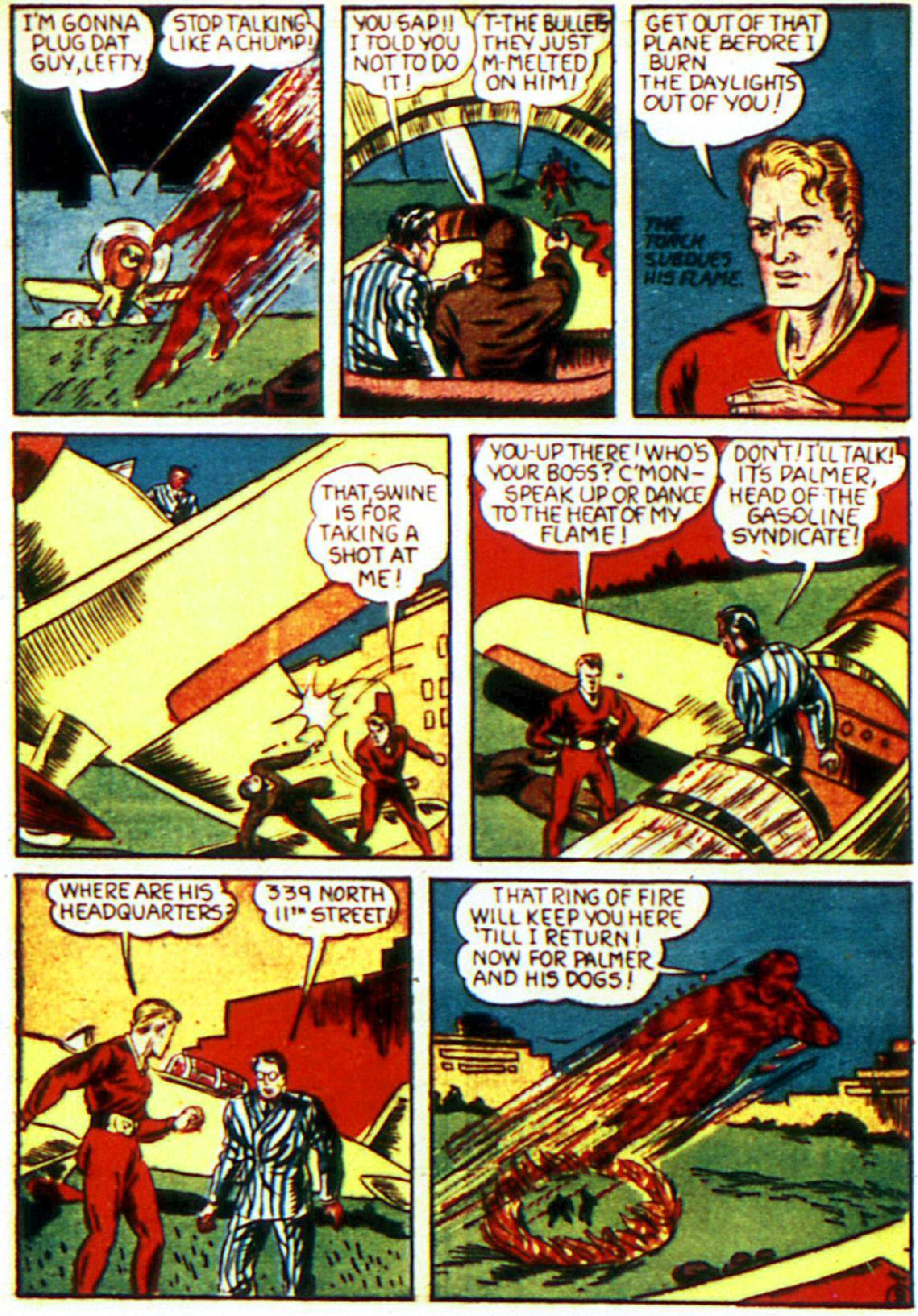

NOW, MONK-JUMP!!
NOT SO FAST, YOU GUN TOTIN' SKUNK!
IF YOU TAKE ANOTHER STEP YOU'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!!
I'LL GET HIM, TORCH!
THAT'S FER TRYIN' TO KILL A MAN!
POW
AN' THIS IS JUST TO KEEP ME FISTS IN FIGHTIN' CONDITION!
SOCK
AN' THAT'S THAT, TORCH!
HERE'S THE OTHER RAT!
BOOK THEM FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER, TOM!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE SCRAP TO GET THINGS STARTED! AND AFTER WHAT I SAW YOU DO, YOU'RE THE MAN TO WIPE OUT THE GAS SYNDICATE!
THANKS, BUT LET'S GET TO YOUR PLANT!
4

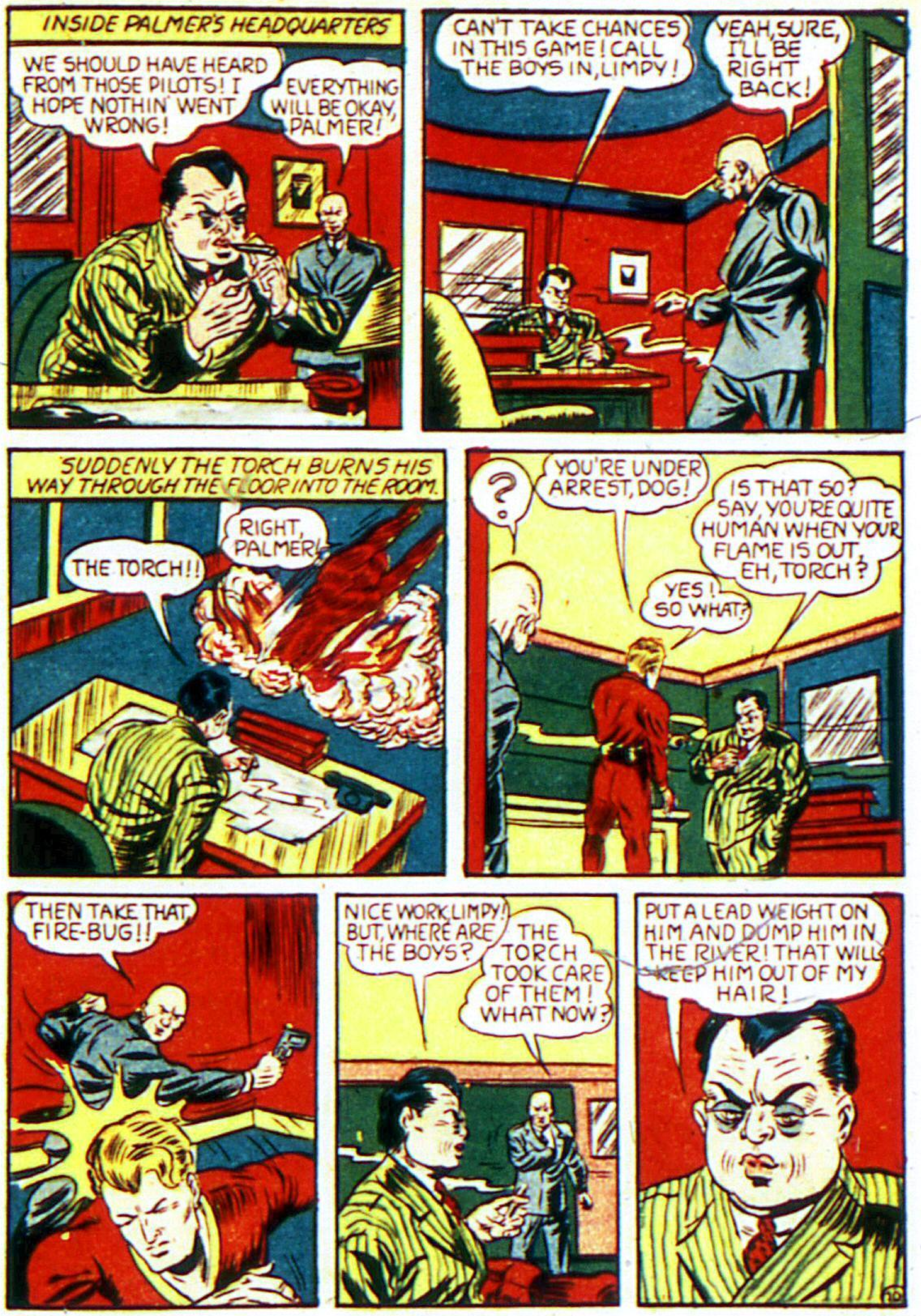

LATER-AT THE ATWELL GASOLINE PLANT!
THIS IS RILEY, HEAD OF MY PRIVATE GUARDS. MEET THE TORCH!
ATWELL TOLD ME ABOUT YOU. HOW ABOUT A TOUR AROUND?
HOWDY!
WELL, I-ER- WHAT IN- LOOK! A GAS TRUCK COMING DOWN THE HILL-FULL SPEED!!
HIS BRAKES ARE BURNING!
AND IF HE CRASHES THRU THE GATE HE'LL HIT ONE OF THE GAS TANKS!!
WE'RE GONERS!
I DON'T THINK SO!
HE PUT ON HIS FLAME!
?
MAYBE I CAN CATCH THE TOP AND SWING INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT WITH MY FLAME OFF. HOPE I MAKE IT!!
I DID!....WHAT TH'-NO DRIVER! SO! THIS WAS PART OF THE PLAN TO DESTROY THE ATWELL PLANT!
THE WHEEL WON'T BUDGE! IT'S STUCK!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!

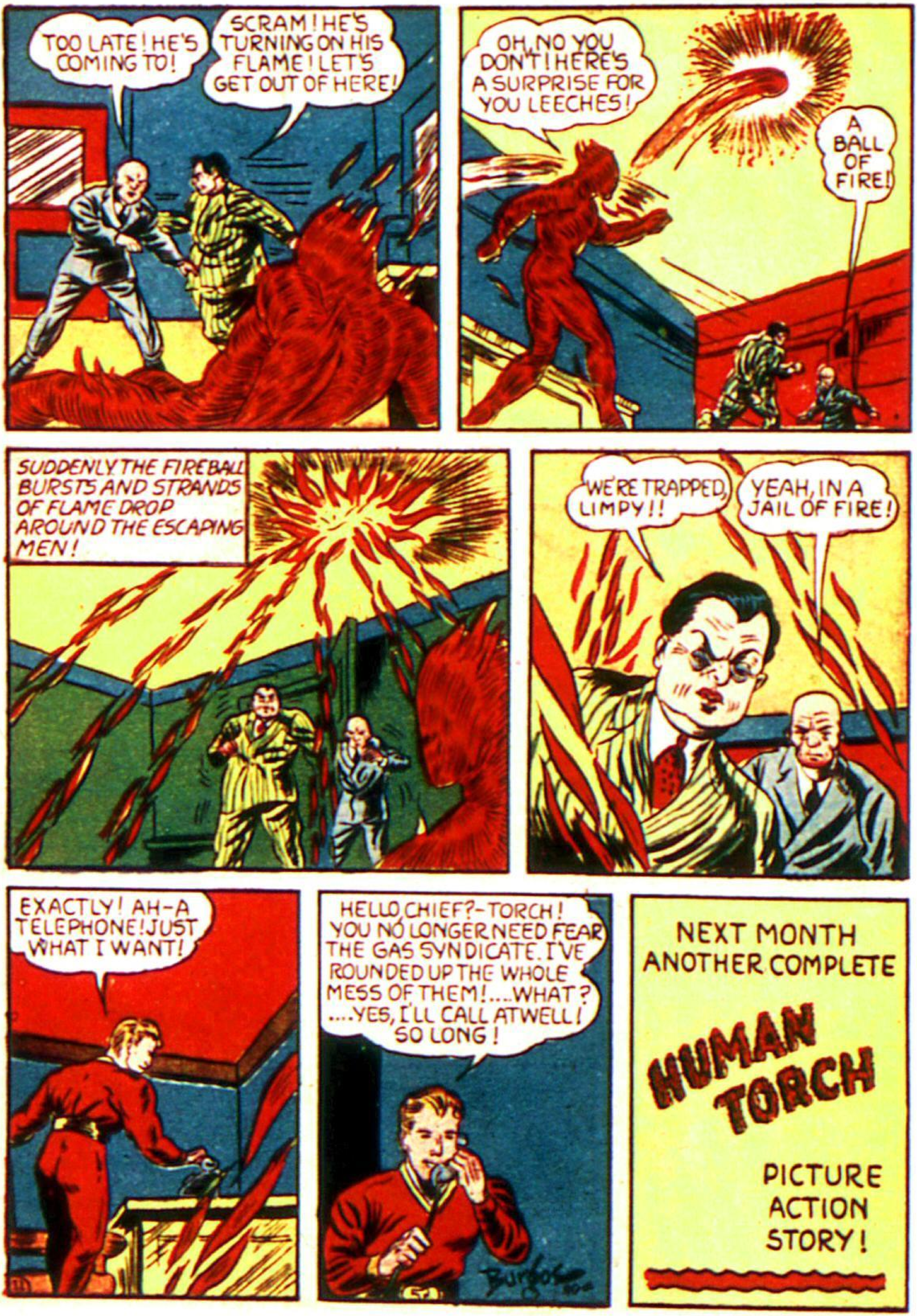

JUMPIN' BUMPERS! HE'S TURNING THAT STEEL TRUCK INTO A LIQUID!
BUT TOO LATE! HE'S GOING TO CRASH!!
DANGER
THE TORCH LEAPS AS THE TRUCK SMASHES THRU THE GATE.
THE HALF-MOLTEN CAR SKIDS IN THE WET STEEL AND CRASHES INTO A SOLID BRICK WALL.
HM-M-THE BOSS ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS. I'D BETTER CALL HIM!
THAT WAS CLOSE, TORCH! HEY, RILEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
-ER-TO CALL SOME MEN TO REPAIR THE WALL AND GATE!
HELLO, PALMER? THIS IS RILEY! LISTEN, ATWELL IS ALIVE, AND HE'S GOT THE TORCH WITH HIM! OF COURSE I'M SURE!
WELL THEN, LISTEN AND SEE THAT NOTHIN' SLIPS! EVEN THE TORCH WON'T HELP ATWELL THIS TIME!!
LATER
YES, I'VE GOT IT! SO LONG!
AHEM! TALKING TO SOMEONE, RILEY?

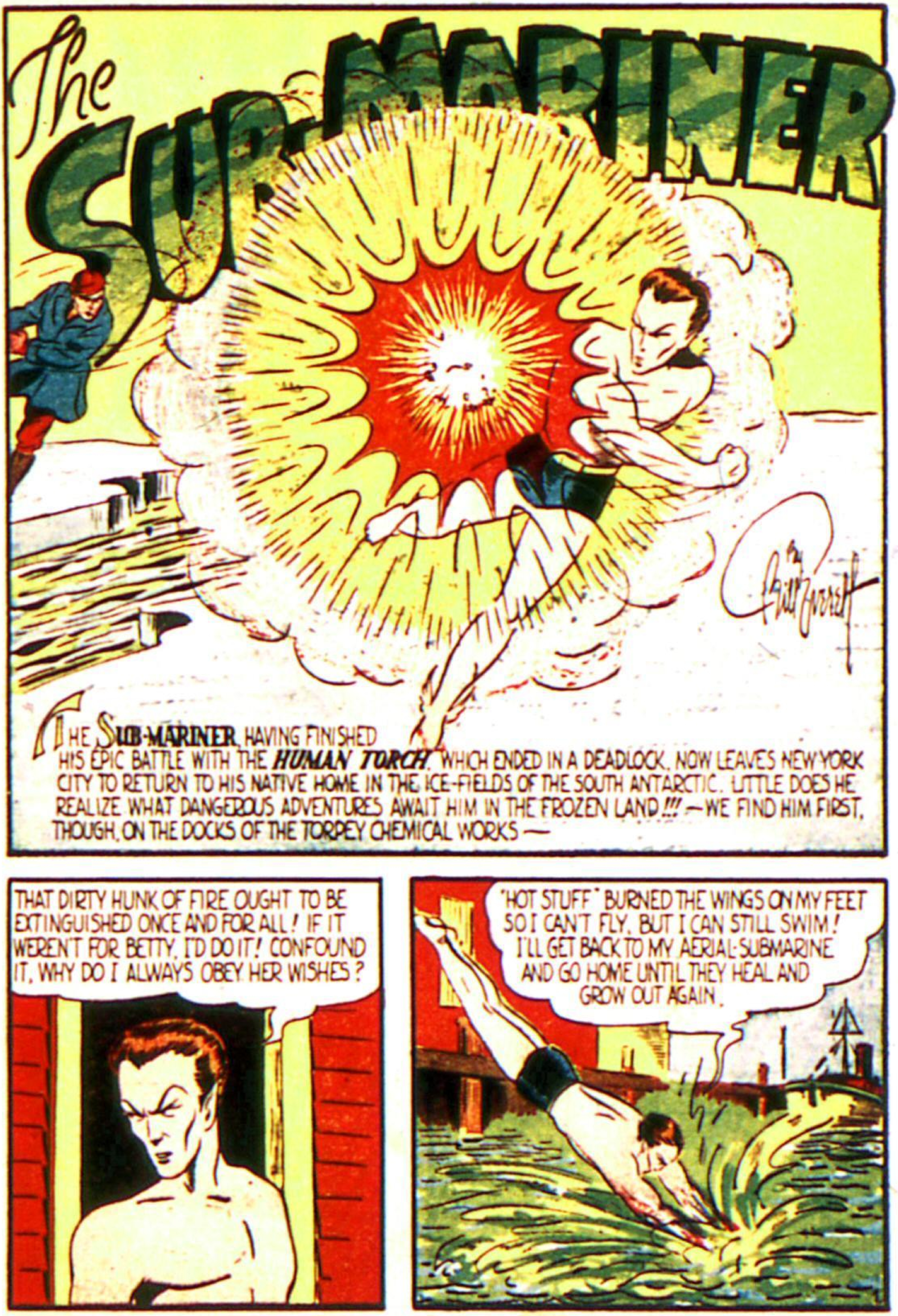

C'MON, RILEY, SPILL IT! I HEARD ENOUGH TO CONVINCE ME YOU'RE IN THIS UP TO YOUR NECK! WHO'S PALMER?
YOU'RE DAFT, TORCH! YOU HAVEN'T A THING ON ME! AS FOR PALMER, I'LL BITE—WHO IS HE??
YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE MY TALENT FOR MAKING PEOPLE TALK!
TRYING TO SCARE ME WON'T HELP!
HAH! ALL I NEED DO IS TURN MY FLAME ON —LIKE THIS!...AH-SEE? —A BALL OF FIRE IN MY HAND!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? KILL ME? NO, TORCH—D-DON'T BURN ME!
KILL YOU? NEVER! I NEED YOUR EVIDENCE! HAH-HERE'S A SAMPLE OF MY FLAME! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE BLAZING HAIRCUT?
H-HELP!!
TORCH! SUBDUE YOUR FLAME! NOW, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
JUST MAKING A RAT TALK, ATWELL!
RAT? RILEY? YOU'RE INSANE TORCH! HE'S ONE OF MY MOST TRUSTED MEN!
THEN LOOK BEHIND YOU! RILEY JUST THREW THAT SWITCH IN PLACE! WHY??

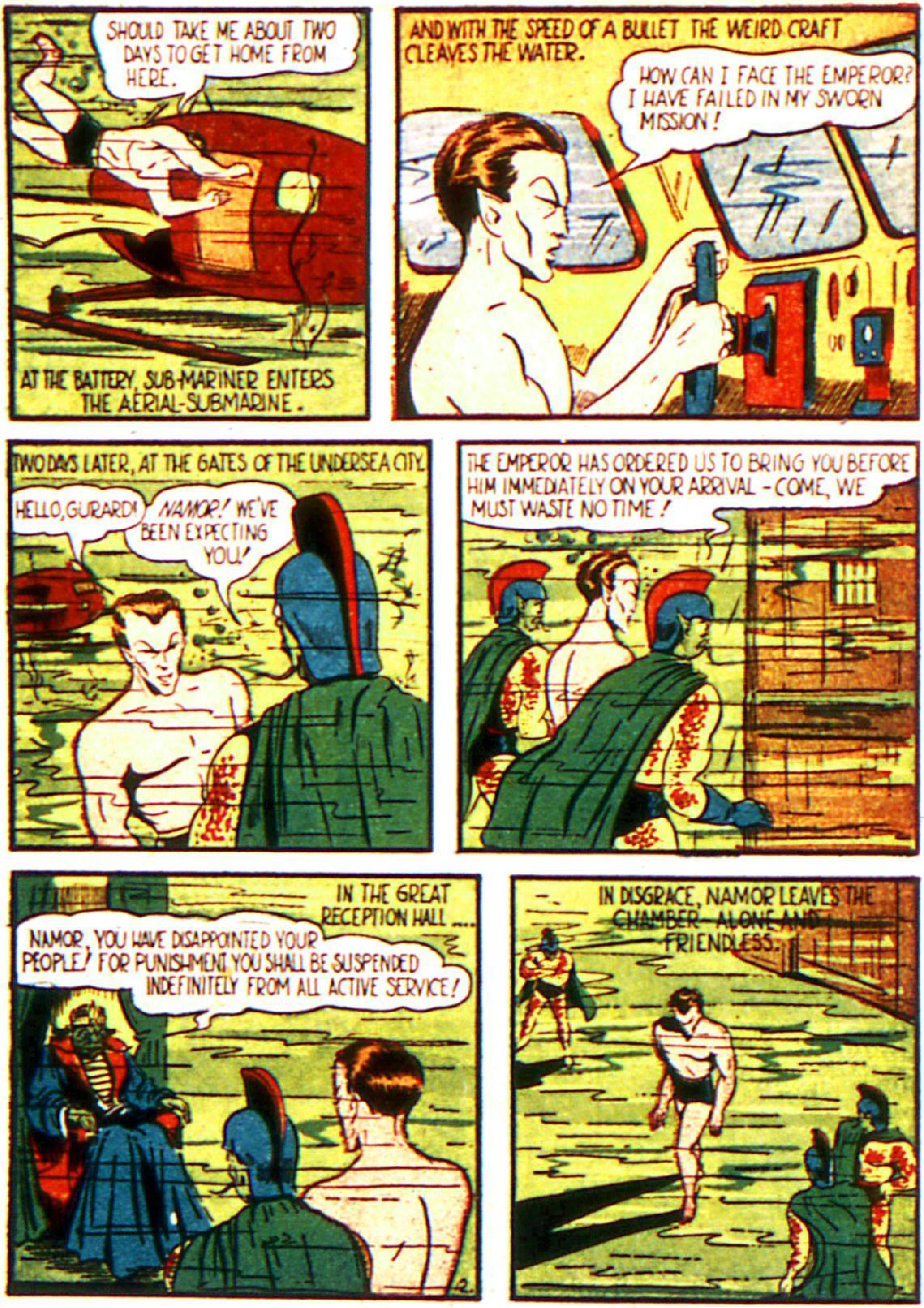

LISTEN—AN AIRPLANE! I HEARD RILEY MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT IT WHEN HE SPOKE TO THIS PALMER ON THE PHONE!
LOOK! A FLOODLIGHT! IT-IT'S PLACED BETWEEN THE GAS TANKS!
I TOOK CARE OF THAT! SOON THERE WILL BE NO MORE ATWELL GASOLINE CO.!! HEE-HEE-HEH-HAW-W-W
HE'S MAD!
I'LL FIX HIM!
THIS'LL HOLD YOU TILL THE POLICE COME!
WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT NOW?
THE PLANE! IT'S GOT BOMB RACKS ON THE WING!
THEY PLAN TO BOMB THE TANKS! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
GOOD LUCK!
LIKE A BLAZING COMET THE TORCH DIVES UNDER THE WING OF THE PLANE AND MELTS THE BOMB RACKS FROM THEIR PLACE! THEN A BALL OF FIRE EXPLODES THE DEADLY MISSILES IN MID-AIR!
THERE'S A FIELD BELOW LAND OR I'LL DESTROY YOU! The Torch
WHAT TH'- LOOK!!
LAND! WE AIN'T TAKIN' CHANCES!

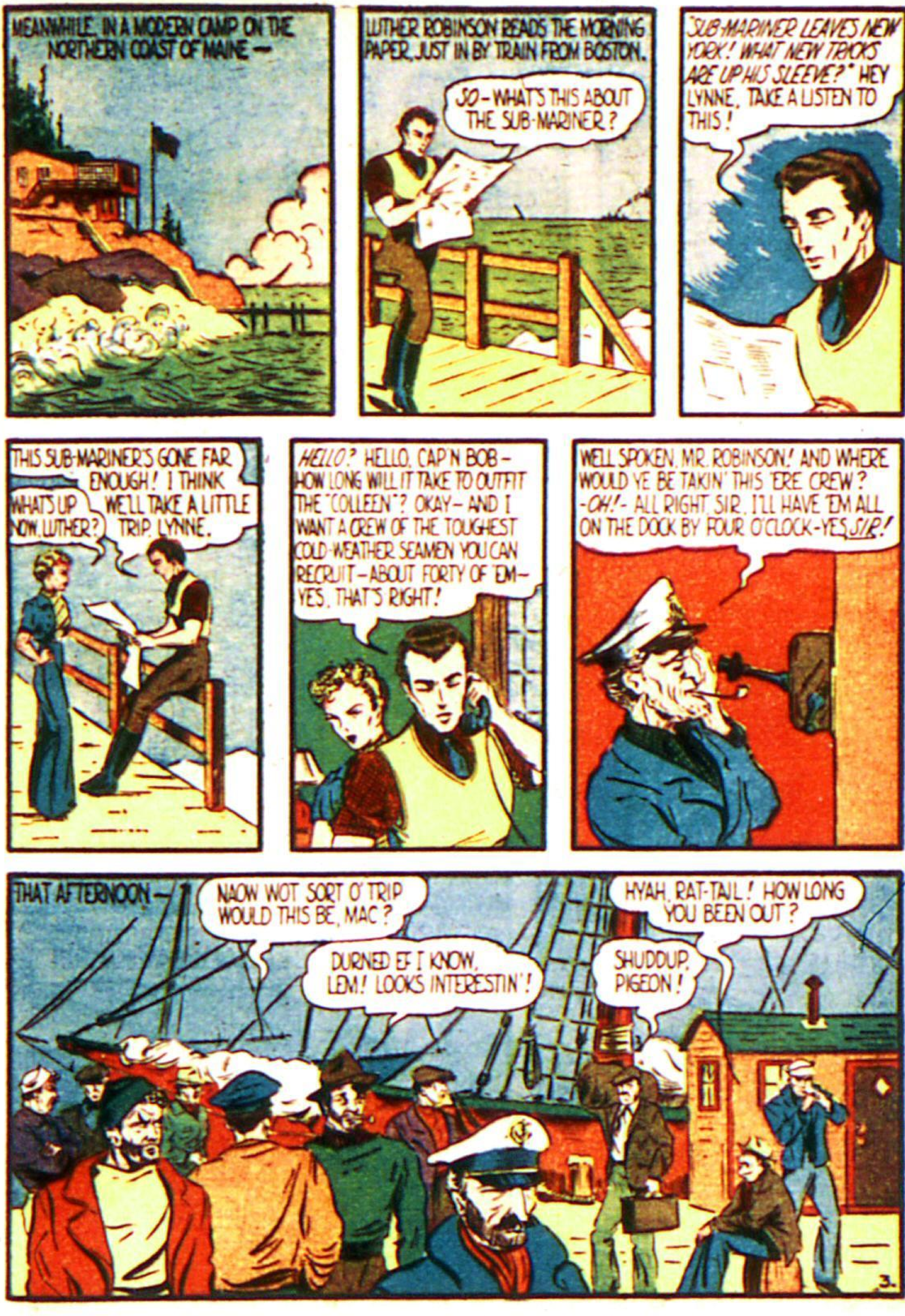

I'M GONNA PLUG DAT GUY, LEFTY.
STOP TALKING LIKE A CHUMP!
YOU SAP!! I TOLD YOU NOT TO DO IT!
T-THE BULLETS THEY JUST M-MELTED ON HIM!
GET OUT OF THAT PLANE BEFORE I BURN THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU!
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME.
THAT, SWINE IS FOR TAKING A SHOT AT ME!
YOU-UP THERE! WHO'S YOUR BOSS? C'MON-SPEAK UP OR DANCE TO THE HEAT OF MY FLAME!
DON'T! I'LL TALK! IT'S PALMER, HEAD OF THE GASOLINE SYNDICATE!
WHERE ARE HIS HEADQUARTERS?
339 NORTH 11TH STREET!
THAT RING OF FIRE WILL KEEP YOU HERE 'TILL I RETURN! NOW FOR PALMER AND HIS DOGS!

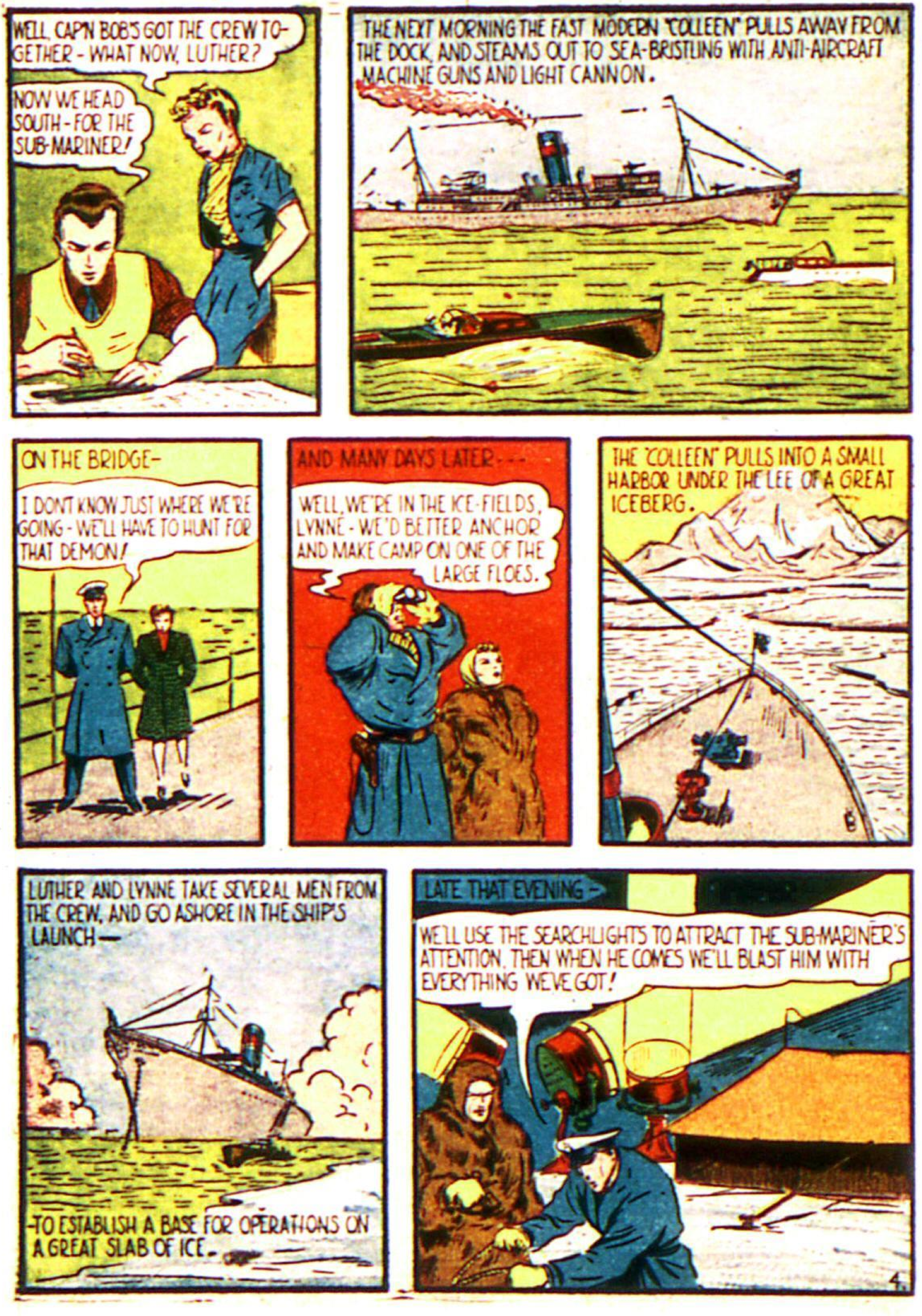

INSIDE PALMER'S HEADQUARTERS
WE SHOULD HAVE HEARD FROM THOSE PILOTS! I HOPE NOTHIN' WENT WRONG!
EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY, PALMER!
CAN'T TAKE CHANCES IN THIS GAME! CALL THE BOYS IN, LIMPY!
YEAH, SURE, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
SUDDENLY THE TORCH BURNS HIS WAY THROUGH THE FLOOR INTO THE ROOM.
THE TORCH!!
RIGHT, PALMER!
?
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, DOG!
IS THAT SO? SAY, YOU'RE QUITE HUMAN WHEN YOUR FLAME IS OUT, EH, TORCH?
YES! SO WHAT?
THEN TAKE THAT, FIRE-BUG!!
NICE WORK, LIMPY! BUT, WHERE ARE THE BOYS?
THE TORCH TOOK CARE OF THEM! WHAT NOW?
PUT A LEAD WEIGHT ON HIM AND DUMP HIM IN THE RIVER! THAT WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF MY HAIR!

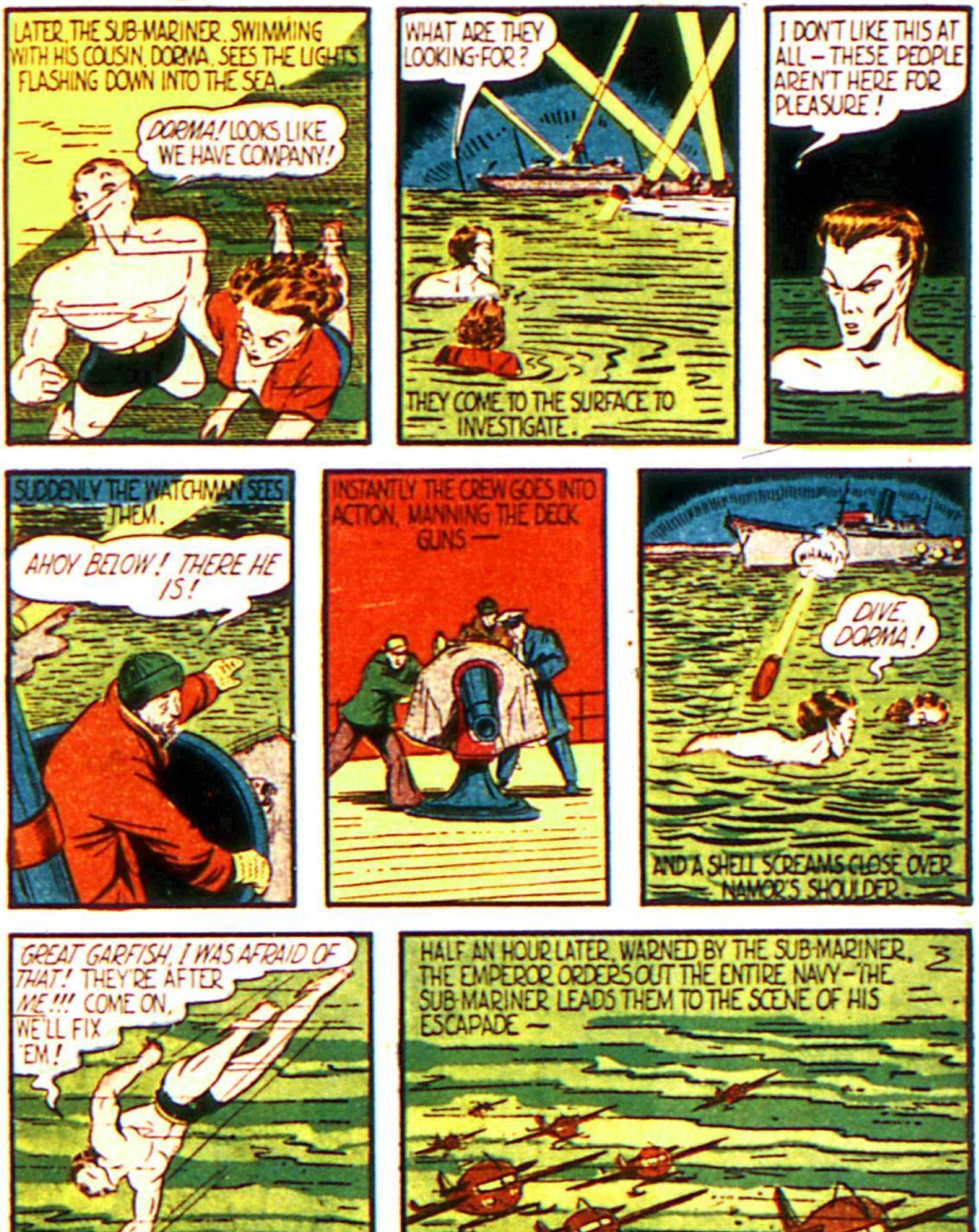

TOO LATE! HE'S COMING TO!
SCRAM! HE'S TURNING ON HIS FLAME! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
OH, NO YOU DON'T! HERE'S A SURPRISE FOR YOU LEECHES!
A BALL OF FIRE!
SUDDENLY THE FIREBALL BURSTS AND STRANDS OF FLAME DROP AROUND THE ESCAPING MEN!
WE'RE TRAPPED, LIMPY!!
YEAH, IN A JAIL OF FIRE!
EXACTLY! AH-A TELEPHONE! JUST WHAT I WANT!
HELLO, CHIEF?-TORCH! YOU NO LONGER NEED FEAR THE GAS SYNDICATE. I'VE ROUNDED UP THE WHOLE MESS OF THEM!....WHAT? ....YES, I'LL CALL ATWELL! SO LONG!
Burgos
NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE
HUMAN TORCH
PICTURE ACTION STORY!

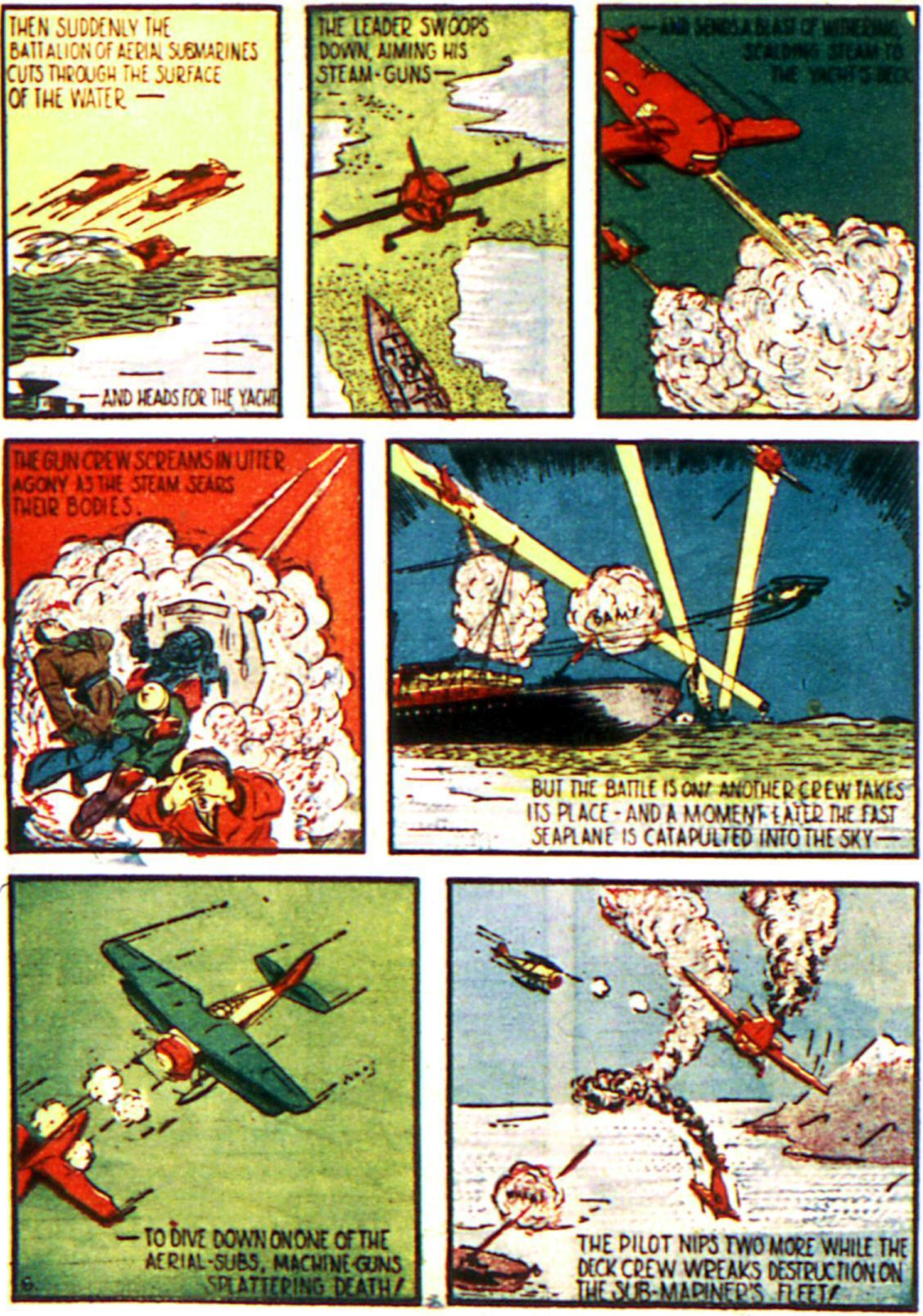

The SUB-MARINER
By Bill Everett
THE SUB-MARINER, HAVING FINISHED HIS EPIC BATTLE WITH THE *HUMAN TORCH*, WHICH ENDED IN A DEADLOCK, NOW LEAVES NEW YORK CITY TO RETURN TO HIS NATIVE HOME IN THE ICE-FIELDS OF THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC. LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE WHAT DANGEROUS ADVENTURES AWAIT HIM IN THE FROZEN LAND!!! —WE FIND HIM FIRST, THOUGH, ON THE DOCKS OF THE TORPEY CHEMICAL WORKS—
THAT DIRTY HUNK OF FIRE OUGHT TO BE EXTINGUISHED ONCE AND FOR ALL! IF IT WEREN'T FOR BETTY, I'D DO IT! CONFOUND IT, WHY DO I ALWAYS OBEY HER WISHES?
"HOT STUFF" BURNED THE WINGS ON MY FEET SO I CAN'T FLY, BUT I CAN STILL SWIM! I'LL GET BACK TO MY AERIAL-SUBMARINE AND GO HOME UNTIL THEY HEAL AND GROW OUT AGAIN.

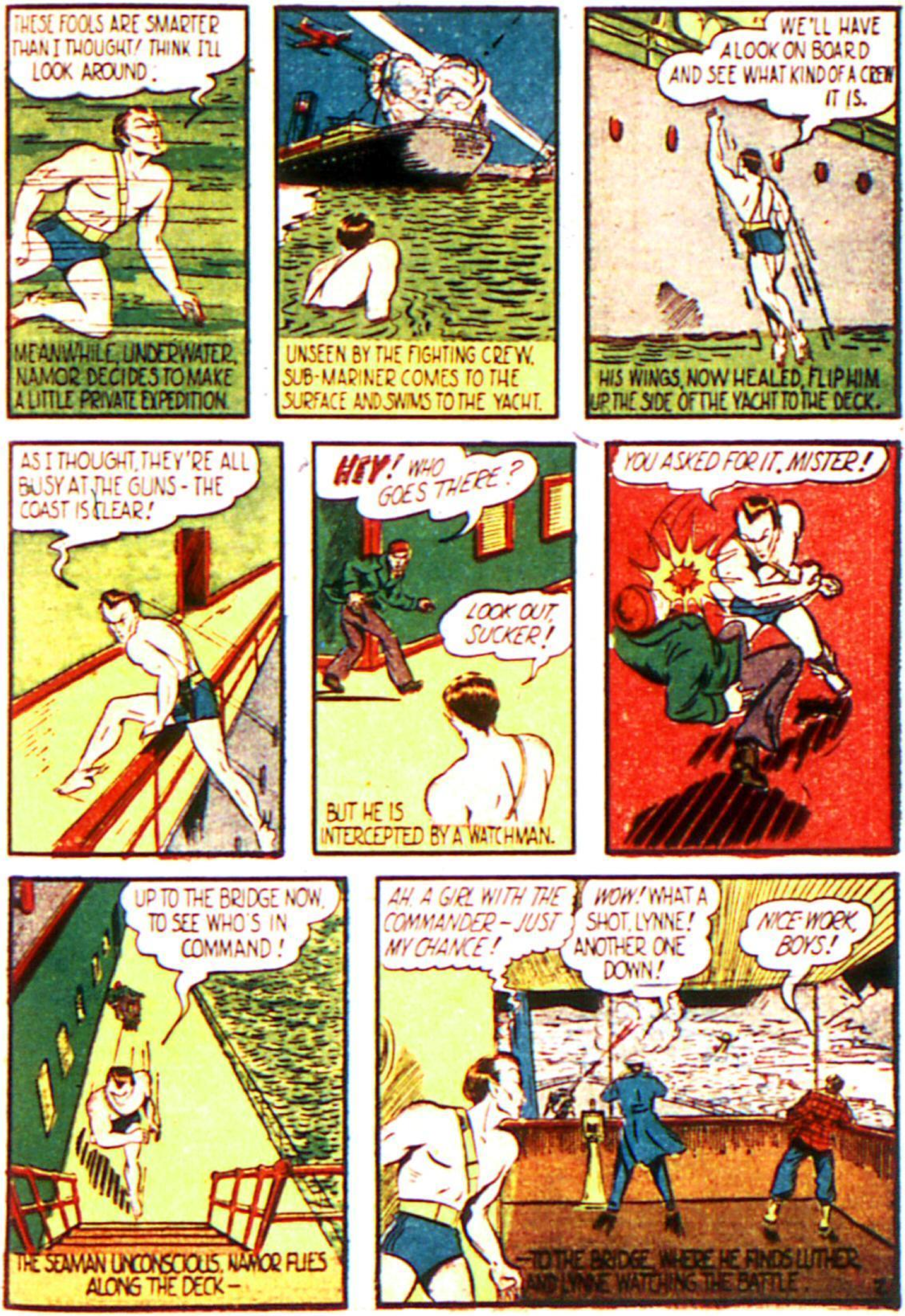

SHOULD TAKE ME ABOUT TWO DAYS TO GET HOME FROM HERE.
AT THE BATTERY, SUB-MARINER ENTERS THE AERIAL-SUBMARINE.
AND WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET THE WEIRD CRAFT CLEAVES THE WATER.
HOW CAN I FACE THE EMPEROR? I HAVE FAILED IN MY SWORN MISSION!
TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE GATES OF THE UNDERSEA CITY.
HELLO, GURARD!
NAMOR! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
THE EMPEROR HAS ORDERED US TO BRING YOU BEFORE HIM IMMEDIATELY ON YOUR ARRIVAL - COME, WE MUST WASTE NO TIME!
IN THE GREAT RECEPTION HALL ....
NAMOR, YOU HAVE DISAPPOINTED YOUR PEOPLE! FOR PUNISHMENT YOU SHALL BE SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY FROM ALL ACTIVE SERVICE!
2.
IN DISGRACE, NAMOR LEAVES THE CHAMBER—ALONE AND FRIENDLESS.

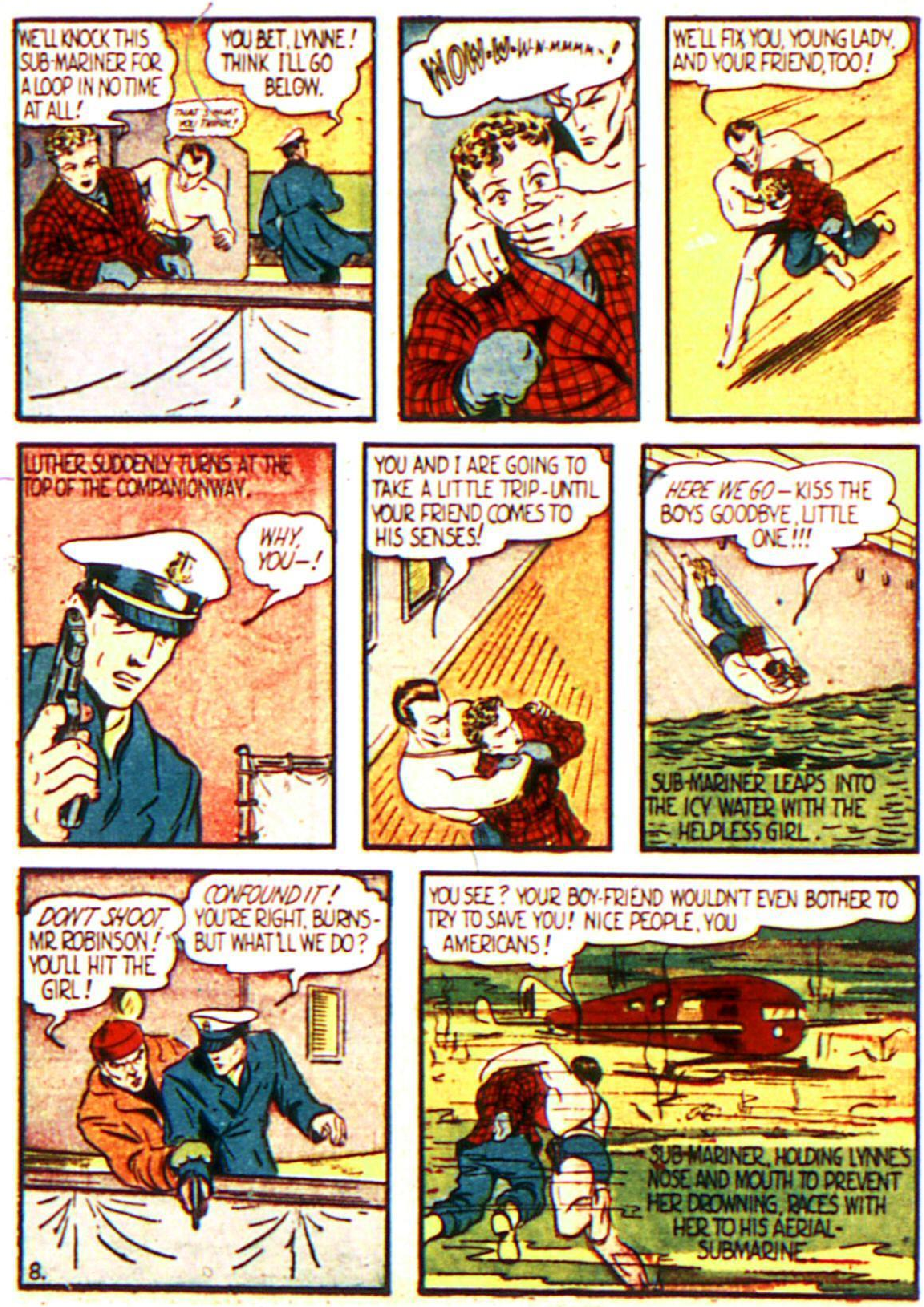

MEANWHILE, IN A MODERN CAMP ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF MAINE—
LUTHER ROBINSON READS THE MORNING PAPER, JUST IN BY TRAIN FROM BOSTON.
SO—WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE SUB-MARINER?
"SUB-MARINER LEAVES NEW YORK! WHAT NEW TRICKS ARE UP HIS SLEEVE?" HEY LYNNE, TAKE A LISTEN TO THIS!
THIS SUB-MARINER'S GONE FAR ENOUGH! I THINK WE'LL TAKE A LITTLE TRIP, LYNNE.
WHAT'S UP NOW, LUTHER?
HELLO? HELLO, CAP'N BOB—HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO OUTFIT THE "COLLEEN"? OKAY—AND I WANT A CREW OF THE TOUGHEST COLD-WEATHER SEAMEN YOU CAN RECRUIT—ABOUT FORTY OF 'EM—YES, THAT'S RIGHT!
WELL SPOKEN, MR. ROBINSON! AND WHERE WOULD YE BE TAKIN' THIS 'ERE CREW? -OH!- ALL RIGHT SIR. I'LL HAVE 'EM ALL ON THE DOCK BY FOUR O'CLOCK-YES, SIR!
THAT AFTERNOON—
NAOW WOT SORT O' TRIP WOULD THIS BE, MAC?
DURNED EF I KNOW, LEM! LOOKS INTERESTIN'!
HYAH, RAT-TAIL! HOW LONG YOU BEEN OUT?
SHUDDUP, PIGEON!

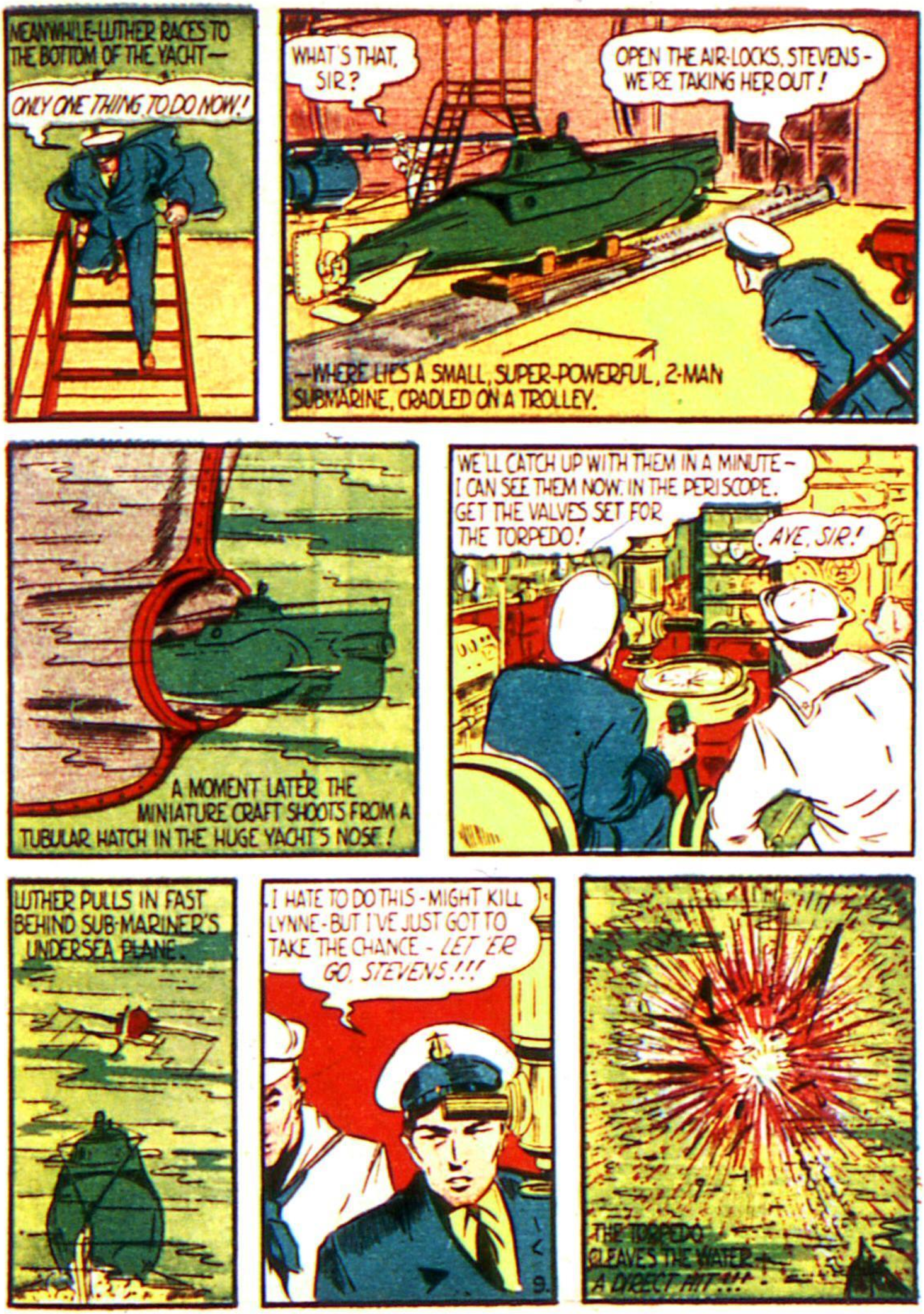

WELL, CAP'N BOB'S GOT THE CREW TOGETHER - WHAT NOW, LUTHER?
NOW WE HEAD SOUTH - FOR THE SUB-MARINER!
THE NEXT MORNING THE FAST MODERN "COLLEEN" PULLS AWAY FROM THE DOCK, AND STEAMS OUT TO SEA-BRISTLING WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUNS AND LIGHT CANNON.
ON THE BRIDGE-
I DONT KNOW JUST WHERE WE'RE GOING - WE'LL HAVE TO HUNT FOR THAT DEMON!
AND MANY DAYS LATER---
WELL, WE'RE IN THE ICE-FIELDS, LYNNE - WE'D BETTER ANCHOR AND MAKE CAMP ON ONE OF THE LARGE FLOES.
THE "COLLEEN" PULLS INTO A SMALL HARBOR UNDER THE LEE OF A GREAT ICEBERG.
LUTHER AND LYNNE TAKE SEVERAL MEN FROM THE CREW, AND GO ASHORE IN THE SHIP'S LAUNCH—
-TO ESTABLISH A BASE FOR OPERATIONS ON A GREAT SLAB OF ICE.
LATE THAT EVENING-
WE'LL USE THE SEARCHLIGHTS TO ATTRACT THE SUB-MARINER'S ATTENTION, THEN WHEN HE COMES WE'LL BLAST HIM WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT!

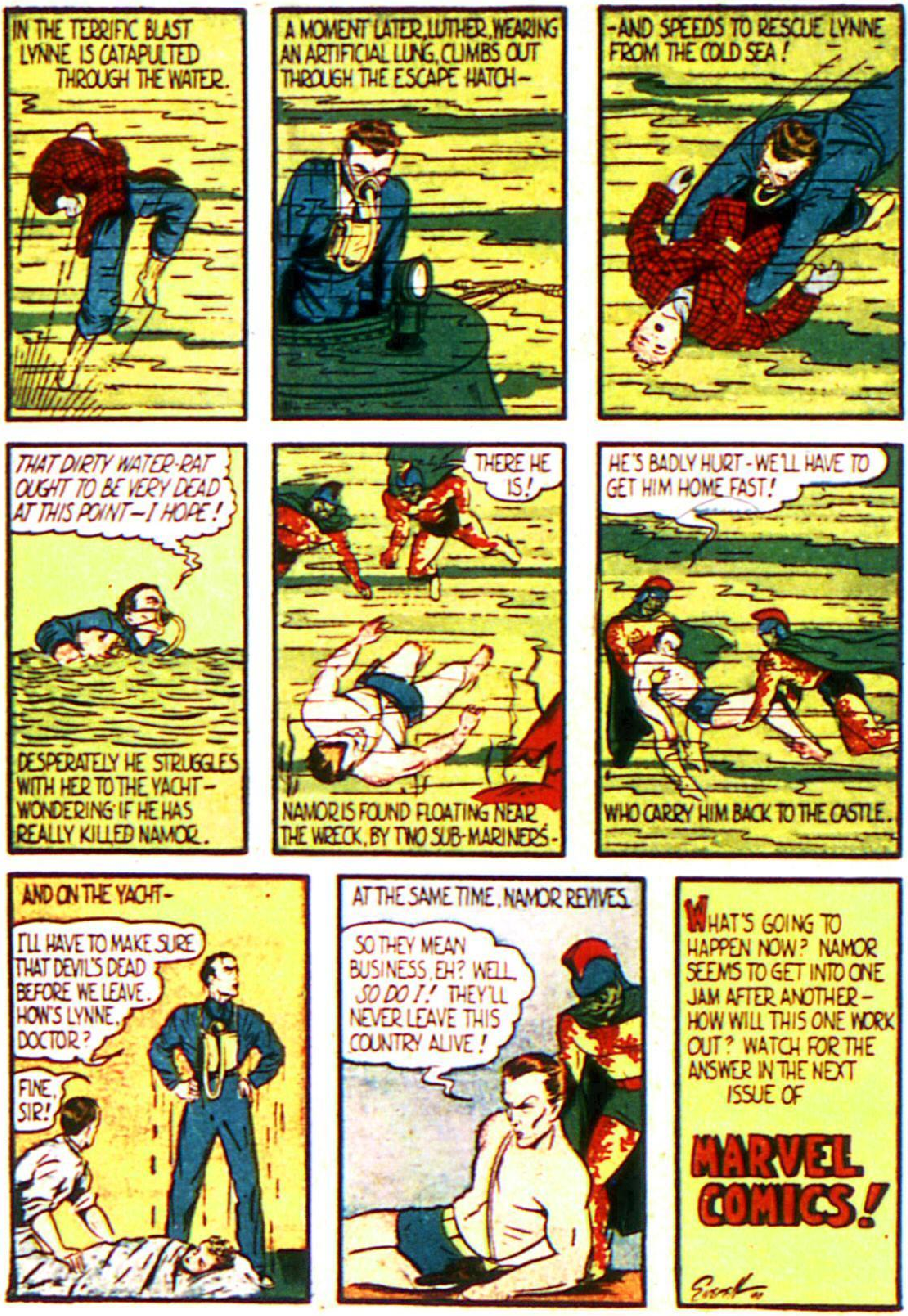

LATER, THE SUB-MARINER, SWIMMING WITH HIS COUSIN, DORMA, SEES THE LIGHTS FLASHING DOWN INTO THE SEA.
DORMA! LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE COMPANY!
WHAT ARE THEY LOOKING-FOR?
THEY COME TO THE SURFACE TO INVESTIGATE.
I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL – THESE PEOPLE AREN'T HERE FOR PLEASURE!
SUDDENLY THE WATCHMAN SEES THEM.
AHOY BELOW! THERE HE IS!
INSTANTLY THE CREW GOES INTO ACTION, MANNING THE DECK GUNS —
DIVE, DORMA!
AND A SHELL SCREAMS CLOSE OVER NAMOR'S SHOULDER.
GREAT GARFISH, I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! THEY'RE AFTER ME!!! COME ON, WE'LL FIX 'EM!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, WARNED BY THE SUB-MARINER, THE EMPEROR ORDERS OUT THE ENTIRE NAVY–THE SUB-MARINER LEADS THEM TO THE SCENE OF HIS ESCAPADE —

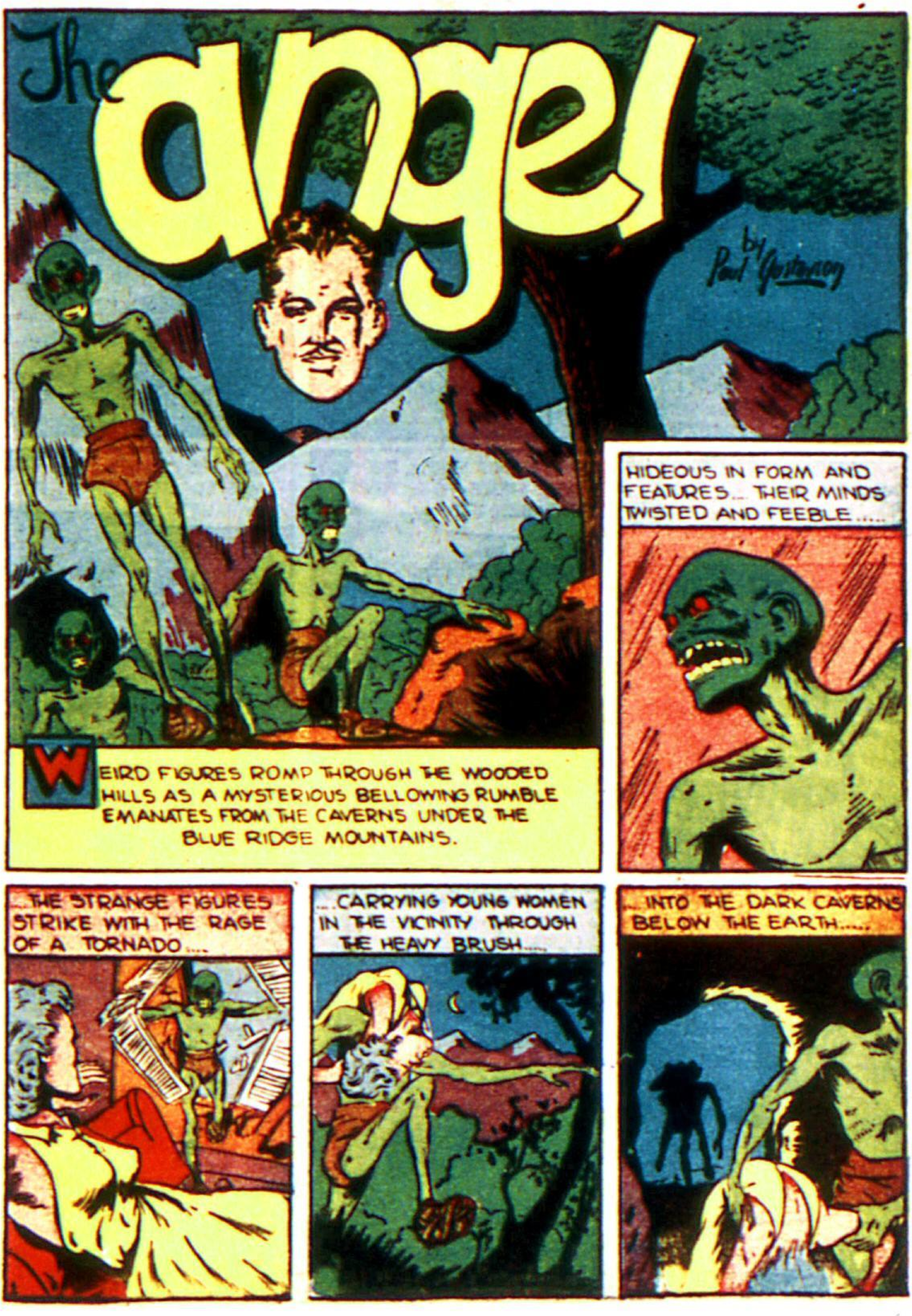

THEN SUDDENLY THE BATTALION OF AERIAL SUBMARINES CUTS THROUGH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER —
— AND HEADS FOR THE YACHT
THE LEADER SWOOPS DOWN, AIMING HIS STEAM-GUNS —
— AND SENDS A BLAST OF WITHERING, SCALDING STEAM TO THE YACHT'S DECK
THE GUN CREW SCREAMS IN UTTER AGONY AS THE STEAM SEARS THEIR BODIES.
BAM!
BUT THE BATTLE IS ON! ANOTHER CREW TAKES ITS PLACE - AND A MOMENT LATER THE FAST SEAPLANE IS CATAPULTED INTO THE SKY —
— TO DIVE DOWN ON ONE OF THE AERIAL-SUBS, MACHINE-GUNS SPLATTERING DEATH!
THE PILOT NIPS TWO MORE WHILE THE DECK CREW WREAKS DESTRUCTION ON THE SUB-MARINER'S FLEET!

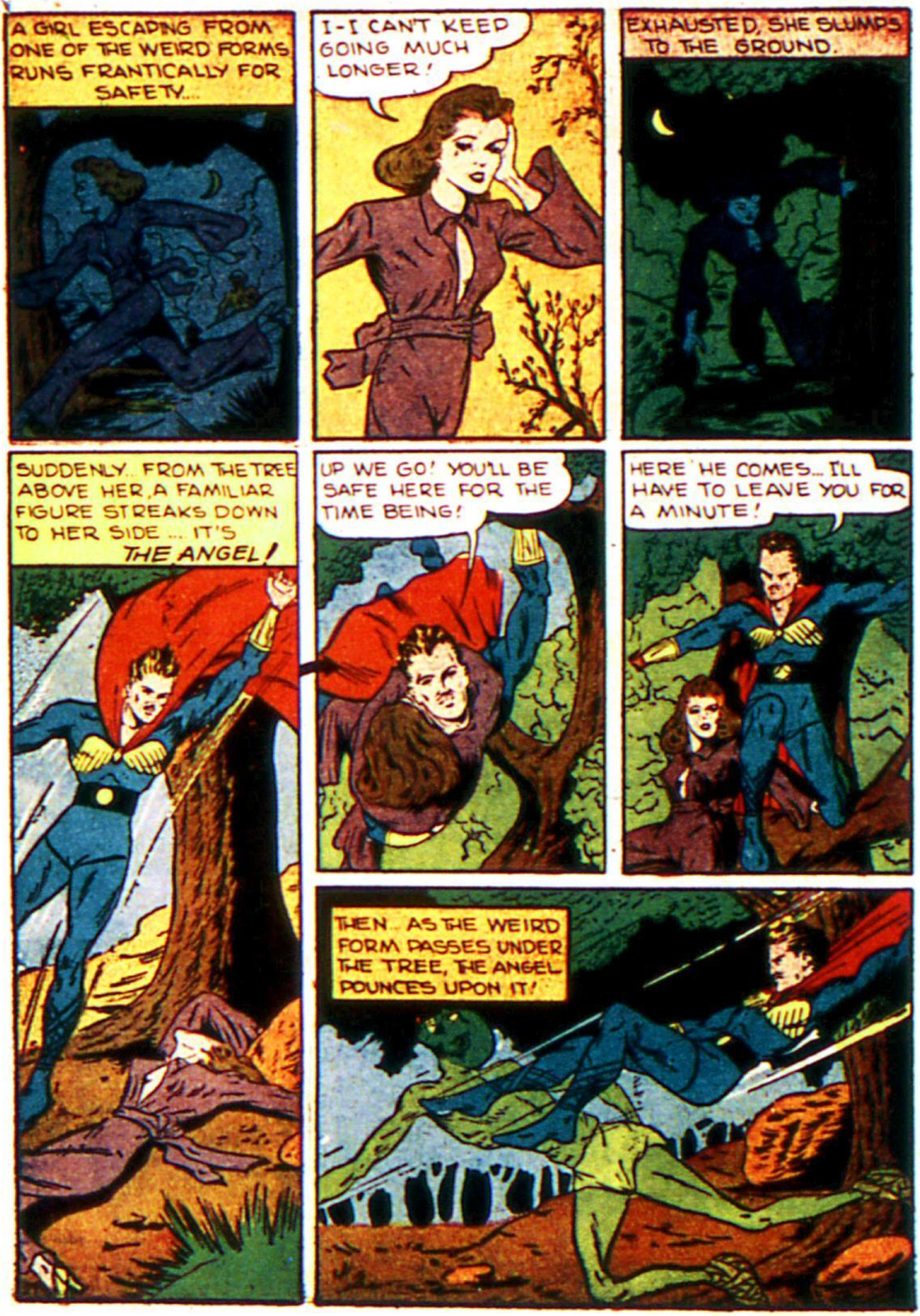

THESE FOOLS ARE SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT! THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND.
MEANWHILE, UNDERWATER, NAMOR DECIDES TO MAKE A LITTLE PRIVATE EXPEDITION.
UNSEEN BY THE FIGHTING CREW, SUB-MARINER COMES TO THE SURFACE AND SWIMS TO THE YACHT.
WE'LL HAVE A LOOK ON BOARD AND SEE WHAT KIND OF A CREW IT IS.
HIS WINGS, NOW HEALED, FLIP HIM UP THE SIDE OF THE YACHT TO THE DECK.
AS I THOUGHT, THEY'RE ALL BUSY AT THE GUNS - THE COAST IS CLEAR!
HEY! WHO GOES THERE?
LOOK OUT, SUCKER!
BUT HE IS INTERCEPTED BY A WATCHMAN.
YOU ASKED FOR IT, MISTER!
UP TO THE BRIDGE NOW, TO SEE WHO'S IN COMMAND!
THE SEAMAN UNCONSCIOUS, NAMOR FLIES ALONG THE DECK -
AH, A GIRL WITH THE COMMANDER - JUST MY CHANCE!
WOW! WHAT A SHOT, LYNNE! ANOTHER ONE DOWN!
NICE WORK, BOYS!
- TO THE BRIDGE, WHERE HE FINDS LUTHER AND LYNNE WATCHING THE BATTLE.
2

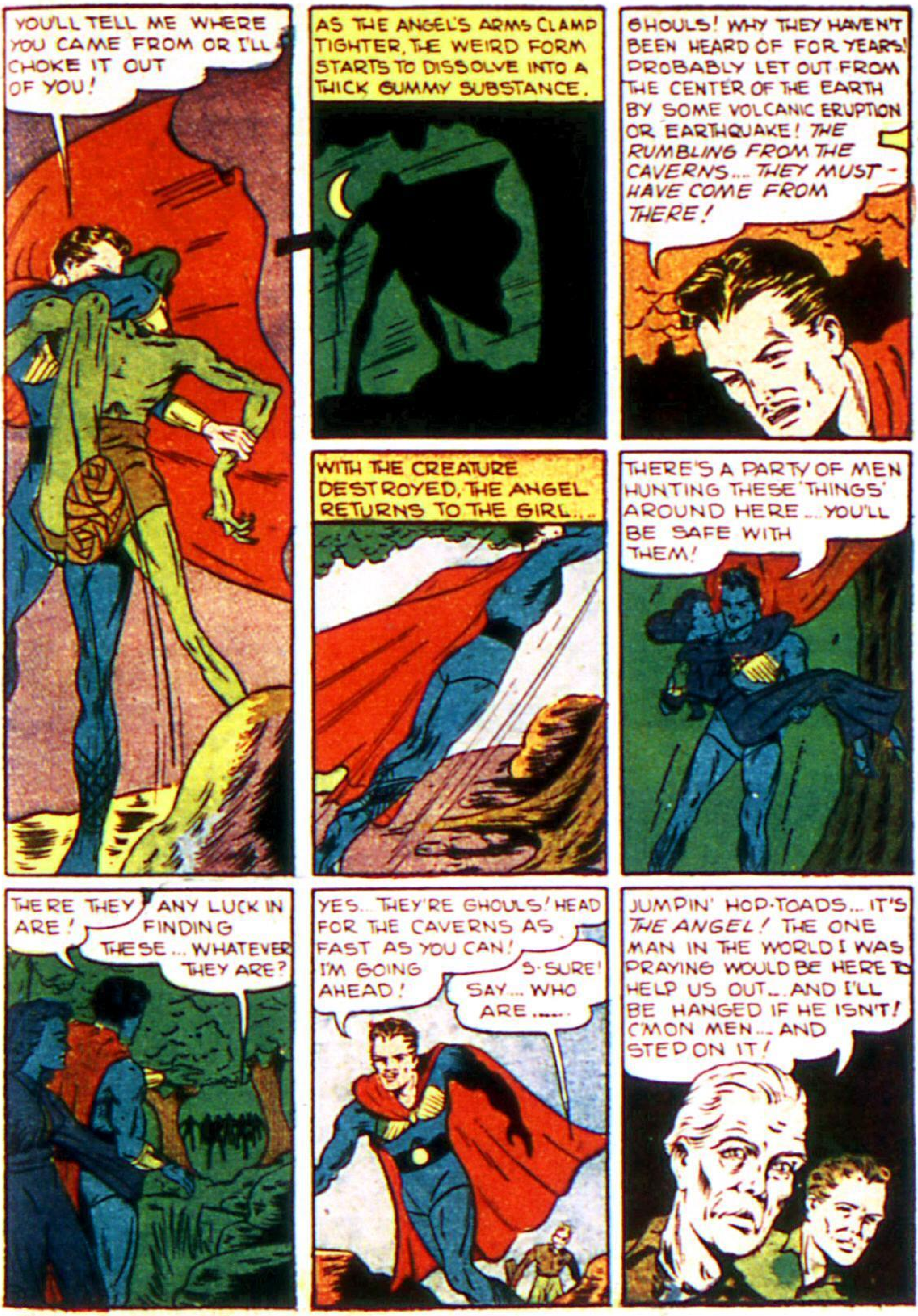

WE'LL KNOCK THIS SUB-MARINER FOR A LOOP IN NO TIME AT ALL!
YOU BET, LYNNE! THINK I'LL GO BELOW.
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
WOW-W-W-N-MMMM-!
WE'LL FIX YOU, YOUNG LADY, AND YOUR FRIEND, TOO!
LUTHER SUDDENLY TURNS AT THE TOP OF THE COMPANIONWAY.
WHY, YOU—!
YOU AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP—UNTIL YOUR FRIEND COMES TO HIS SENSES!
HERE WE GO—KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE, LITTLE ONE!!!
SUB-MARINER LEAPS INTO THE ICY WATER WITH THE HELPLESS GIRL.
DON'T SHOOT, MR. ROBINSON! YOU'LL HIT THE GIRL!
CONFOUND IT! YOU'RE RIGHT, BURNS—BUT WHAT'LL WE DO?
YOU SEE? YOUR BOY-FRIEND WOULDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO TRY TO SAVE YOU! NICE PEOPLE, YOU AMERICANS!
SUB-MARINER, HOLDING LYNNE'S NOSE AND MOUTH TO PREVENT HER DROWNING, RACES WITH HER TO HIS AERIAL-SUBMARINE.

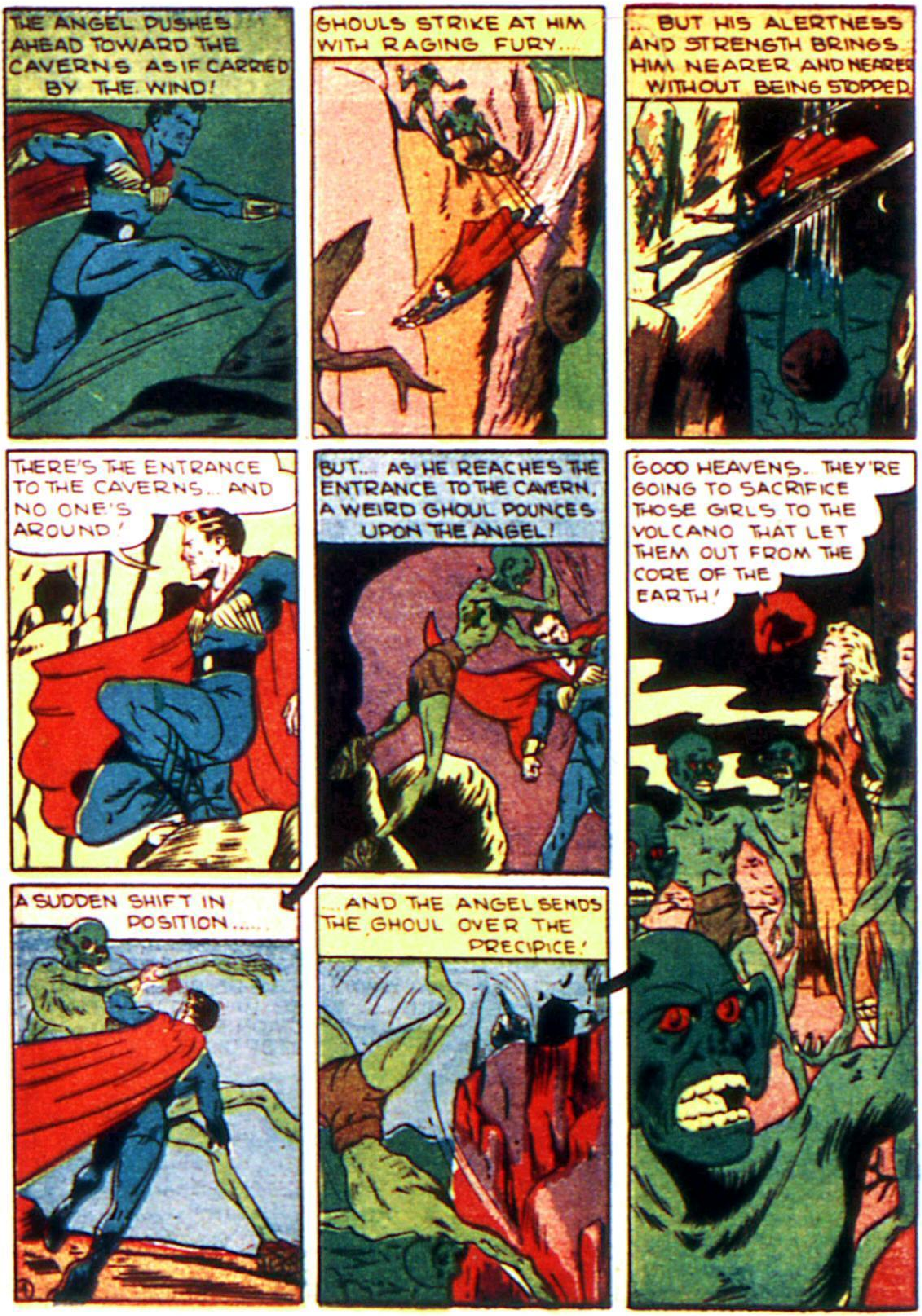

MEANWHILE-LUTHER RACES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE YACHT—
ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW!
WHAT'S THAT, SIR?
OPEN THE AIR-LOCKS, STEVENS - WE'RE TAKING HER OUT!
—WHERE LIES A SMALL, SUPER-POWERFUL, 2-MAN SUBMARINE, CRADLED ON A TROLLEY.
A MOMENT LATER THE MINIATURE CRAFT SHOOTS FROM A TUBULAR HATCH IN THE HUGE YACHT'S NOSE!
WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM IN A MINUTE - I CAN SEE THEM NOW: IN THE PERISCOPE. GET THE VALVES SET FOR THE TORPEDO!
AYE, SIR!
LUTHER PULLS IN FAST BEHIND SUB-MARINER'S UNDERSEA PLANE.
I HATE TO DO THIS - MIGHT KILL LYNNE - BUT I'VE JUST GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE - *LET 'ER GO, STEVENS!!!*
9.
THE TORPEDO CLEAVES THE WATER - *A DIRECT HIT!!!*

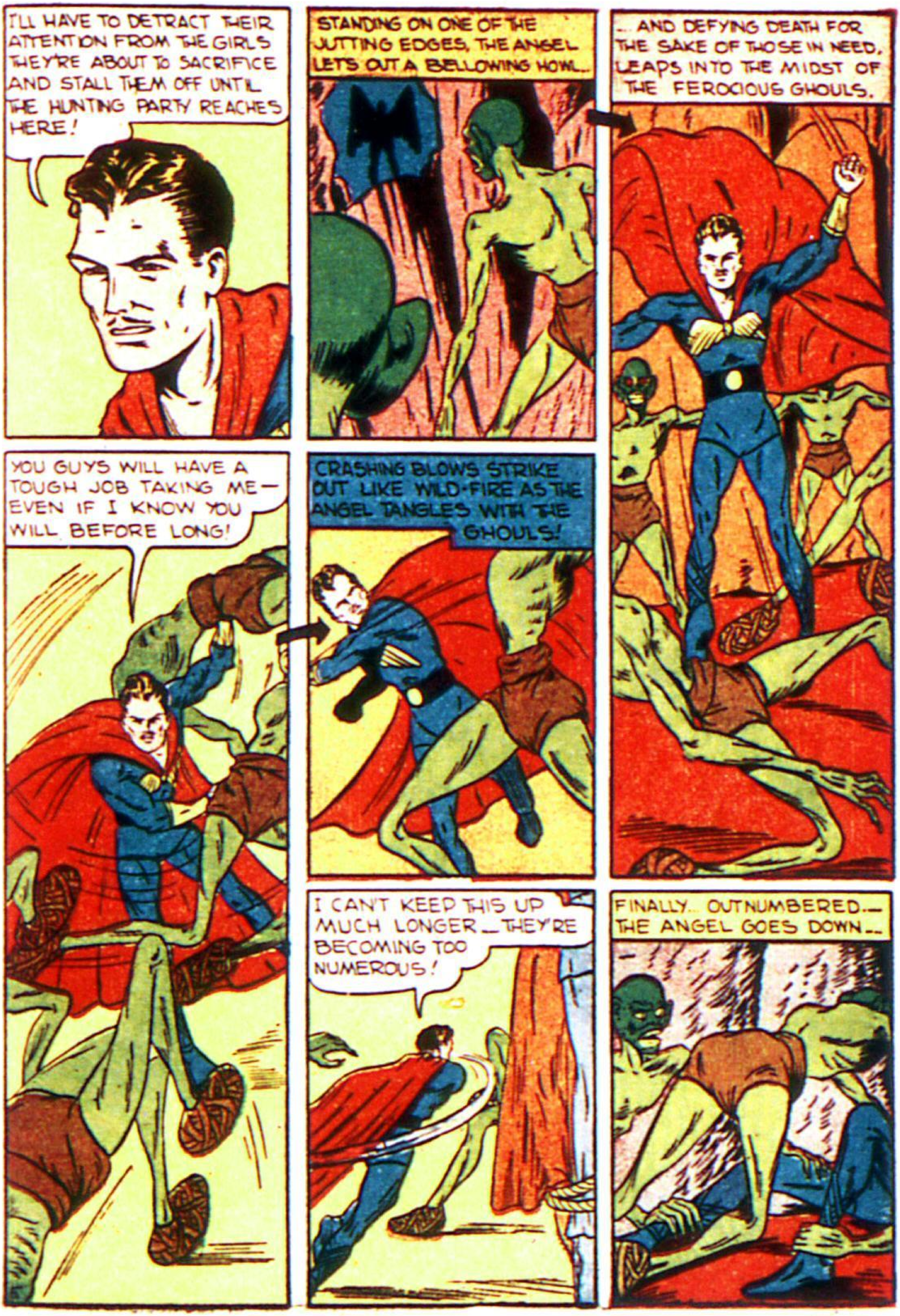

IN THE TERRIFIC BLAST LYNNE IS CATAPULTED THROUGH THE WATER.
A MOMENT LATER, LUTHER, WEARING AN ARTIFICIAL LUNG, CLIMBS OUT THROUGH THE ESCAPE HATCH—
—AND SPEEDS TO RESCUE LYNNE FROM THE COLD SEA!
THAT DIRTY WATER-RAT OUGHT TO BE VERY DEAD AT THIS POINT—I HOPE!
DESPERATELY HE STRUGGLES WITH HER TO THE YACHT—WONDERING IF HE HAS REALLY KILLED NAMOR.
THERE HE IS!
NAMOR IS FOUND FLOATING NEAR THE WRECK, BY TWO SUB-MARINERS—
HE'S BADLY HURT—WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM HOME FAST!
WHO CARRY HIM BACK TO THE CASTLE.
AND ON THE YACHT—
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT DEVIL'S DEAD BEFORE WE LEAVE. HOW'S LYNNE, DOCTOR?
FINE, SIR!
AT THE SAME TIME, NAMOR REVIVES.
SO THEY MEAN BUSINESS, EH? WELL, SO DO I! THEY'LL NEVER LEAVE THIS COUNTRY ALIVE!
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW? NAMOR SEEMS TO GET INTO ONE JAM AFTER ANOTHER—HOW WILL THIS ONE WORK OUT? WATCH FOR THE ANSWER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS!

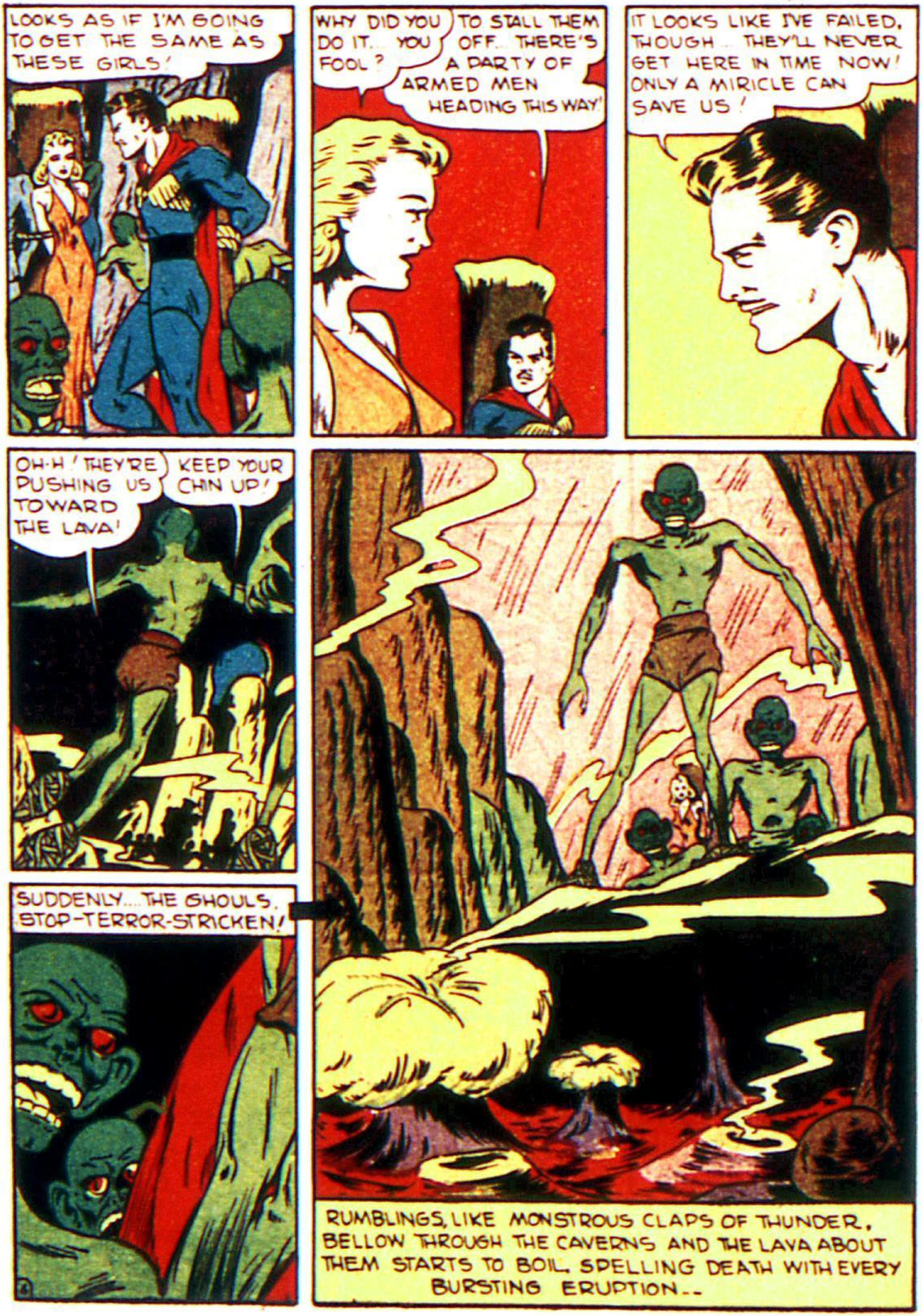

The Angel
by Paul Gustavson
WEIRD FIGURES ROMP THROUGH THE WOODED HILLS AS A MYSTERIOUS BELLOWING RUMBLE EMANATES FROM THE CAVERNS UNDER THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.
HIDEOUS IN FORM AND FEATURES... THEIR MINDS TWISTED AND FEEBLE.....
...THE STRANGE FIGURES STRIKE WITH THE RAGE OF A TORNADO....
...CARRYING YOUNG WOMEN IN THE VICINITY THROUGH THE HEAVY BRUSH....
...INTO THE DARK CAVERNS BELOW THE EARTH.....

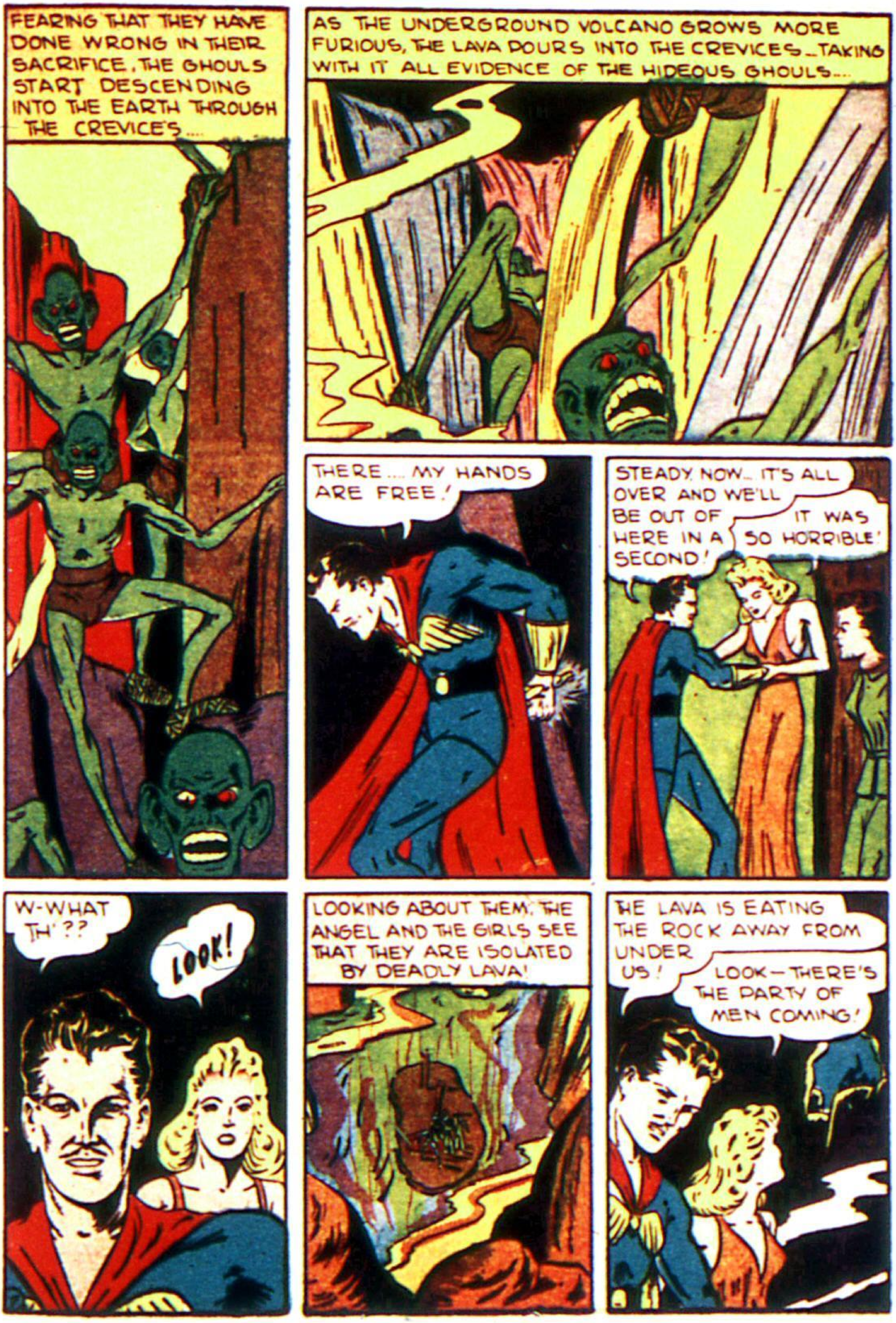

A GIRL ESCAPING FROM ONE OF THE WEIRD FORMS RUNS FRANTICALLY FOR SAFETY...
I-I CAN'T KEEP GOING MUCH LONGER!
EXHAUSTED, SHE SLUMPS TO THE GROUND.
SUDDENLY... FROM THE TREE ABOVE HER, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STREAKS DOWN TO HER SIDE .... IT'S THE ANGEL!
UP WE GO! YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE FOR THE TIME BEING!
HERE HE COMES... I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU FOR A MINUTE!
THEN... AS THE WEIRD FORM PASSES UNDER THE TREE, THE ANGEL POUNCES UPON IT!

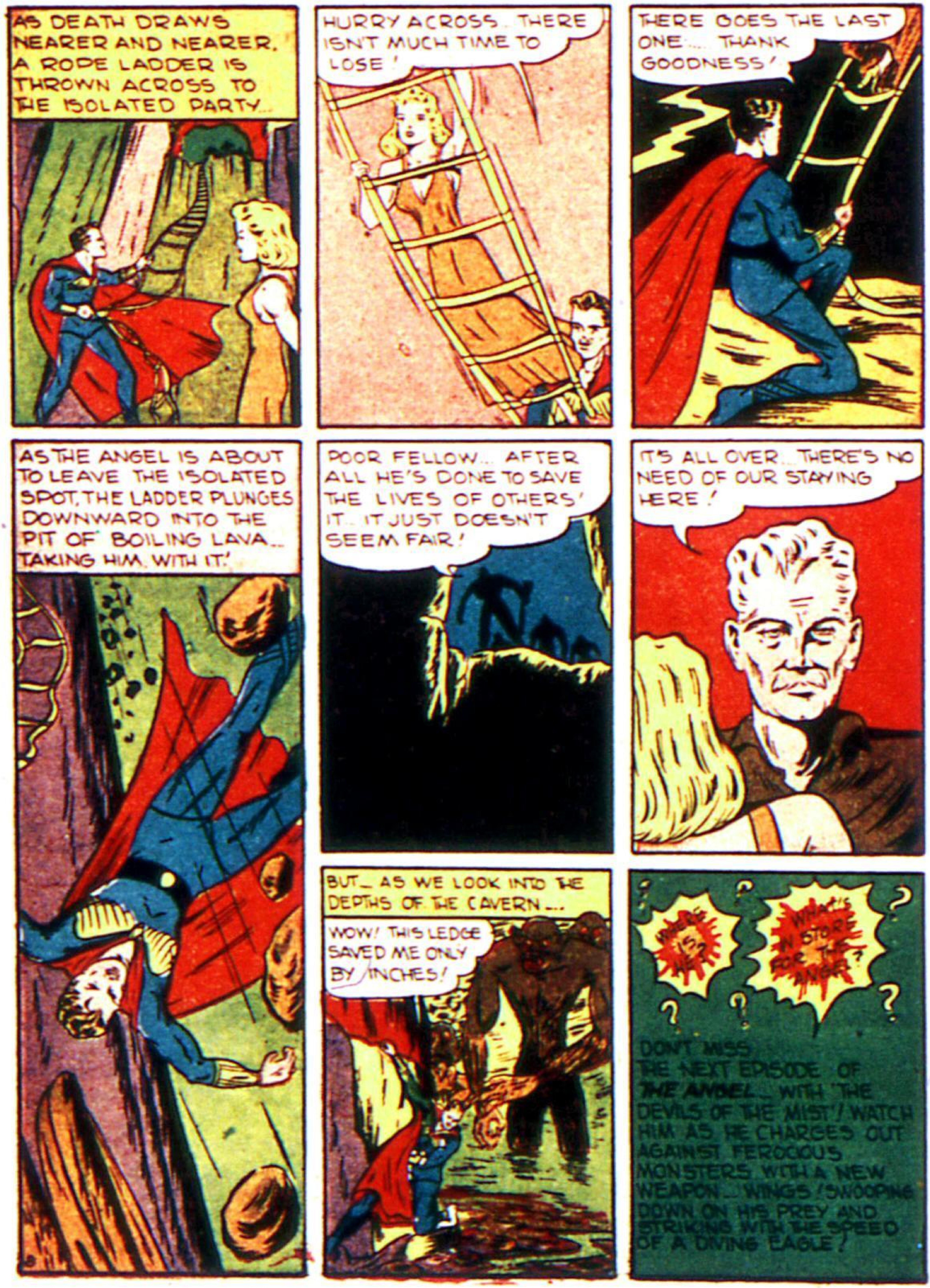

YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE YOU CAME FROM OR I'LL CHOKE IT OUT OF YOU!
AS THE ANGEL'S ARMS CLAMP TIGHTER, THE WEIRD FORM STARTS TO DISSOLVE INTO A THICK GUMMY SUBSTANCE.
GHOULS! WHY THEY HAVEN'T BEEN HEARD OF FOR YEARS! PROBABLY LET OUT FROM THE CENTER OF THE EARTH BY SOME VOLCANIC ERUPTION OR EARTHQUAKE! *THE RUMBLING FROM THE CAVERNS... THEY MUST-HAVE COME FROM THERE!*
WITH THE CREATURE DESTROYED, THE ANGEL RETURNS TO THE GIRL...
THERE'S A PARTY OF MEN HUNTING THESE 'THINGS' AROUND HERE... YOU'LL BE SAFE WITH THEM!
THERE THEY ARE!
ANY LUCK IN FINDING THESE... WHATEVER THEY ARE?
YES... THEY'RE GHOULS! HEAD FOR THE CAVERNS AS FAST AS YOU CAN! I'M GOING AHEAD!
S-SURE! SAY... WHO ARE......
JUMPIN' HOP-TOADS... IT'S *THE ANGEL!* THE ONE MAN IN THE WORLD I WAS PRAYING WOULD BE HERE TO HELP US OUT... AND I'LL BE HANGED IF HE ISN'T! C'MON MEN... AND STEP ON IT!


THE ANGEL PUSHES AHEAD TOWARD THE CAVERNS AS IF CARRIED BY THE WIND!
GHOULS STRIKE AT HIM WITH RAGING FURY....
... BUT HIS ALERTNESS AND STRENGTH BRINGS HIM NEARER AND NEARER WITHOUT BEING STOPPED
THERE'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVERNS... AND NO ONE'S AROUND!
BUT... AS HE REACHES THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVERN, A WEIRD GHOUL POUNCES UPON THE ANGEL!
GOOD HEAVENS.. THEY'RE GOING TO SACRIFICE THOSE GIRLS TO THE VOLCANO THAT LET THEM OUT FROM THE CORE OF THE EARTH!
A SUDDEN SHIFT IN POSITION......
...AND THE ANGEL SENDS THE GHOUL OVER THE PRECIPICE!


I'LL HAVE TO DETRACT THEIR ATTENTION FROM THE GIRLS THEY'RE ABOUT TO SACRIFICE AND STALL THEM OFF UNTIL THE HUNTING PARTY REACHES HERE!
STANDING ON ONE OF THE JUTTING EDGES, THE ANGEL LETS OUT A BELLOWING HOWL...
... AND DEFYING DEATH FOR THE SAKE OF THOSE IN NEED, LEAPS INTO THE MIDST OF THE FEROCIOUS GHOULS.
YOU GUYS WILL HAVE A TOUGH JOB TAKING ME— EVEN IF I KNOW YOU WILL BEFORE LONG!
CRASHING BLOWS STRIKE OUT LIKE WILD-FIRE AS THE ANGEL TANGLES WITH THE GHOULS!
I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER _ THEY'RE BECOMING TOO NUMEROUS!
FINALLY... OUTNUMBERED._ THE ANGEL GOES DOWN_.

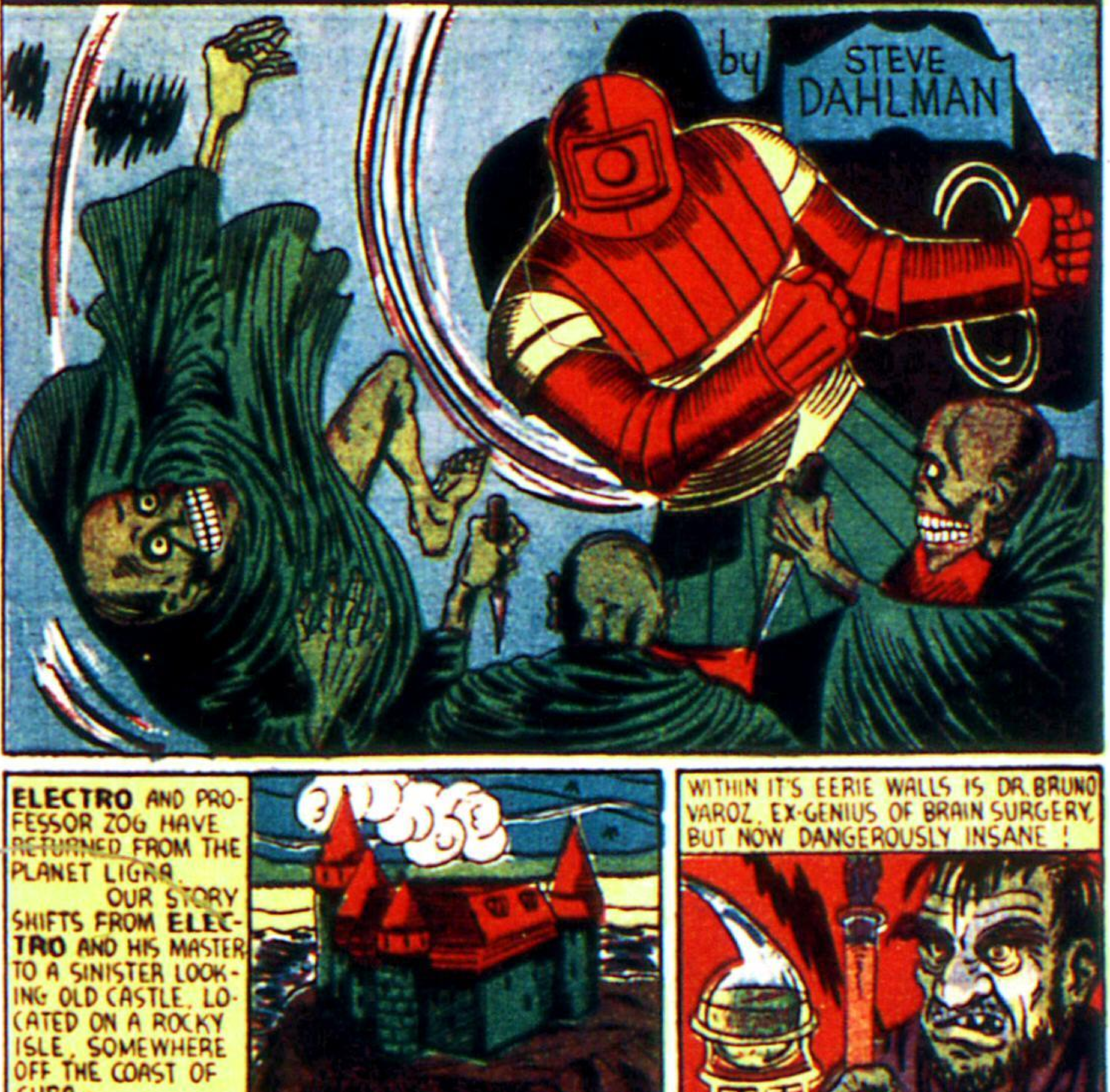

LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO GET THE SAME AS THESE GIRLS!
WHY DID YOU DO IT... YOU FOOL?
TO STALL THEM OFF.. THERE'S A PARTY OF ARMED MEN HEADING THIS WAY!
IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE FAILED, THOUGH... THEY'LL NEVER GET HERE IN TIME NOW! ONLY A MIRICLE CAN SAVE US!
OH-H! THEY'RE PUSHING US TOWARD THE LAVA!
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP!
SUDDENLY.... THE GHOULS STOP-TERROR-STRICKEN!
RUMBLINGS, LIKE MONSTROUS CLAPS OF THUNDER, BELLOW THROUGH THE CAVERNS AND THE LAVA ABOUT THEM STARTS TO BOIL, SPELLING DEATH WITH EVERY BURSTING ERUPTION..

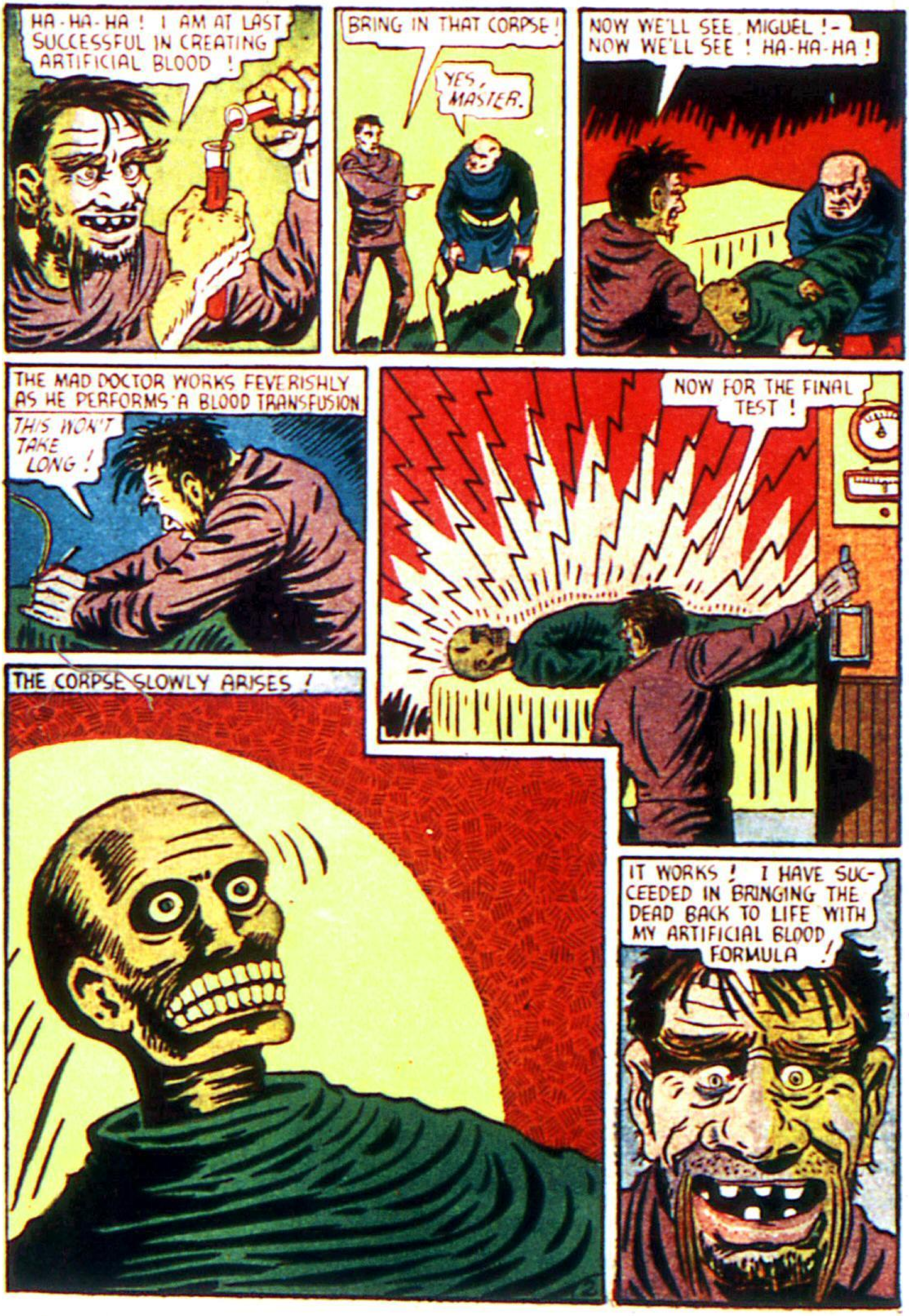

FEARING THAT THEY HAVE DONE WRONG IN THEIR SACRIFICE, THE GHOULS START DESCENDING INTO THE EARTH THROUGH THE CREVICES....
AS THE UNDERGROUND VOLCANO GROWS MORE FURIOUS, THE LAVA POURS INTO THE CREVICES_TAKING WITH IT ALL EVIDENCE OF THE HIDEOUS GHOULS....
THERE.... MY HANDS ARE FREE!
STEADY NOW... IT'S ALL OVER AND WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A SECOND!
IT WAS SO HORRIBLE!
W-WHAT TH'??
LOOK!
LOOKING ABOUT THEM, THE ANGEL AND THE GIRLS SEE THAT THEY ARE ISOLATED BY DEADLY LAVA!
THE LAVA IS EATING THE ROCK AWAY FROM UNDER US!
LOOK—THERE'S THE PARTY OF MEN COMING!

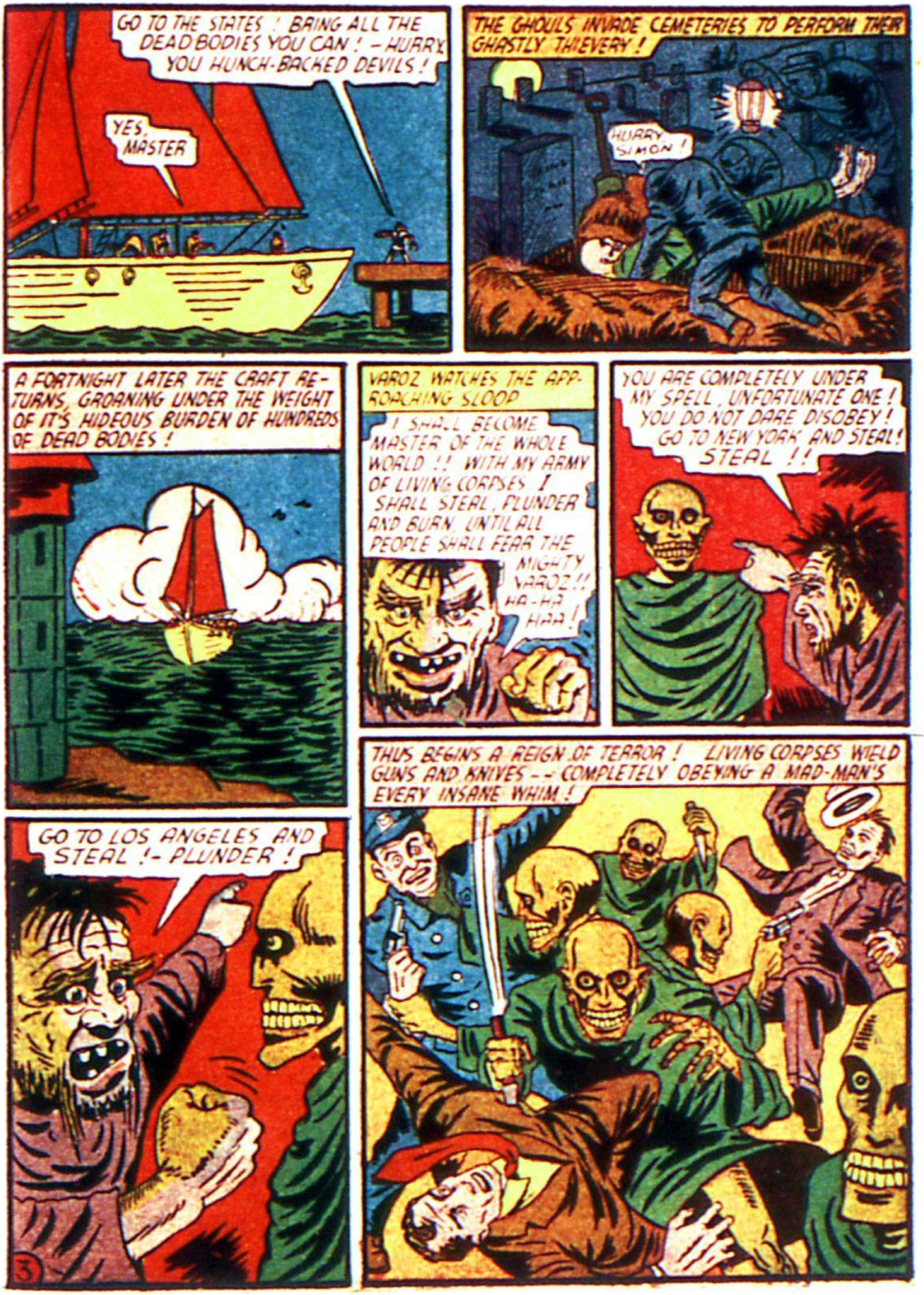

AS DEATH DRAWS NEARER AND NEARER, A ROPE LADDER IS THROWN ACROSS TO THE ISOLATED PARTY...
HURRY ACROSS... THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME TO LOSE!
THERE GOES THE LAST ONE.... THANK GOODNESS!
AS THE ANGEL IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE ISOLATED SPOT, THE LADDER PLUNGES DOWNWARD INTO THE PIT OF BOILING LAVA... TAKING HIM, WITH IT!
POOR FELLOW... AFTER ALL HE'S DONE TO SAVE THE LIVES OF OTHERS! IT.. IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM FAIR!
IT'S ALL OVER... THERE'S NO NEED OF OUR STAYING HERE!
BUT... AS WE LOOK INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE CAVERN...
WOW! THIS LEDGE SAVED ME ONLY BY INCHES!
WHERE IS HE?
WHAT'S IN STORE FOR THE ANGEL?
DON'T MISS THE NEXT EPISODE OF THE ANGEL... WITH "THE DEVILS OF THE MIST"! WATCH HIM AS HE CHARGES OUT AGAINST FEROCIOUS MONSTERS WITH A NEW WEAPON... WINGS! SWOOPING DOWN ON HIS PREY AND STRIKING WITH THE SPEED OF A DIVING EAGLE!

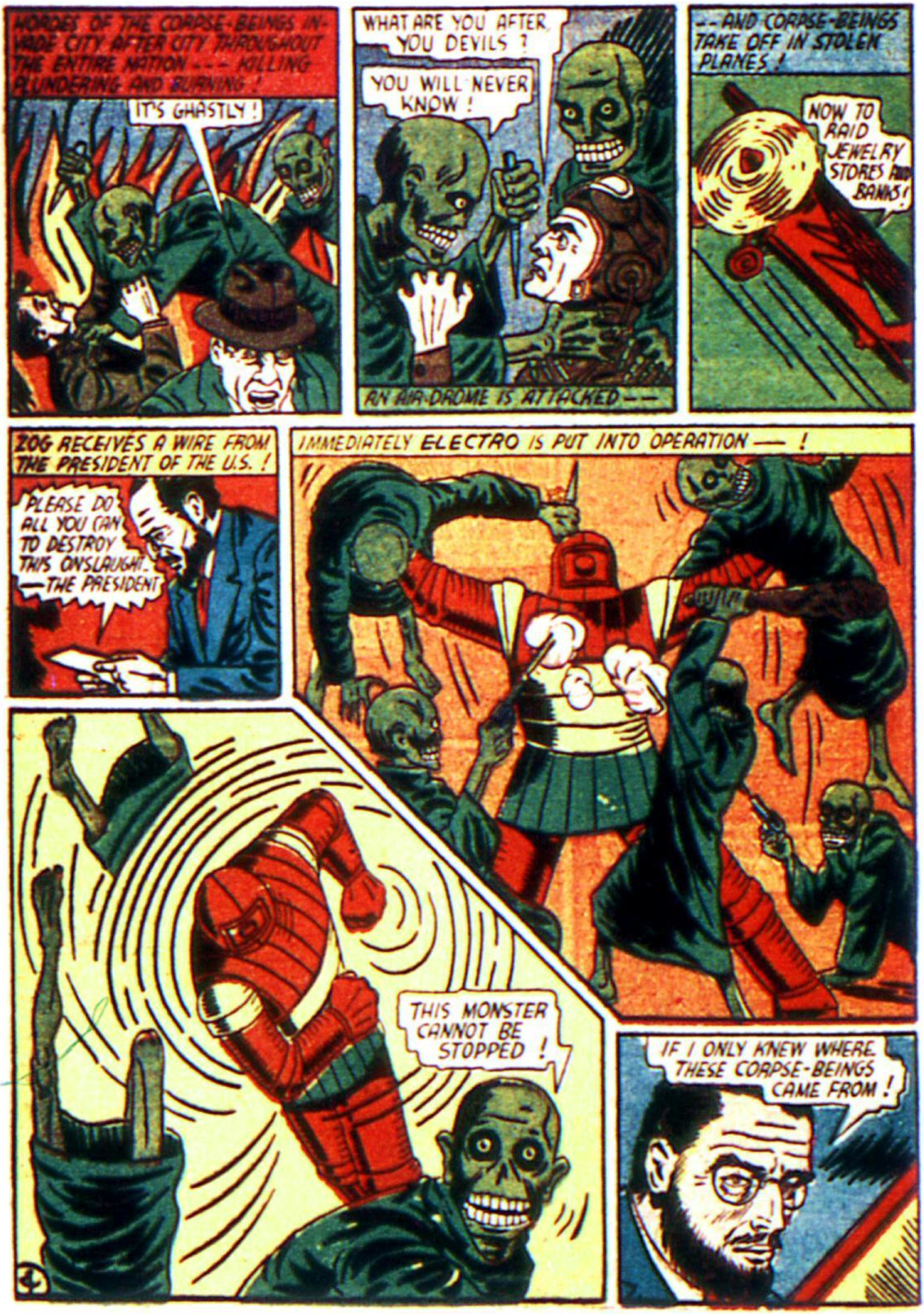
ELECTRO

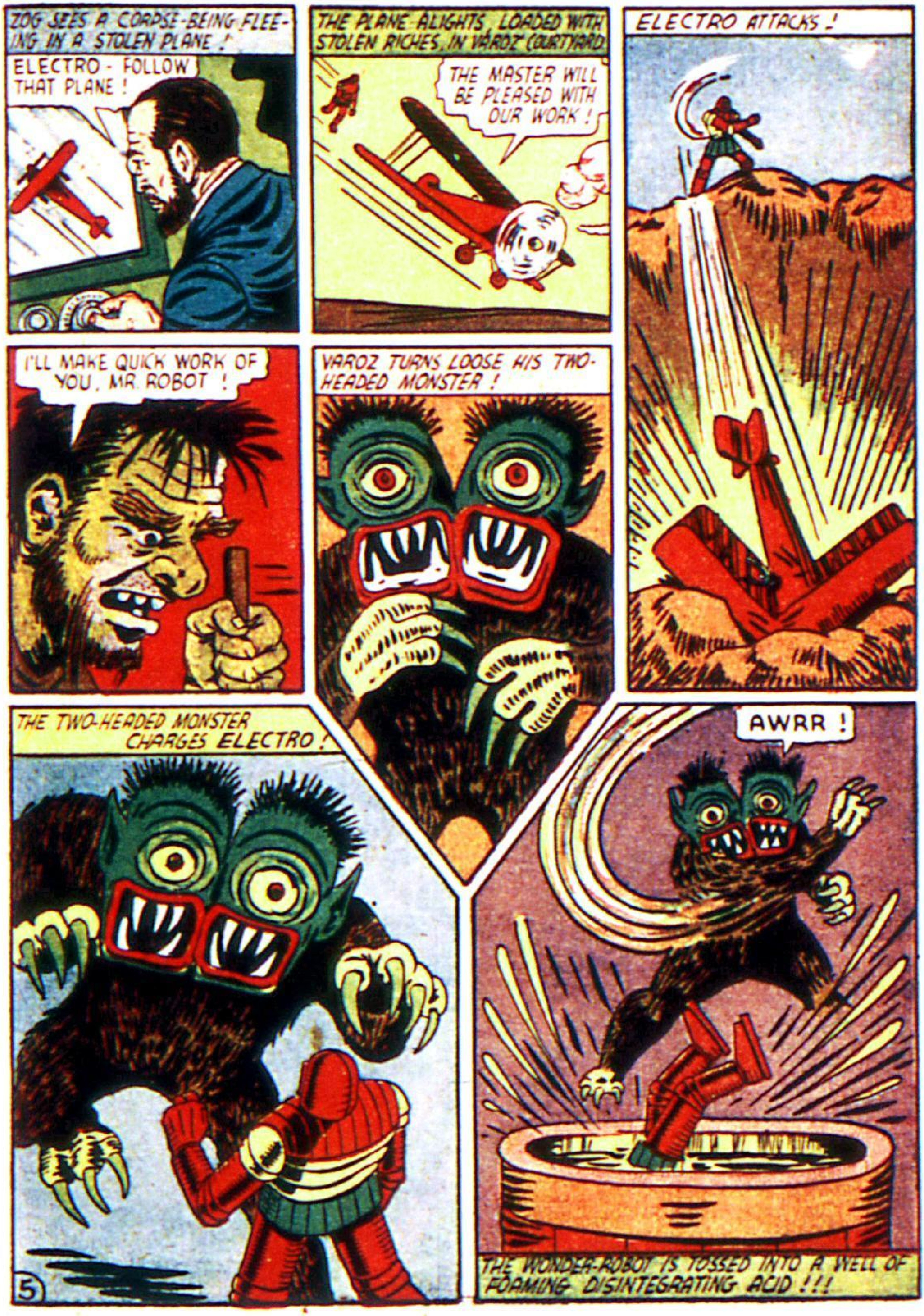
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE

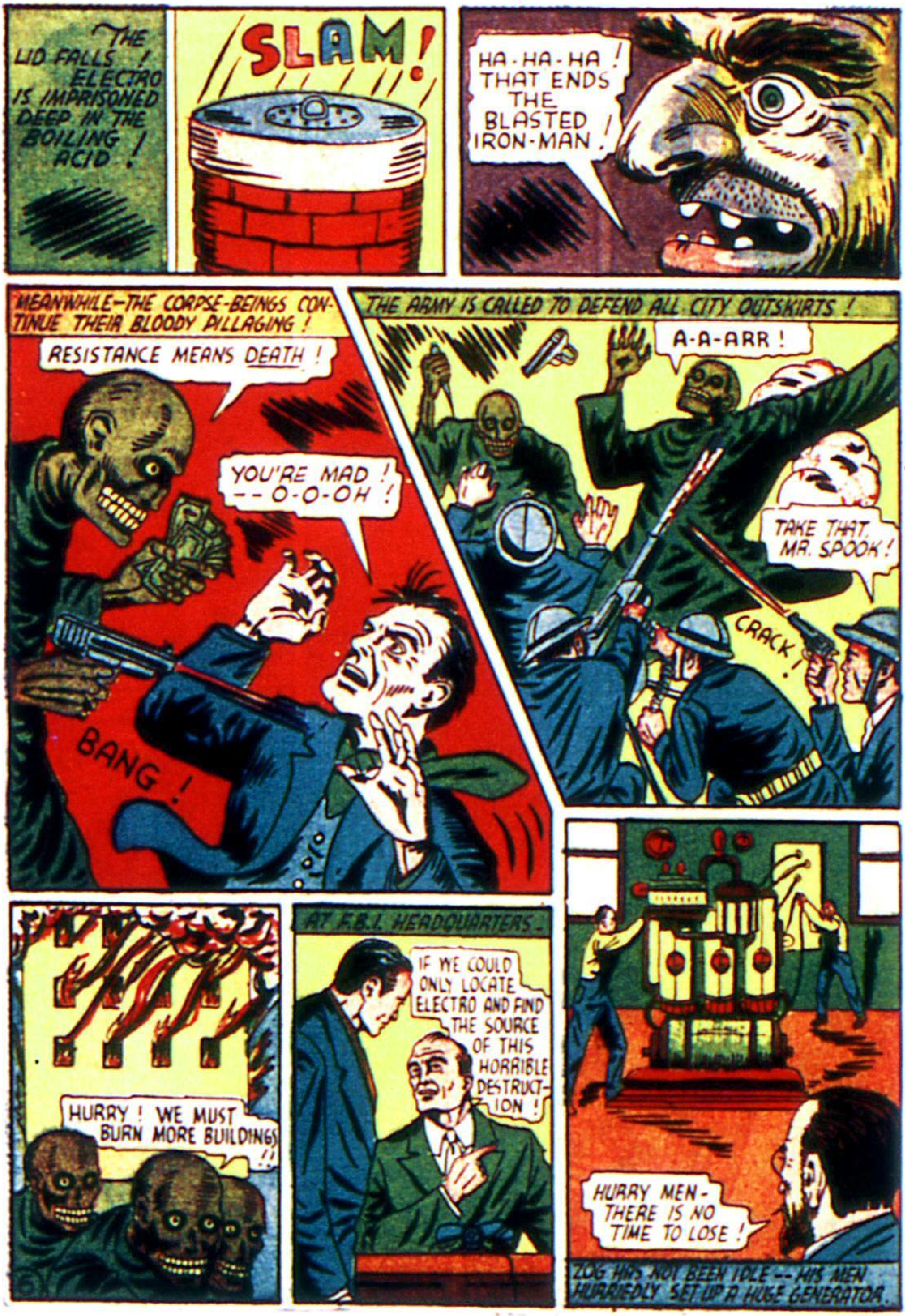

by STEVE DAHLMAN
ELECTRO AND PROFESSOR ZOG HAVE RETURNED FROM THE PLANET LIGRA. OUR STORY SHIFTS FROM **ELECTRO** AND HIS MASTER TO A SINISTER LOOKING OLD CASTLE. LOCATED ON A ROCKY ISLE, SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF CUBA.
WITHIN IT'S EERIE WALLS IS DR. BRUNO VAROZ, EX-GENIUS OF BRAIN SURGERY, BUT NOW DANGEROUSLY INSANE !

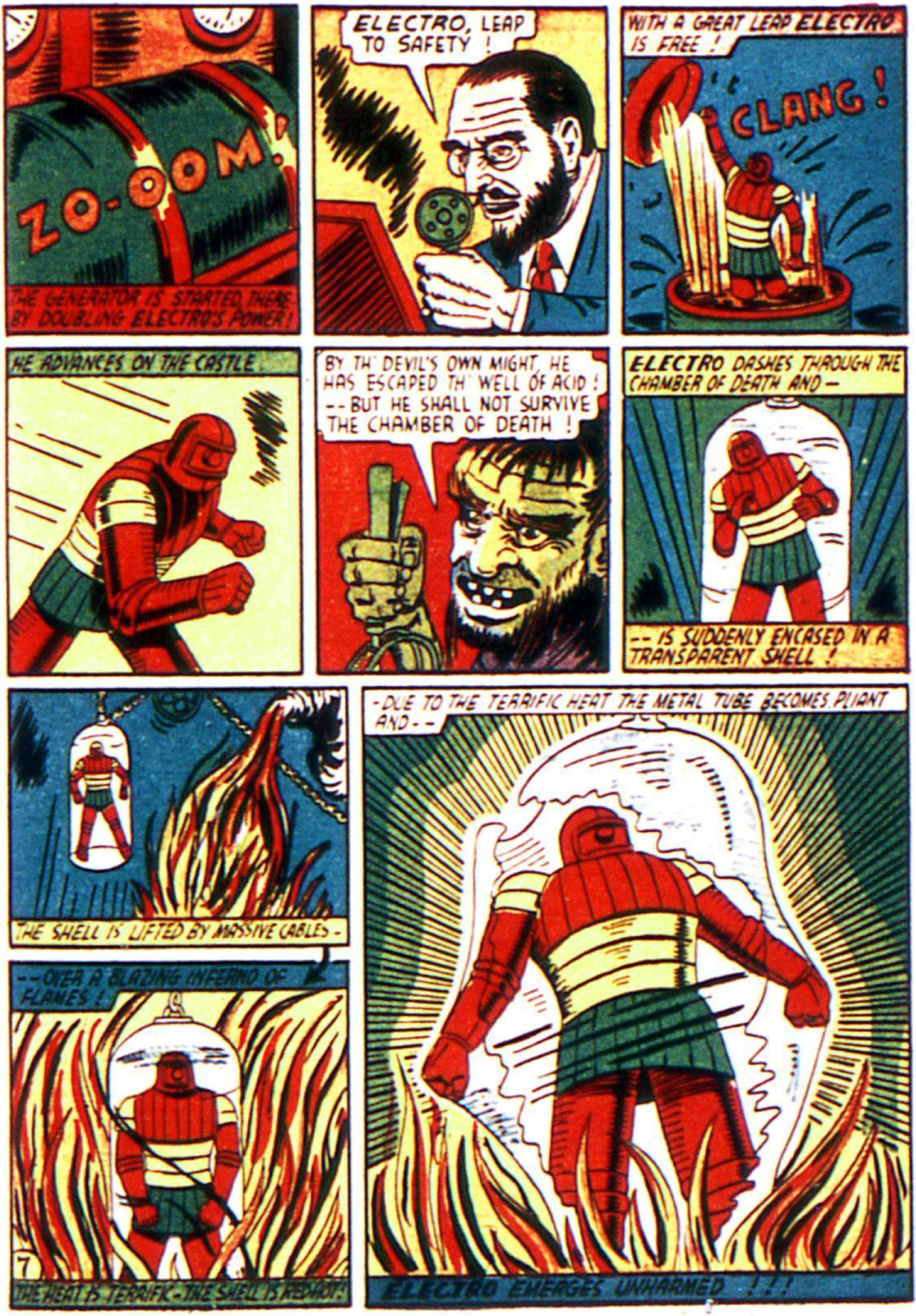

HA-HA-HA! I AM AT LAST SUCCESSFUL IN CREATING ARTIFICIAL BLOOD!
BRING IN THAT CORPSE!
YES, MASTER.
NOW WE'LL SEE, MIGUEL!- NOW WE'LL SEE! HA-HA-HA!
THE MAD DOCTOR WORKS FEVERISHLY AS HE PERFORMS A BLOOD TRANSFUSION
THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!
NOW FOR THE FINAL TEST!
THE CORPSE SLOWLY ARISES!
IT WORKS! I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN BRINGING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE WITH MY ARTIFICIAL BLOOD FORMULA!

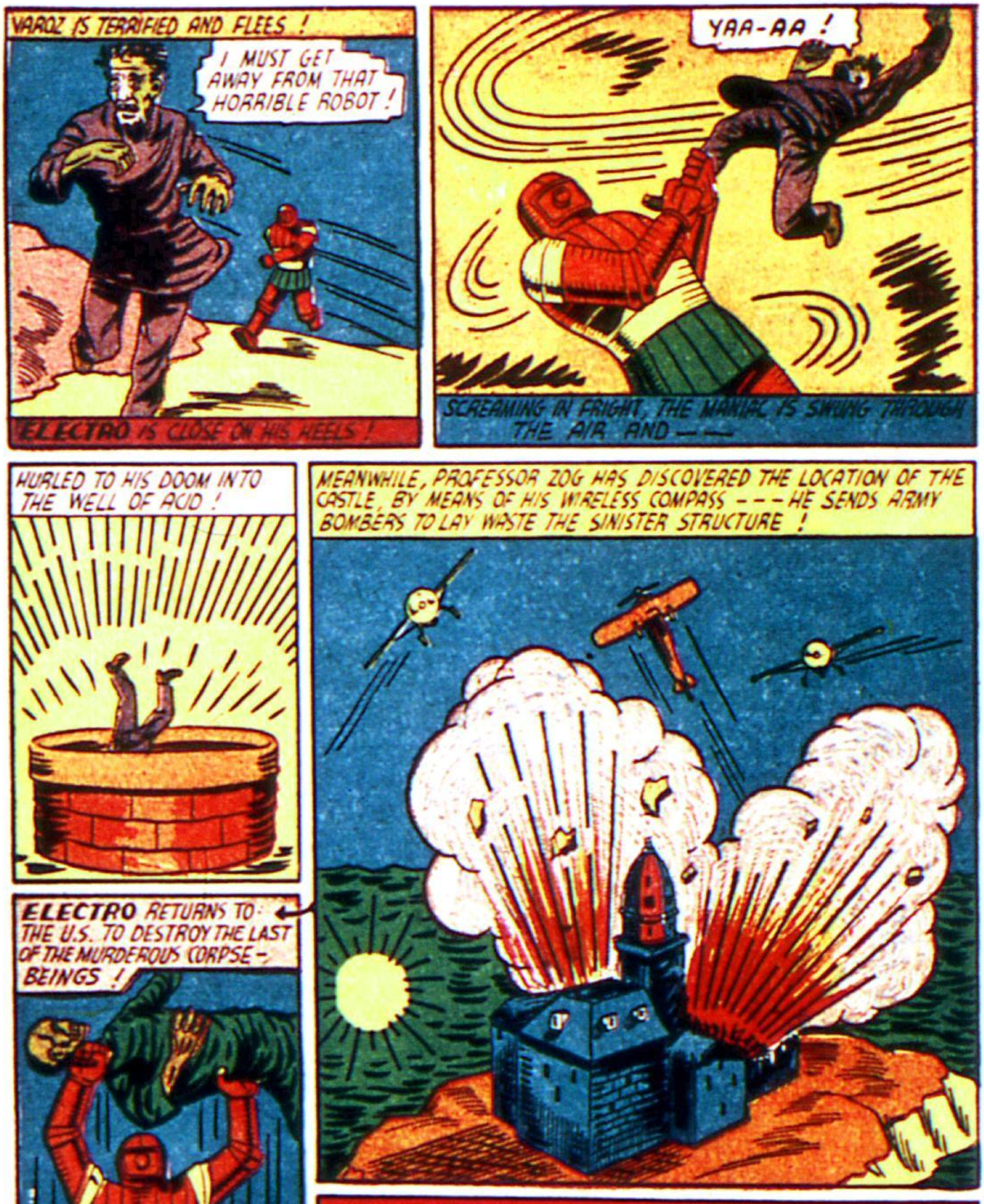

GO TO THE STATES ! BRING ALL THE DEAD BODIES YOU CAN ! - HURRY, YOU HUNCH-BACKED DEVILS !
YES, MASTER
THE GHOULS INVADE CEMETERIES TO PERFORM THEIR GHASTLY THIEVERY !
HURRY, SIMON !
A FORTNIGHT LATER THE CRAFT RETURNS, GROANING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF IT'S HIDEOUS BURDEN OF HUNDREDS OF DEAD BODIES !
VAROZ WATCHES THE APPROACHING SLOOP
I SHALL BECOME MASTER OF THE WHOLE WORLD !! WITH MY ARMY OF LIVING CORPSES I SHALL STEAL, PLUNDER AND BURN, UNTIL ALL PEOPLE SHALL FEAR THE MIGHTY VAROZ !! HA-HA HAA !
YOU ARE COMPLETELY UNDER MY SPELL, UNFORTUNATE ONE ! YOU DO NOT DARE DISOBEY ! GO TO NEW YORK AND STEAL ! STEAL !!
GO TO LOS ANGELES AND STEAL !- PLUNDER !
THUS BEGINS A REIGN OF TERROR ! LIVING CORPSES WIELD GUNS AND KNIVES -- COMPLETELY OBEYING A MAD-MAN'S EVERY INSANE WHIM !
3


HORDES OF THE CORPSE-BEINGS INVADE CITY AFTER CITY THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE NATION --- KILLING PLUNDERING AND BURNING !
IT'S GHASTLY !
WHAT ARE YOU AFTER, YOU DEVILS ?
YOU WILL NEVER KNOW !
AN AIR-DROME IS ATTACKED --
-- AND CORPSE-BEINGS TAKE OFF IN STOLEN PLANES !
NOW TO RAID JEWELRY STORES AND BANKS !
ZOG RECEIVES A WIRE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. !
PLEASE DO ALL YOU CAN TO DESTROY THIS ONSLAUGHT. —THE PRESIDENT
IMMEDIATELY ELECTRO IS PUT INTO OPERATION — !
THIS MONSTER CANNOT BE STOPPED !
IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE THESE CORPSE-BEINGS CAME FROM !


ZOG SEES A CORPSE-BEING FLEEING IN A STOLEN PLANE!
ELECTRO - FOLLOW THAT PLANE!
THE PLANE ALIGHTS, LOADED WITH STOLEN RICHES, IN VÁROZ' COURTYARD
THE MASTER WILL BE PLEASED WITH OUR WORK!
ELECTRO ATTACKS!
I'LL MAKE QUICK WORK OF YOU, MR. ROBOT!
VAROZ TURNS LOOSE HIS TWO-HEADED MONSTER!
THE TWO-HEADED MONSTER CHARGES ELECTRO!
AWRR!
THE WONDER-ROBOT IS TOSSED INTO A WELL OF FOAMING DISINTEGRATING ACID!!!
5


THE LID FALLS ! ELECTRO IS IMPRISONED DEEP IN THE BOILING ACID !
SLAM !
HA-HA-HA ! THAT ENDS THE BLASTED IRON-MAN !
MEANWHILE—THE CORPSE-BEINGS CONTINUE THEIR BLOODY PILLAGING !
RESISTANCE MEANS DEATH !
YOU'RE MAD ! --O-O-OH !
BANG !
THE ARMY IS CALLED TO DEFEND ALL CITY OUTSKIRTS !
A-A-ARR !
TAKE THAT, MR. SPOOK !
CRACK !
HURRY ! WE MUST BURN MORE BUILDINGS !!
6
AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.
IF WE COULD ONLY LOCATE ELECTRO AND FIND THE SOURCE OF THIS HORRIBLE DESTRUCTION !
HURRY MEN- THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE !
ZOG HAS NOT BEEN IDLE -- HIS MEN HURRIEDLY SET UP A HUGE GENERATOR.


ZO-OOM!
THE GENERATOR IS STARTED, THEREBY DOUBLING ELECTRO'S POWER!
ELECTRO, LEAP TO SAFETY !
WITH A GREAT LEAP ELECTRO IS FREE !
CLANG !
HE ADVANCES ON THE CASTLE.
BY TH' DEVIL'S OWN MIGHT, HE HAS ESCAPED TH' WELL OF ACID ! -- BUT HE SHALL NOT SURVIVE THE CHAMBER OF DEATH !
ELECTRO DASHES THROUGH THE CHAMBER OF DEATH AND --
-- IS SUDDENLY ENCASED IN A TRANSPARENT SHELL !
THE SHELL IS LIFTED BY MASSIVE CABLES -
-- OVER A BLAZING INFERNO OF FLAMES !
THE HEAT IS TERRIFIC - THE SHELL IS RED HOT!
-DUE TO THE TERRIFIC HEAT THE METAL TUBE BECOMES PLIANT AND--
ELECTRO EMERGES UNHARMED !!!


VAROZ IS TERRIFIED AND FLEES !
I MUST GET AWAY FROM THAT HORRIBLE ROBOT !
ELECTRO IS CLOSE ON HIS HEELS !
YAA-AA !
SCREAMING IN FRIGHT, THE MANIAC IS SWUNG THROUGH THE AIR AND ——
HURLED TO HIS DOOM INTO THE WELL OF ACID !
MEANWHILE, PROFESSOR ZOG HAS DISCOVERED THE LOCATION OF THE CASTLE, BY MEANS OF HIS WIRELESS COMPASS — — — HE SENDS ARMY BOMBERS TO LAY WASTE THE SINISTER STRUCTURE !
ELECTRO RETURNS TO THE U.S. TO DESTROY THE LAST OF THE MURDEROUS CORPSE-BEINGS !
THE END
WATCH FOR ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE OF
ELECTRO
IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL COMICS !

TIGER TRAIL

by Beach Allen

Two hands, like talons of steel, clamped down on Gudgeon's throat. His mind blurred and he saw, in the fog before him, the mocking face of death!

TIGER TRAVIS is in Apia!"

The words sent a cold shudder down the length of Miles Gudgeon's spine. His knees turned suddenly to water. Panic gripped him. He turned quickly to see if the man beside him at the bar—the one who had spoken—was addressing him.

But the other's back was turned and it was plain that he was merely holding a conversation with the bartender. Mustering his courage, Gudgeon set his glass down. Trying to keep his voice steady, he asked hoarsely:

"You seen him?"

The man beside him half turned, looked at him curiously, then shook his head.

"Me? I wouldn't know Tiger Travis if I fell over him. I just happened to hear a native say that he was here in Apia."

Gudgeon took up his glass again, tossed off its contents. Always it was the same. "Tiger Travis is in Suva!" "Travis is here in Papeete!" "I hear Tiger Travis has come to Port Moresby!" For two years now, Gudgeon had fled across the South Seas before the vengeful shadow of a man that he had never seen.

Time and again he had cursed himself for a fool! They had been alone on a little coral atoll—he and young Jimmy Travis—and Gudgeon had murdered the kid for a lousy handful of pearls. Had struck from the rear—struck deep with a long-bladed knife. Young Jimmy had died—a great splotch of crimson between his shoulder blades and a look of pained surprise on his face.

With shaking fingers Gudgeon poured another shot from the bottle before him, downed it in a gulp. When Tiger Travis had reached the coral atoll three days later, his kid brother was dead. So Travis' bitter oath of vengeance was an empty threat! At least, that was what Gudgeon told himself now as he stood before the bar of Malacca Jack's dive in Apia.

But it was no use. The same old panic gripped him. It was uncanny the way the mysterious Tiger Travis had trailed him halfway across the South Pacific and back again. Why, he might even be right here—in Malacca Jack's—watching him!

Gudgeon whirled, surveyed the room from narrowed eyes, took in a group of Lascars from the *Maori Queen*, some jabbering Chinese and a lone man who was obviously a down-and-out beachcomber. Gudgeon plunged his hand into his trouser pocket, fingered a few coins there.

The *Maori Queen* would sail at midnight. If only he had money enough for passage . . . once in Sydney or Melbourne . . . he'd be safe . . . Tiger Travis could never find him there.

THE door opened suddenly. Gudgeon's eyes darted immediately in that direction, his heart pounding. Tiger Travis? Then slowly he relaxed. Though he had never seen Tiger Travis, Gudgeon was sure that he would know him immediately. For two years his imagination had built up a picture in his mind. Travis would be big, dark, with slitted, green eyes and a predatory nose. Instinct alone would warn Gudgeon when they met.

The man who stepped across the threshold now was slender, with a shock of blond hair and guileless hazel eyes. He walked up to the bar, stood beside Gudgeon, reached into the pocket of his dungarees, pulled out a roll of bills and ordered a drink. Watching, Gudgeon licked his lips. That roll of bills! If *he* had it—he could catch the *Maori Queen* at midnight—and shake off the menacing shadow of Tiger Travis forever!

With fascinated eyes he watched the newcomer stow the bills out of sight once more. Swiftly a plan evolved in the dark recesses of his mind. It was beautifully simple. He'd pick a quarrel with the stranger, there'd be a fight, and in the confusion that would follow he'd get that roll of bills and flee. . . .

Gudgeon didn't hesitate. He poured himself another drink, and as he did so, managed to bump his elbow against the man beside him. The glass crashed to the bar, slopping the liquor over them both. Gudgeon whirled, glowered.

"You did that on purpose," he growled.

The blond stranger surveyed him cooly for a long moment. "It's no use, Mister," he said evenly. "It's a swell act, but you're not putting it over."

The bartender picked up a bottle by its neck, brandished it belligerently. "Outside, you two," he ordered gruffly. "We got law on this island and I don't want this joint wrecked. Get going!"

Gudgeon licked his lips again. This was even better—a dark alley outside—no one to see him when he took those bills. Purposely he goaded the man before him. "If you ain't yellow—come on," he blustered.

Without a word, the blond stranger turned on his heel and strode toward the door. For a moment Gudgeon knew a faint misgiving as he stalked after him. This man was too cool! Maybe he'd started something he hadn't bargained for.

The eyes of the Chinese and the Lascars followed the pair curiously as they left the dive, but no one made a move to interfere. Then the door closed behind them and they faced each other in a shadowy, odorous alley.

The stranger spoke first. "I'm not yellow and I'm not backing down. But I don't get it. Who are you and what's the big idea of looking for trouble?"

A flash of inspiration came to Gudgeon then. He'd throw this cocky bird into such a panic of fear that he'd hand over the roll without a murmur! He thrust out his lower jaw and scowled blackly.

"Who am I?" he repeated. "I'm Tiger Travis—that's who I am! And you're the rat who stabbed my kid brother!"

THE light in the alley was dim, but Gudgeon could see a strange, unreadable expression creep over the face of the man confronting him. "You're lying, Mister," he answered. "When Tiger Travis found his brother, the kid had been shot!"

Gudgeon had never been overly bright, or he would not have committed murder for a handful of pearls in the first place. He laughed.

"I ought to know," he said. Brandishing the glinting blade, he took a step toward his prospective victim.

And then, in that gloomy alley, began the most savage fight in the dark history of Apia!

Here were no rules of the prize ring. With the rough and tumble tactics of a waterfront brawl, with tooth and nail and heavy boot, with death waiting, grinning, to claim the loser—the pair tangled. Gudgeon fought with the fury of desperation, thinking only of that roll of bills that was his last desperate hope.

Once, as Gudgeon lunged forward, the man's long leg flashed out and the toe of his boot caught Gudgeon with a sickening smash in the shin. Gudgeon howled with pain, staggered. And while he was still off balance, a driving hammer fist smashed him back against a wall.

The breath whistled from his body and his murderous dagger sailed from his numb fingers. Bouncing back off the wall, he wrapped his arms around the man's body and hung on desperately as he tried to regain his breath.

Gudgeon's first emotion was one of black anger. He was furious at this slender man with guileless hazel eyes, who, instead of cowering with fear at the dread name of Tiger Travis, had suddenly turned into a fighting fury.

Despite Gudgeon's grip, the stranger got one arm free, and a moment later Gudgeon's head rocked back under the impact of a sledgehammer fist. He tripped, fell heavily over backward. Blindly he hung on carrying the man with him.

As they rolled over and over, their struggles carried them down the alley and into a brighter light from the street beyond. Suddenly the man's face was abruptly illumined by the glow.

A shock passed through Gudgeon's body. He stifled a scream that rose in his throat. The guileless hazel eyes had narrowed to gleaming cat-like slits. Pinpoints of blood-red glowed in their amber depths, like those of a great jungle cat on the kill. Gudgeon's instincts cried out in warning now—too late!

"Tiger Travis!" he gasped hoarsely.

And then two hands, like talons of steel, clamped down on his throat. Waves of blackness engulfed him. His mind blurred and he saw, in the fog before him, the mocking face of Death. Then the blast of a police whistle broke the quiet, and the fingers reluctantly released their grip on his throat.

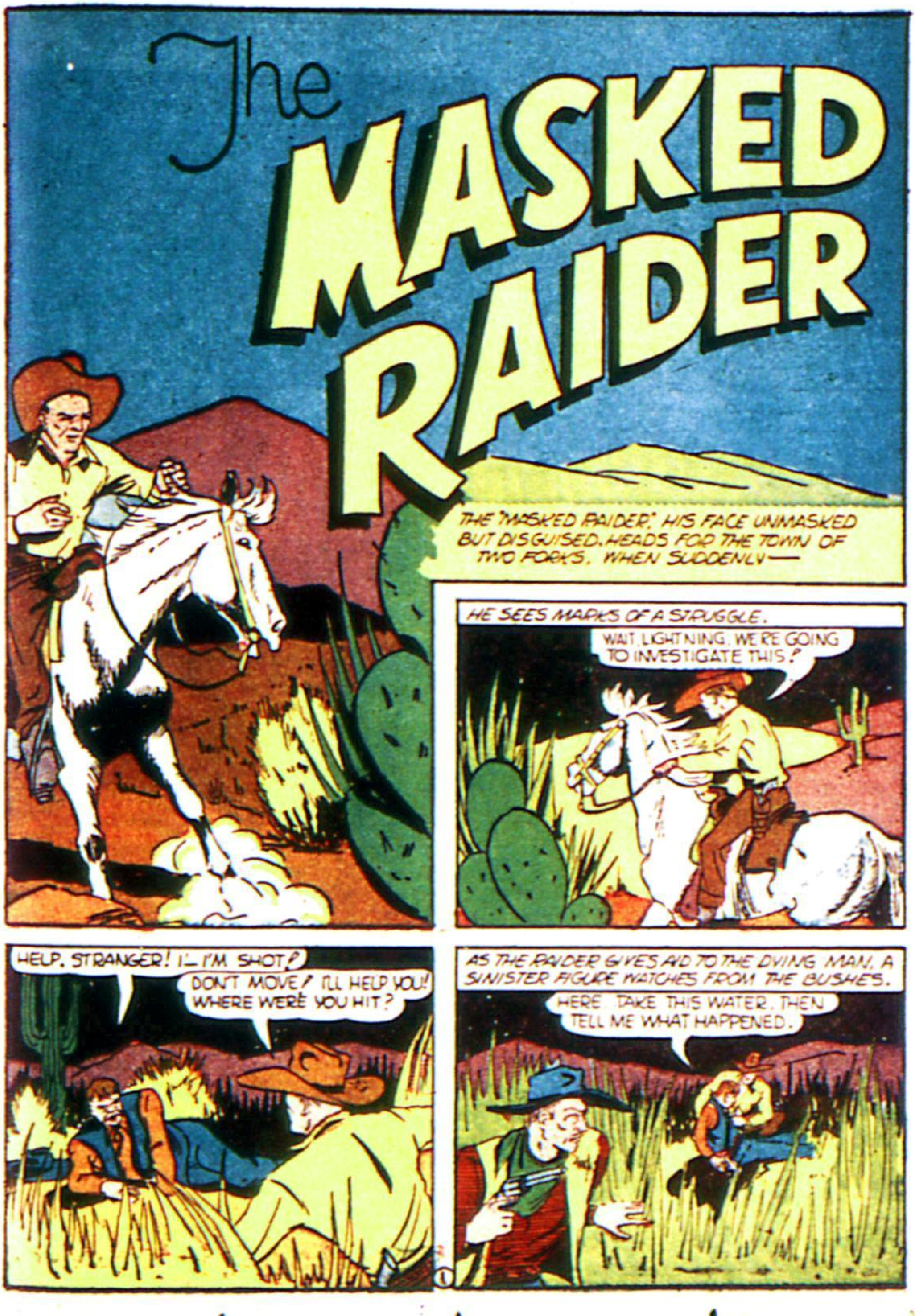
Gudgeon lay limp, each sobbing breath a torture. Vaguely he became aware of feet pounding down the alley, of shouts coming nearer. Over him, he knew, crouched Tiger Travis.

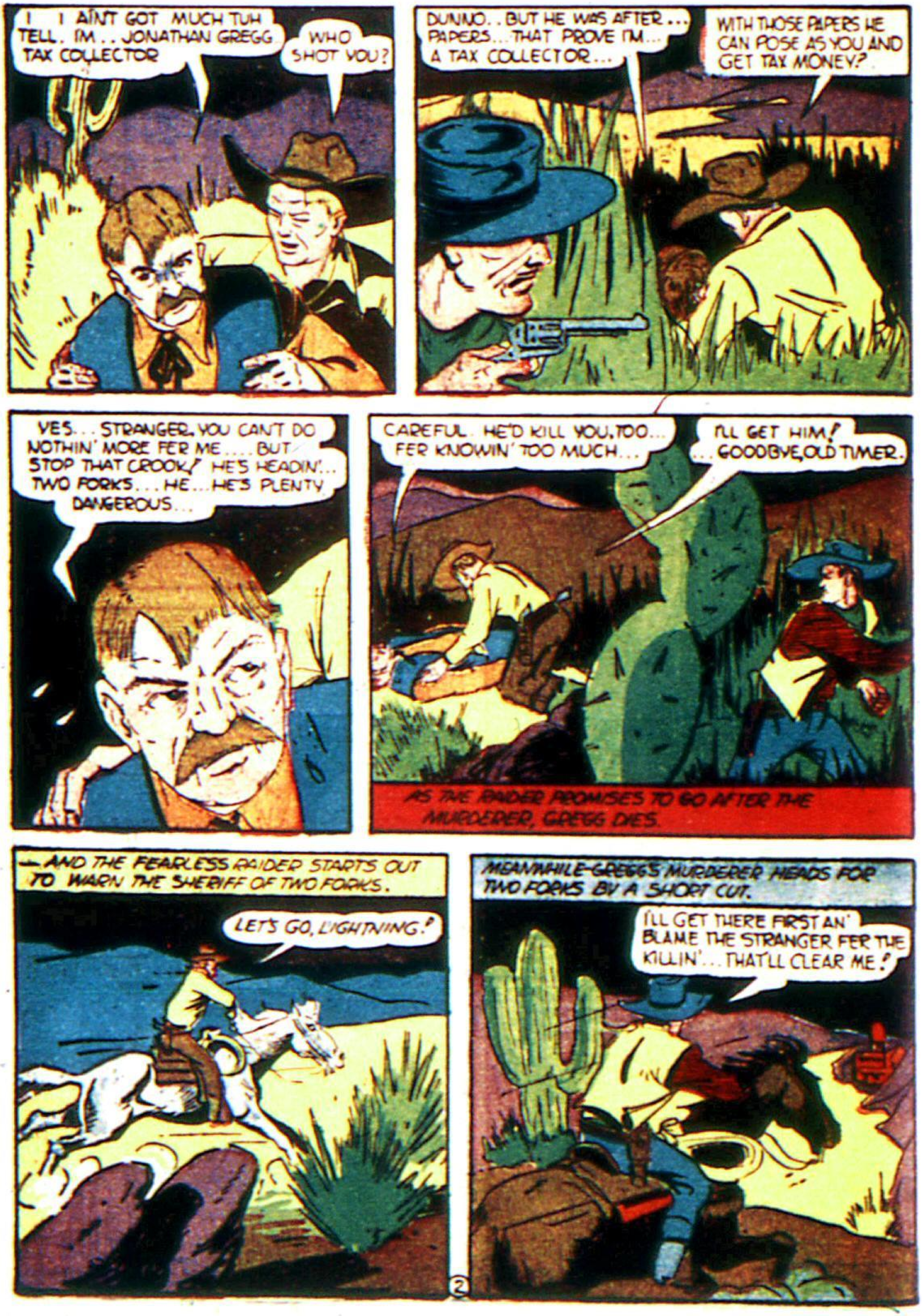
Then Travis spoke.

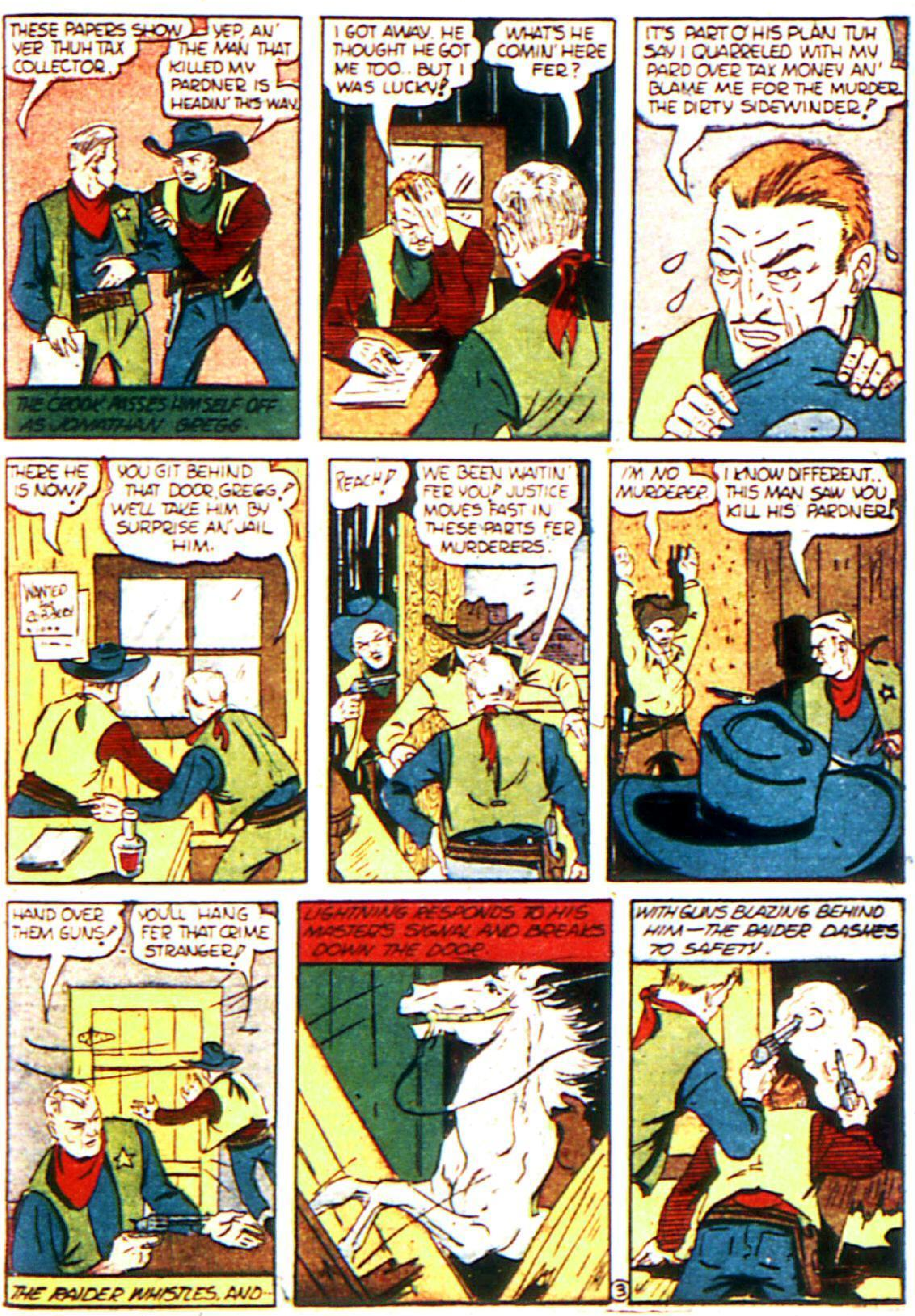
"You gave yourself away, you rat! Nobody could know that Jimmy was stabbed and not shot—nobody but myself and the murdering scum that did it! Too bad I didn't finish you . . . but you'll hang instead . . . not that it matters!"

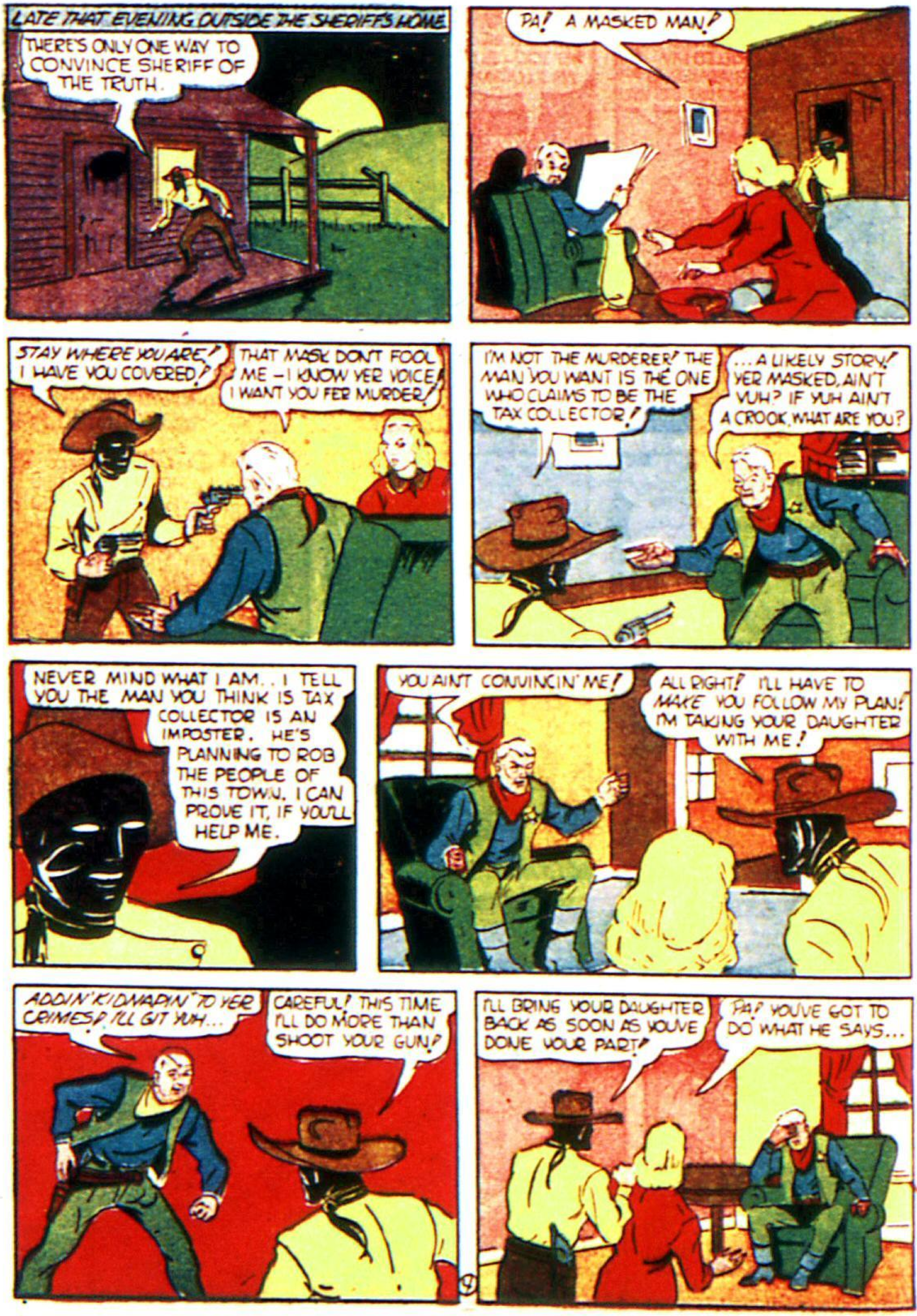
The face of Death, dancing before Gudgeon's eyes, leered at Gudgeon through the darkness.

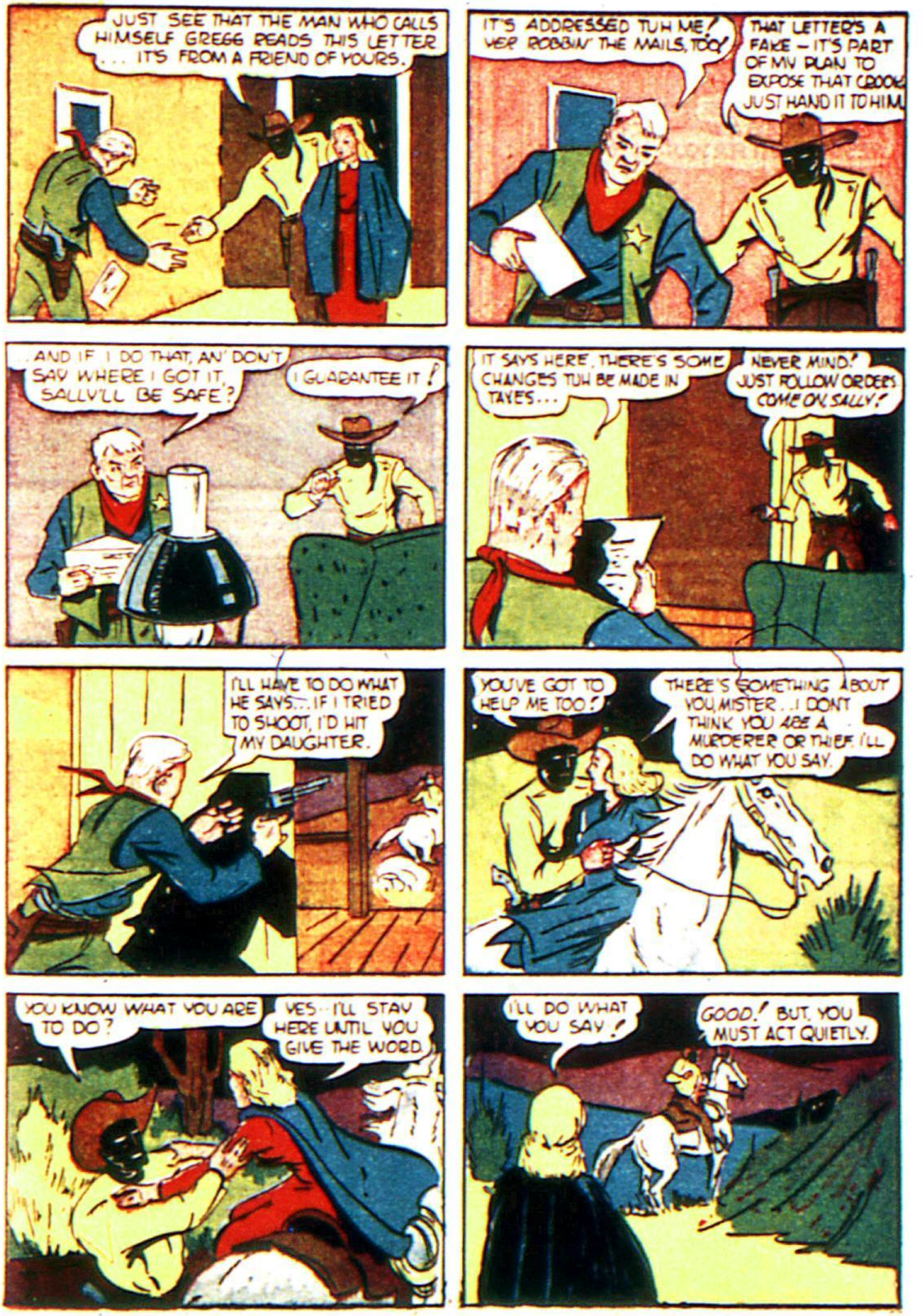
The End

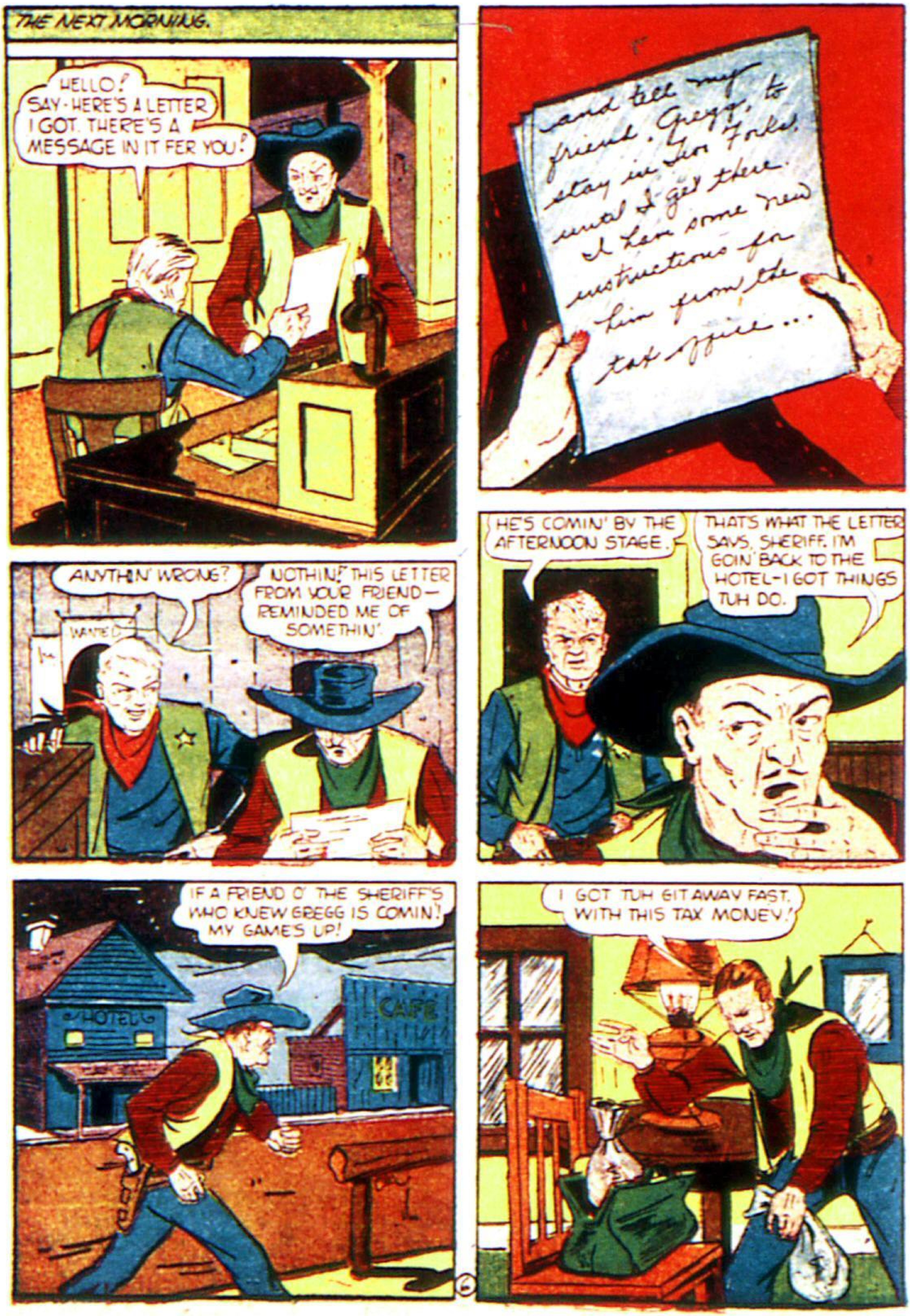

The MASKED RAIDER
THE "MASKED RAIDER," HIS FACE UNMASKED BUT DISGUISED, HEADS FOR THE TOWN OF TWO FORKS, WHEN SUDDENLY—
HE SEES MARKS OF A STRUGGLE.
WAIT, LIGHTNING, WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE THIS!
HELP, STRANGER! I— I'M SHOT!
DON'T MOVE! I'LL HELP YOU! WHERE WERE YOU HIT?
AS THE RAIDER GIVES AID TO THE DYING MAN, A SINISTER FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE BUSHES.
HERE, TAKE THIS WATER, THEN TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

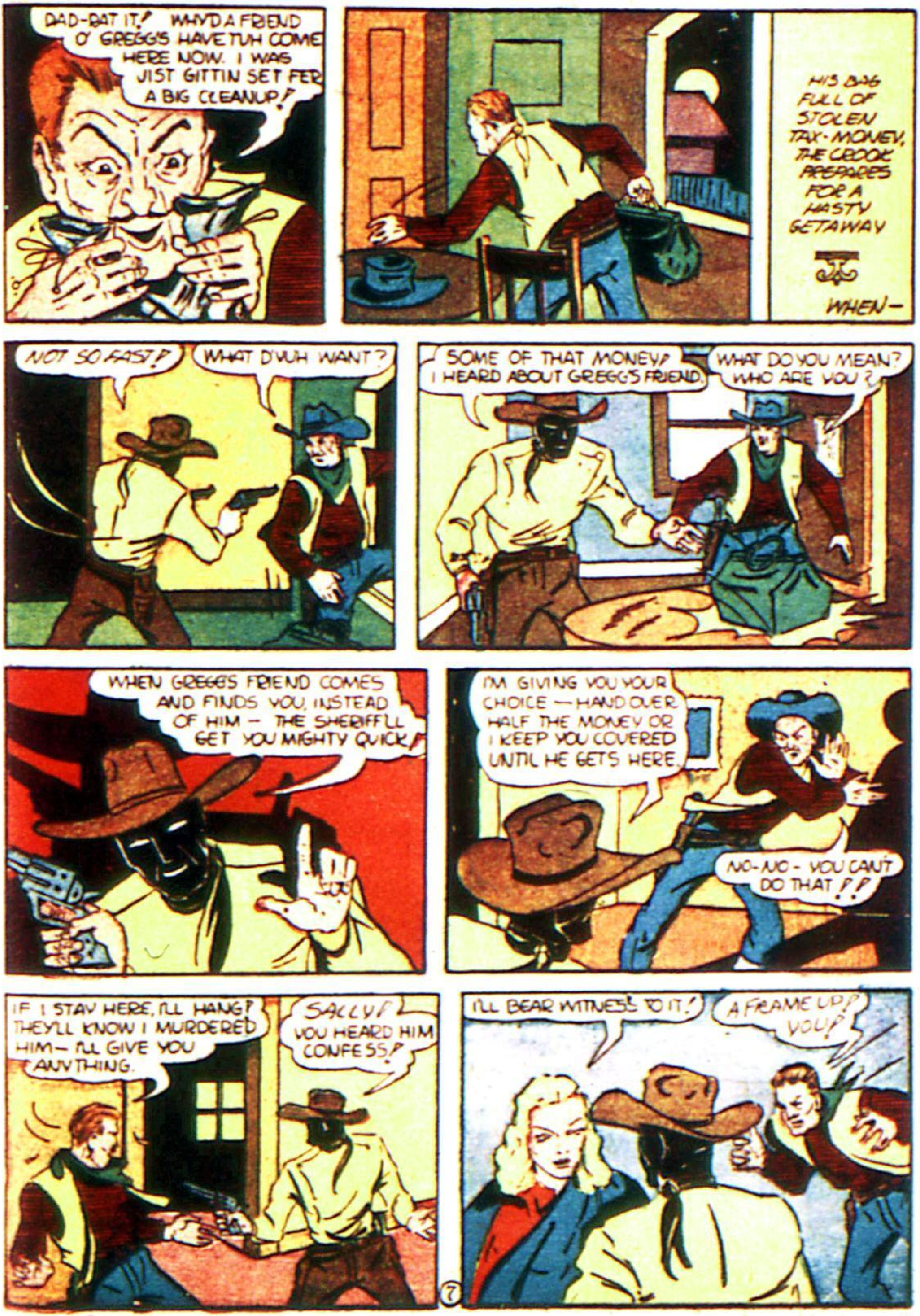

I... I AIN'T GOT MUCH TUH TELL. I'M... JONATHAN GREGG... TAX COLLECTOR
WHO SHOT YOU?
DUNNO.. BUT HE WAS AFTER... PAPERS... THAT PROVE I'M... A TAX COLLECTOR...
WITH THOSE PAPERS HE CAN POSE AS YOU AND GET TAX MONEY?
YES... STRANGER, YOU CAN'T DO NOTHIN' MORE FER ME.... BUT STOP THAT CROOK! HE'S HEADIN'... TWO FORKS... HE... HE'S PLENTY DANGEROUS...
CAREFUL. HE'D KILL YOU, TOO... FER KNOWIN' TOO MUCH...
I'LL GET HIM! ...GOODBYE, OLD TIMER.
AS THE RAIDER PROMISES TO GO AFTER THE MURDERER, GREGG DIES.
—AND THE FEARLESS RAIDER STARTS OUT TO WARN THE SHERIFF OF TWO FORKS.
LET'S GO, LIGHTNING!
MEANWHILE-GREGG'S MURDERER HEADS FOR TWO FORKS BY A SHORT CUT.
I'LL GET THERE FIRST AN' BLAME THE STRANGER FER THE KILLIN'... THAT'LL CLEAR ME!

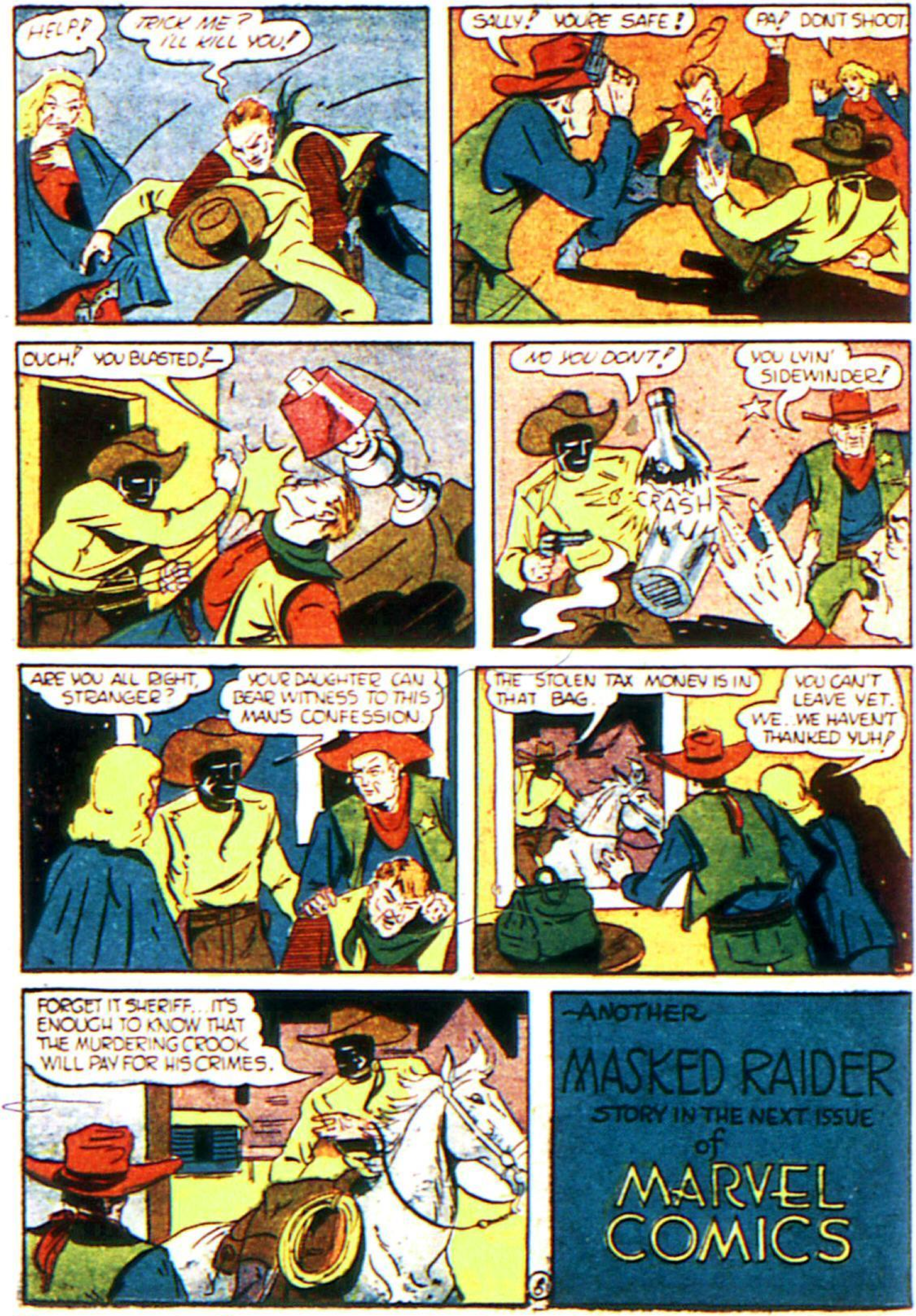

THESE PAPERS SHOW YER THUH TAX COLLECTOR.
YEP, AN' THE MAN THAT KILLED MY PARDNER IS HEADIN' THIS WAY.
THE CROOK PASSES HIMSELF OFF AS JONATHAN GREGG.
I GOT AWAY. HE THOUGHT HE GOT ME TOO.. BUT I WAS LUCKY!
WHAT'S HE COMIN' HERE FER?
IT'S PART O' HIS PLAN TUH SAY I QUARRELED WITH MY PARD OVER TAX MONEY AN' BLAME ME FOR THE MURDER. THE DIRTY SIDEWINDER!
THERE HE IS NOW!
YOU GIT BEHIND THAT DOOR, GREGG! WE'LL TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE AN' JAIL HIM.
WANTED
REACH!
WE BEEN WAITIN' FER YOU! JUSTICE MOVES FAST IN THESE PARTS FER MURDERERS.
I'M NO MURDERER.
I KNOW DIFFERENT.. THIS MAN SAW YOU KILL HIS PARDNER!
HAND OVER THEM GUNS!
YOU'LL HANG FER THAT CRIME STRANGER!
THE RAIDER WHISTLES, AND--
LIGHTNING RESPONDS TO HIS MASTER'S SIGNAL AND BREAKS DOWN THE DOOR.
3
WITH GUNS BLAZING BEHIND HIM—THE RAIDER DASHES TO SAFETY.

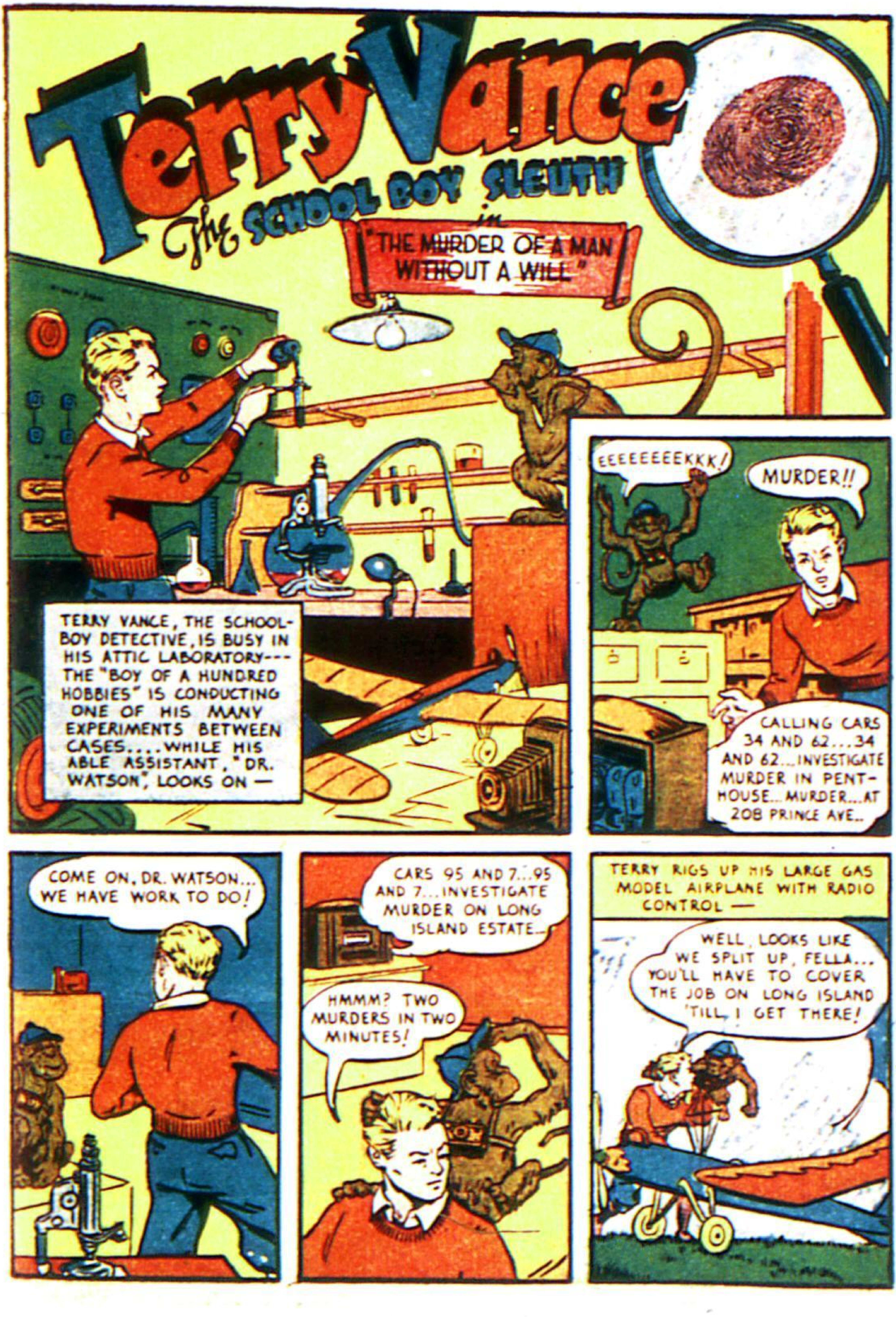

LATE THAT EVENING OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S HOME
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CONVINCE SHERIFF OF THE TRUTH.
PA! A MASKED MAN!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I HAVE YOU COVERED!
THAT MASK DON'T FOOL ME – I KNOW YER VOICE! I WANT YOU FER MURDER!
I'M NOT THE MURDERER! THE MAN YOU WANT IS THE ONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE TAX COLLECTOR!
... A LIKELY STORY! YER MASKED, AIN'T YUH? IF YUH AIN'T A CROOK, WHAT ARE YOU?
NEVER MIND WHAT I AM.. I TELL YOU THE MAN YOU THINK IS TAX COLLECTOR IS AN IMPOSTER. HE'S PLANNING TO ROB THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN. I CAN PROVE IT, IF YOU'LL HELP ME.
YOU AINT CONVINCIN' ME!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOU FOLLOW MY PLAN! I'M TAKING YOUR DAUGHTER WITH ME!
ADDIN' KIDNAPIN' TO YER CRIMES? I'LL GIT YUH...
CAREFUL! THIS TIME I'LL DO MORE THAN SHOOT YOUR GUN!
I'LL BRING YOUR DAUGHTER BACK AS SOON AS YOU'VE DONE YOUR PART!
PA! YOU'VE GOT TO DO WHAT HE SAYS...
9

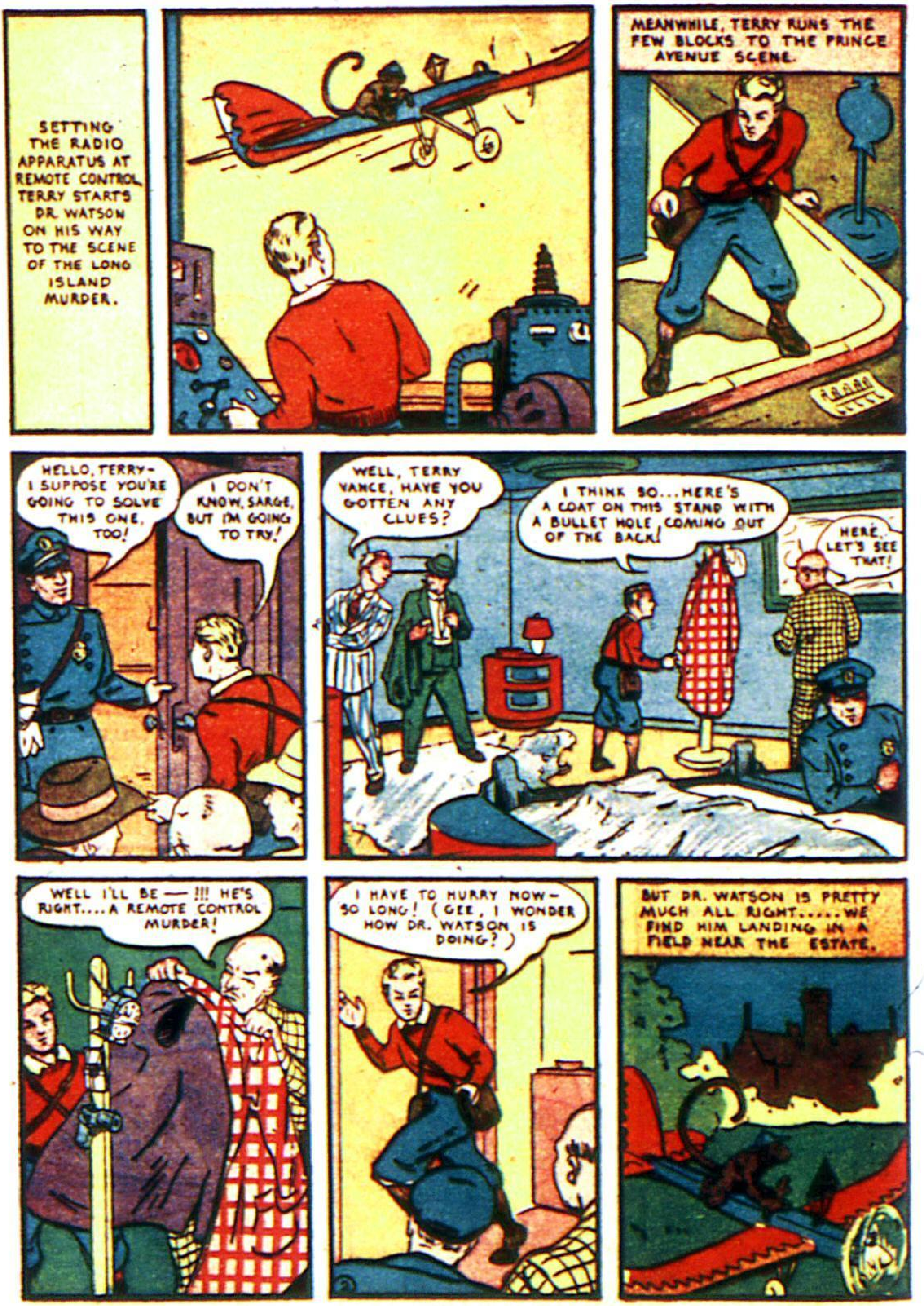

JUST SEE THAT THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF GREGG READS THIS LETTER ... IT'S FROM A FRIEND OF YOURS.
IT'S ADDRESSED TUH ME! YER ROBBIN' THE MAILS, TOO!
THAT LETTER'S A FAKE — IT'S PART OF MY PLAN TO EXPOSE THAT CROOK! JUST HAND IT TO HIM!
... AND IF I DO THAT, AN' DON'T SAY WHERE I GOT IT, SALLY'LL BE SAFE?
I GUARANTEE IT!
IT SAYS HERE, THERE'S SOME CHANGES TUH BE MADE IN TAXES...
NEVER MIND! JUST FOLLOW ORDERS COME ON, SALLY!
I'LL HAVE TO DO WHAT HE SAYS... IF I TRIED TO SHOOT, I'D HIT MY DAUGHTER.
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME TOO!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU, MISTER... I DONT THINK YOU ARE A MURDERER OR THIEF. I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY.
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO DO?
YES.. I'LL STAY HERE UNTIL YOU GIVE THE WORD.
I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!
GOOD! BUT, YOU MUST ACT QUIETLY.

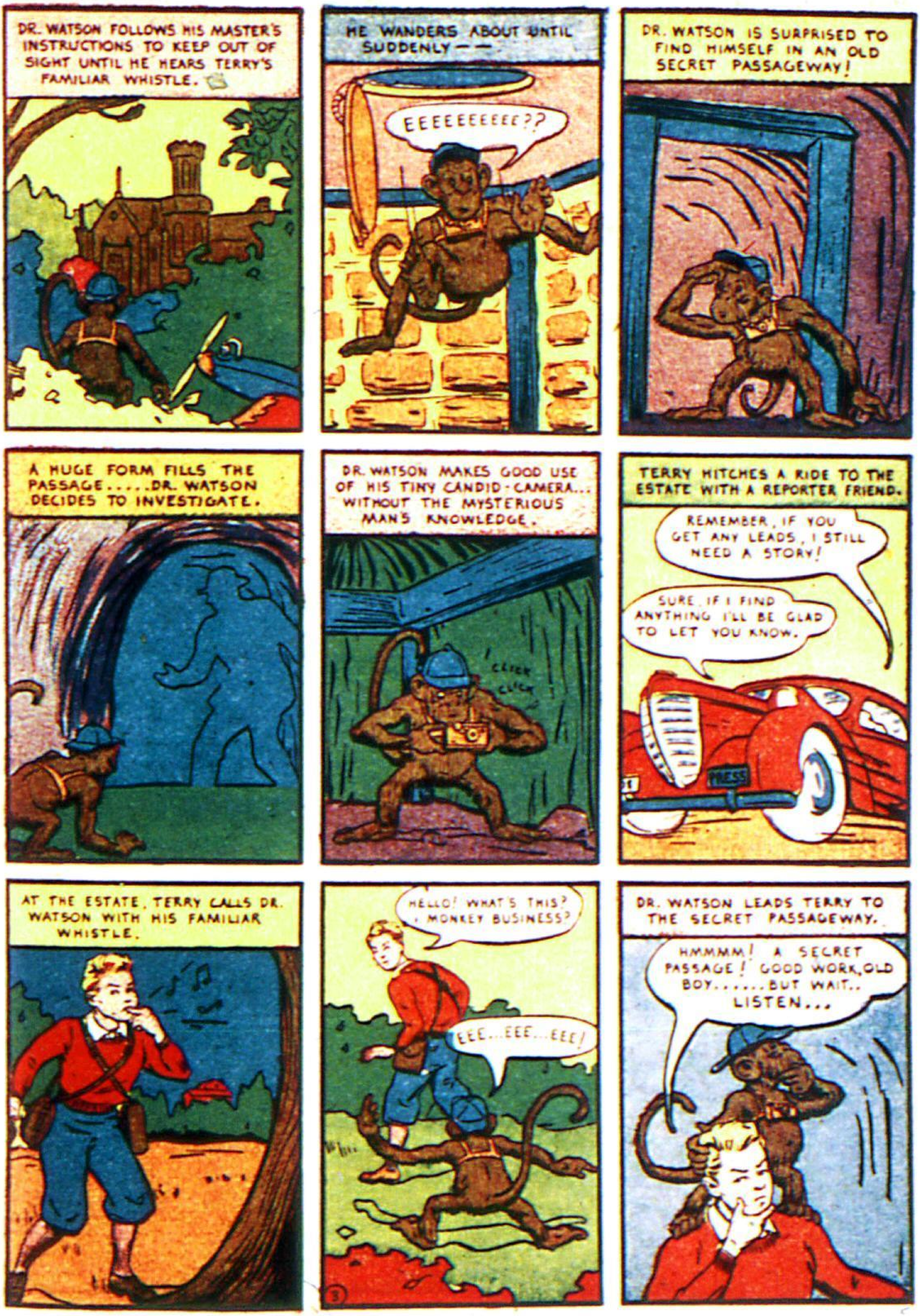

THE NEXT MORNING.
HELLO! SAY-HERE'S A LETTER I GOT. THERE'S A MESSAGE IN IT FER YOU!
and tell my friend, Gregg, to stay in Tin Forks until I get there. I have some new instructions for him from the tax office...
ANYTHIN' WRONG?
NOTHIN'! THIS LETTER FROM YOUR FRIEND—REMINDED ME OF SOMETHIN'.
WANTED
HE'S COMIN' BY THE AFTERNOON STAGE.
THAT'S WHAT THE LETTER SAYS, SHERIFF. I'M GOIN' BACK TO THE HOTEL-I GOT THINGS TUH DO.
IF A FRIEND O' THE SHERIFF'S WHO KNEW GREGG IS COMIN'! MY GAME'S UP!
HOTEL
CAFE
I GOT TUH GIT AWAY FAST, WITH THIS TAX MONEY!

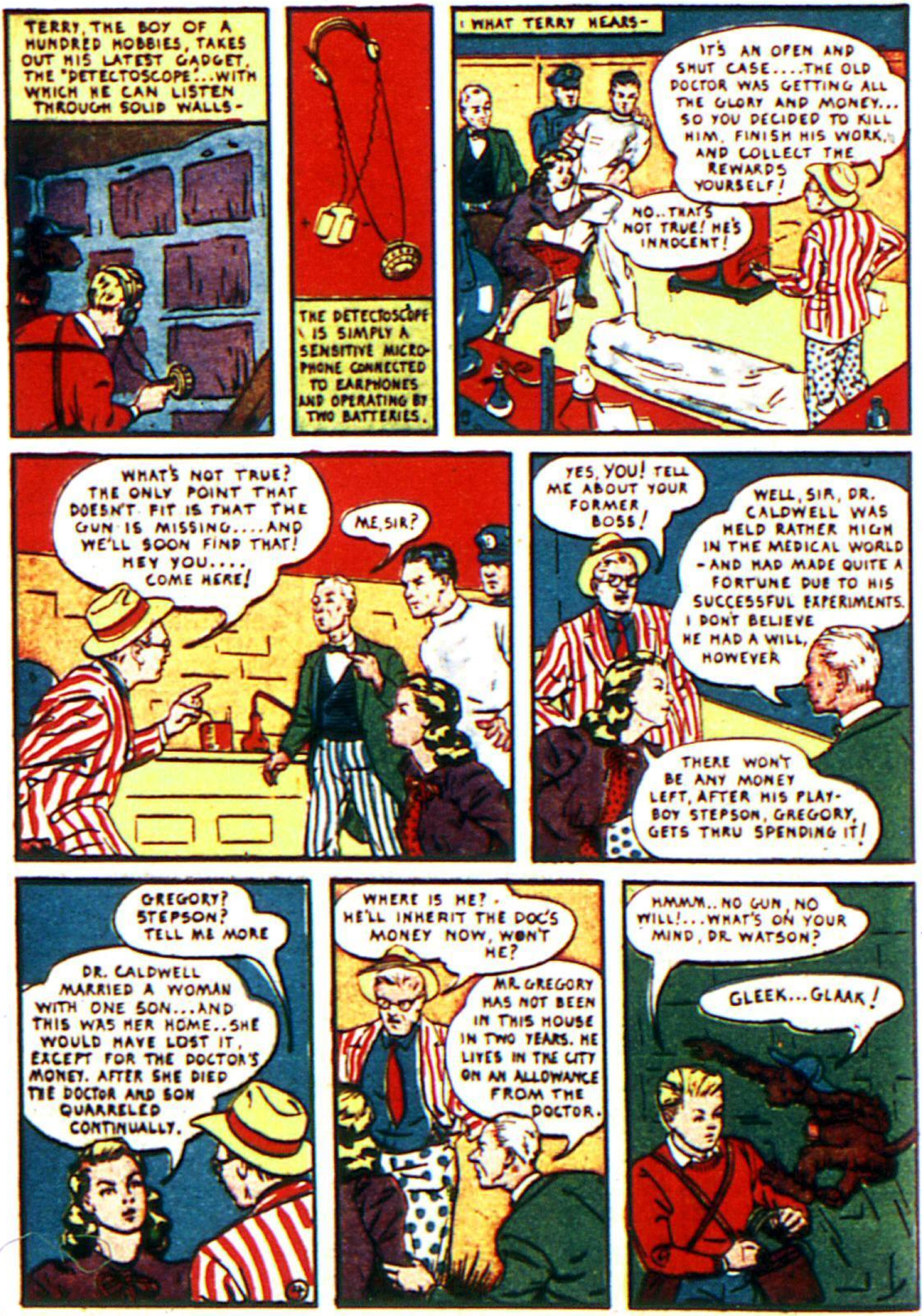

DAD-BAT IT! WHY'D A FRIEND O' GREGG'S HAVE TUH COME HERE NOW. I WAS JIST GITTIN SET FER A BIG CLEANUP!
HIS BAG FULL OF STOLEN TAX-MONEY, THE CROOK PREPARES FOR A HASTY GETAWAY
WHEN—
NOT SO FAST!
WHAT D'YUH WANT?
SOME OF THAT MONEY! I HEARD ABOUT GREGG'S FRIEND.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO ARE YOU?
WHEN GREGG'S FRIEND COMES AND FINDS YOU, INSTEAD OF HIM — THE SHERIFF'LL GET YOU MIGHTY QUICK!
I'M GIVING YOU YOUR CHOICE — HAND OVER HALF THE MONEY OR I KEEP YOU COVERED UNTIL HE GETS HERE.
NO-NO - YOU CAN'T DO THAT!!
IF I STAY HERE, I'LL HANG! THEY'LL KNOW I MURDERED HIM— I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING.
SALLY! YOU HEARD HIM CONFESS!
I'LL BEAR WITNESS TO IT!
A FRAME UP! YOU!
7

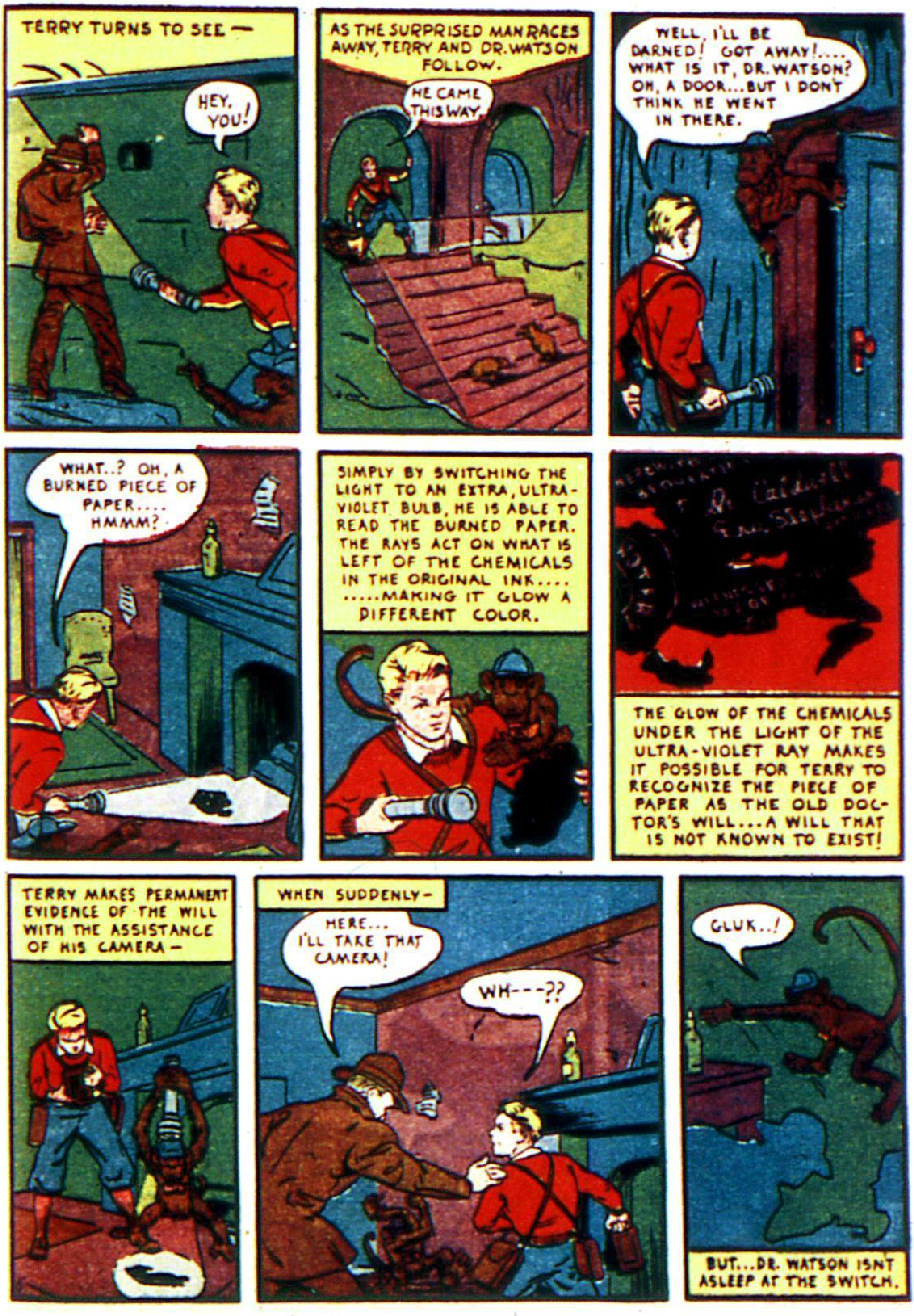

HELP!
TRICK ME? I'LL KILL YOU!
SALLY! YOU'RE SAFE!
PA! DONT SHOOT!
OUCH! YOU BLASTED!—
NO YOU DONT!
YOU LYIN' SIDEWINDER!
CRASH
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, STRANGER?
YOUR DAUGHTER CAN BEAR WITNESS TO THIS MANS CONFESSION.
THE STOLEN TAX MONEY IS IN THAT BAG.
YOU CAN'T LEAVE YET. WE..WE HAVENT THANKED YUH!
FORGET IT SHERIFF... IT'S ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THE MURDERING CROOK WILL PAY FOR HIS CRIMES.
6
ANOTHER
MASKED RAIDER
STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE
of
MARVEL COMICS

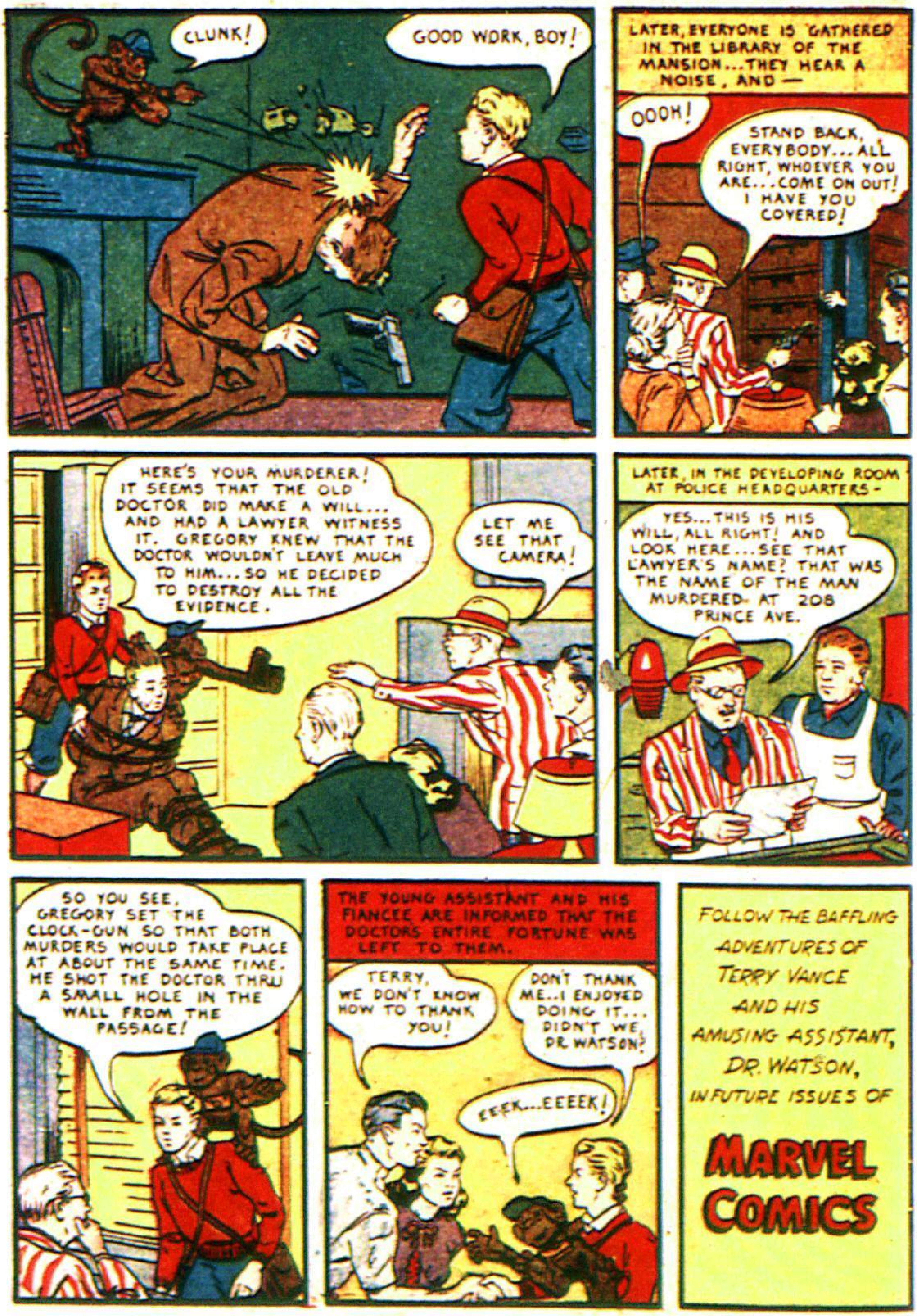

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
in
"THE MURDER OF A MAN WITHOUT A WILL"
TERRY VANCE, THE SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE, IS BUSY IN HIS ATTIC LABORATORY--- THE "BOY OF A HUNDRED HOBBIES" IS CONDUCTING ONE OF HIS MANY EXPERIMENTS BETWEEN CASES.... WHILE HIS ABLE ASSISTANT, "DR. WATSON", LOOKS ON —
EEEEEEEEKKK!
MURDER!!
CALLING CARS 34 AND 62...34 AND 62... INVESTIGATE MURDER IN PENTHOUSE... MURDER... AT 208 PRINCE AVE..
COME ON, DR. WATSON... WE HAVE WORK TO DO!
CARS 95 AND 7...95 AND 7... INVESTIGATE MURDER ON LONG ISLAND ESTATE...
HMMM? TWO MURDERS IN TWO MINUTES!
TERRY RIGS UP HIS LARGE GAS MODEL AIRPLANE WITH RADIO CONTROL —
WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE SPLIT UP, FELLA... YOU'LL HAVE TO COVER THE JOB ON LONG ISLAND 'TILL I GET THERE!

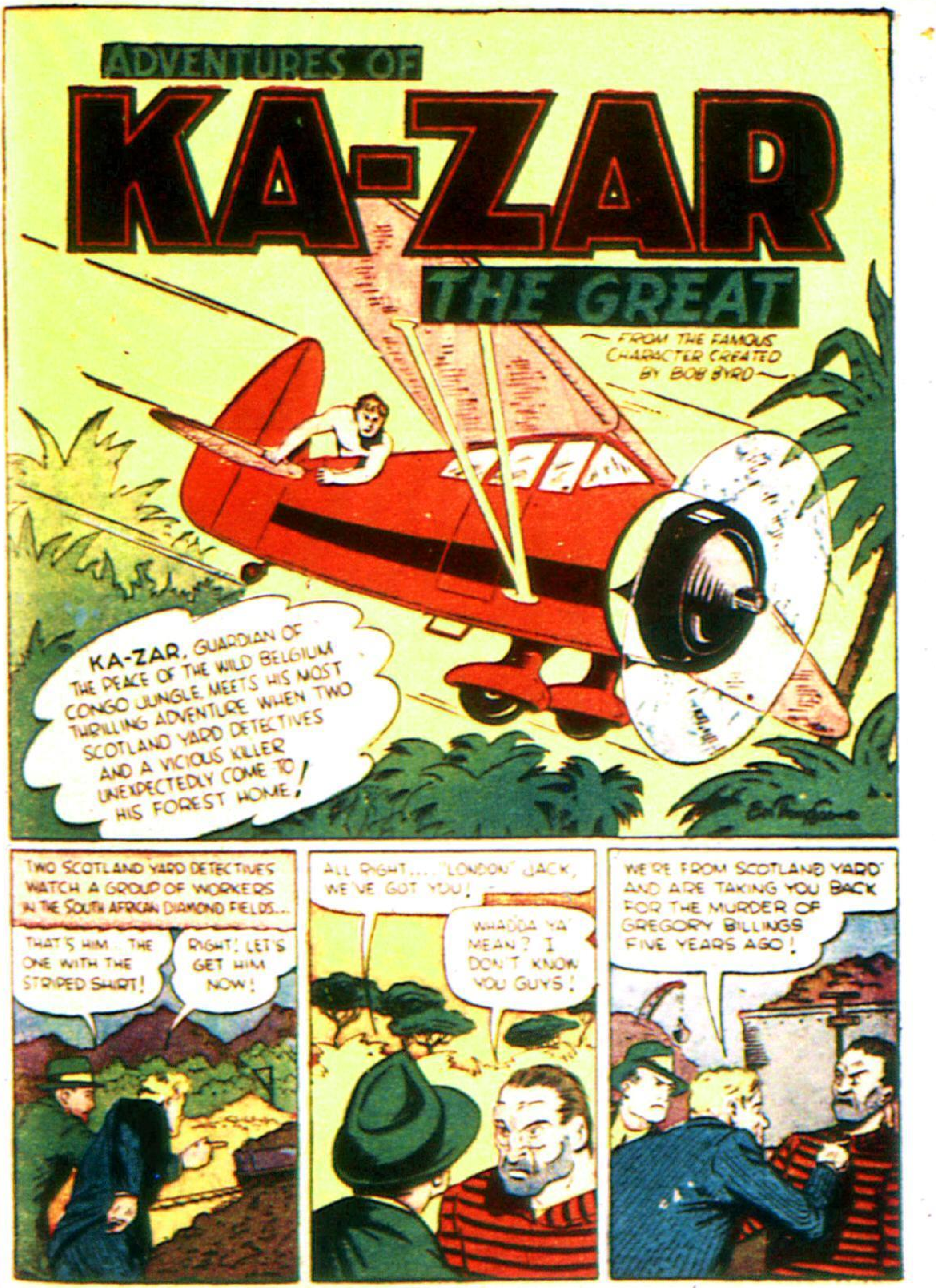

SETTING THE RADIO APPARATUS AT REMOTE CONTROL, TERRY STARTS DR. WATSON ON HIS WAY TO THE SCENE OF THE LONG ISLAND MURDER.
MEANWHILE, TERRY RUNS THE FEW BLOCKS TO THE PRINCE AVENUE SCENE.
HELLO, TERRY- I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO SOLVE THIS ONE, TOO!
I DON'T KNOW, SARGE, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY!
WELL, TERRY VANCE, HAVE YOU GOTTEN ANY CLUES?
I THINK SO... HERE'S A COAT ON THIS STAND WITH A BULLET HOLE, COMING OUT OF THE BACK!
HERE, LET'S SEE THAT!
WELL I'LL BE — !!! HE'S RIGHT.... A REMOTE CONTROL MURDER!
I HAVE TO HURRY NOW- SO LONG! (GEE, I WONDER HOW DR. WATSON IS DOING?)
BUT DR. WATSON IS PRETTY MUCH ALL RIGHT..... WE FIND HIM LANDING IN A FIELD NEAR THE ESTATE.

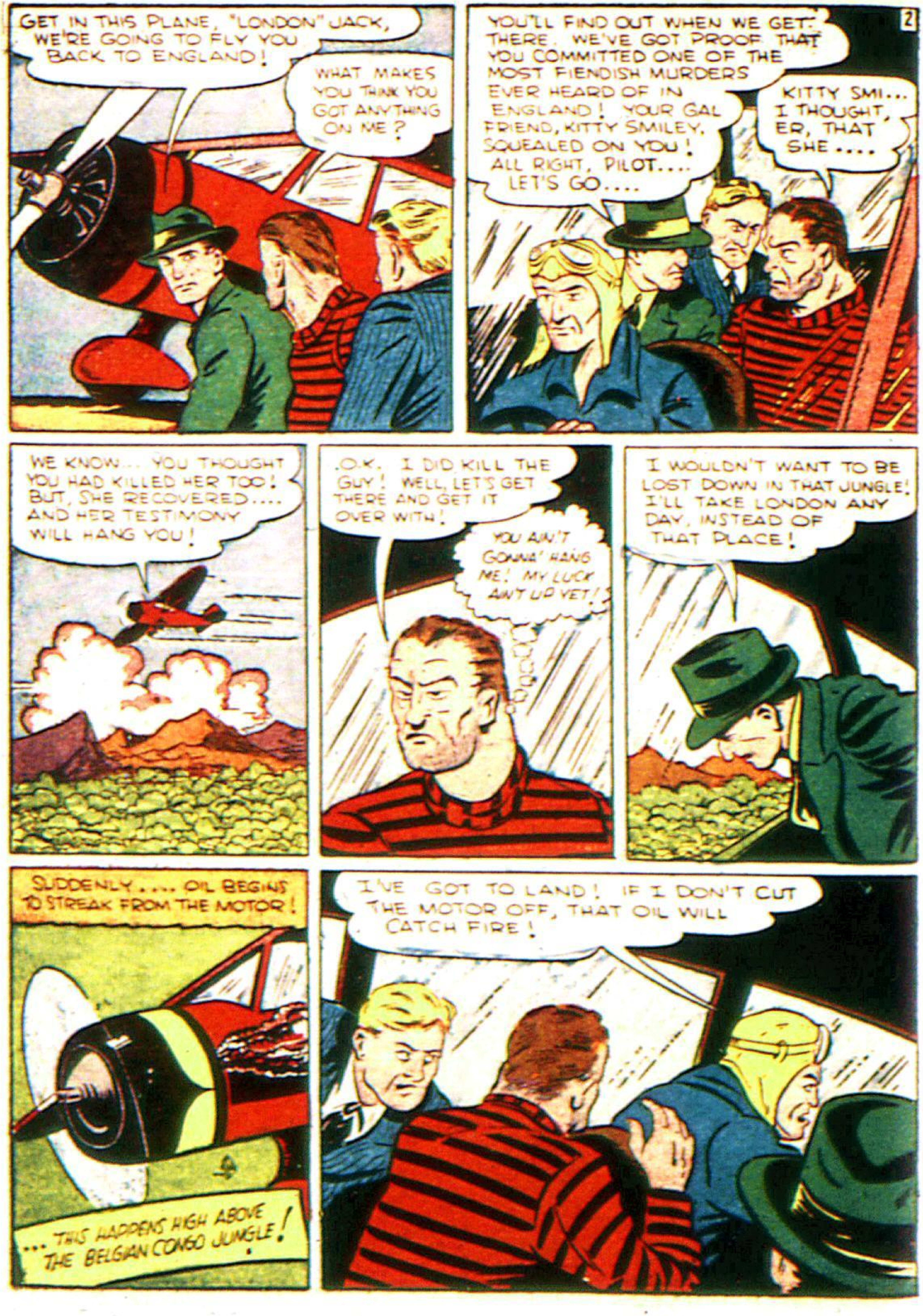

DR. WATSON FOLLOWS HIS MASTER'S INSTRUCTIONS TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL HE HEARS TERRY'S FAMILIAR WHISTLE.
HE WANDERS ABOUT UNTIL SUDDENLY ——
EEEEEEEEEE??
DR. WATSON IS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF IN AN OLD SECRET PASSAGEWAY!
A HUGE FORM FILLS THE PASSAGE.....DR. WATSON DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE.
DR. WATSON MAKES GOOD USE OF HIS TINY CANDID-CAMERA... WITHOUT THE MYSTERIOUS MAN'S KNOWLEDGE.
CLICK
CLICK
TERRY HITCHES A RIDE TO THE ESTATE WITH A REPORTER FRIEND.
REMEMBER, IF YOU GET ANY LEADS, I STILL NEED A STORY!
SURE. IF I FIND ANYTHING I'LL BE GLAD TO LET YOU KNOW.
PRESS
AT THE ESTATE, TERRY CALLS DR. WATSON WITH HIS FAMILIAR WHISTLE.
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? MONKEY BUSINESS?
EEE...EEE...EEE!
DR. WATSON LEADS TERRY TO THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY.
HMMMM! A SECRET PASSAGE! GOOD WORK, OLD BOY......BUT WAIT.. LISTEN...

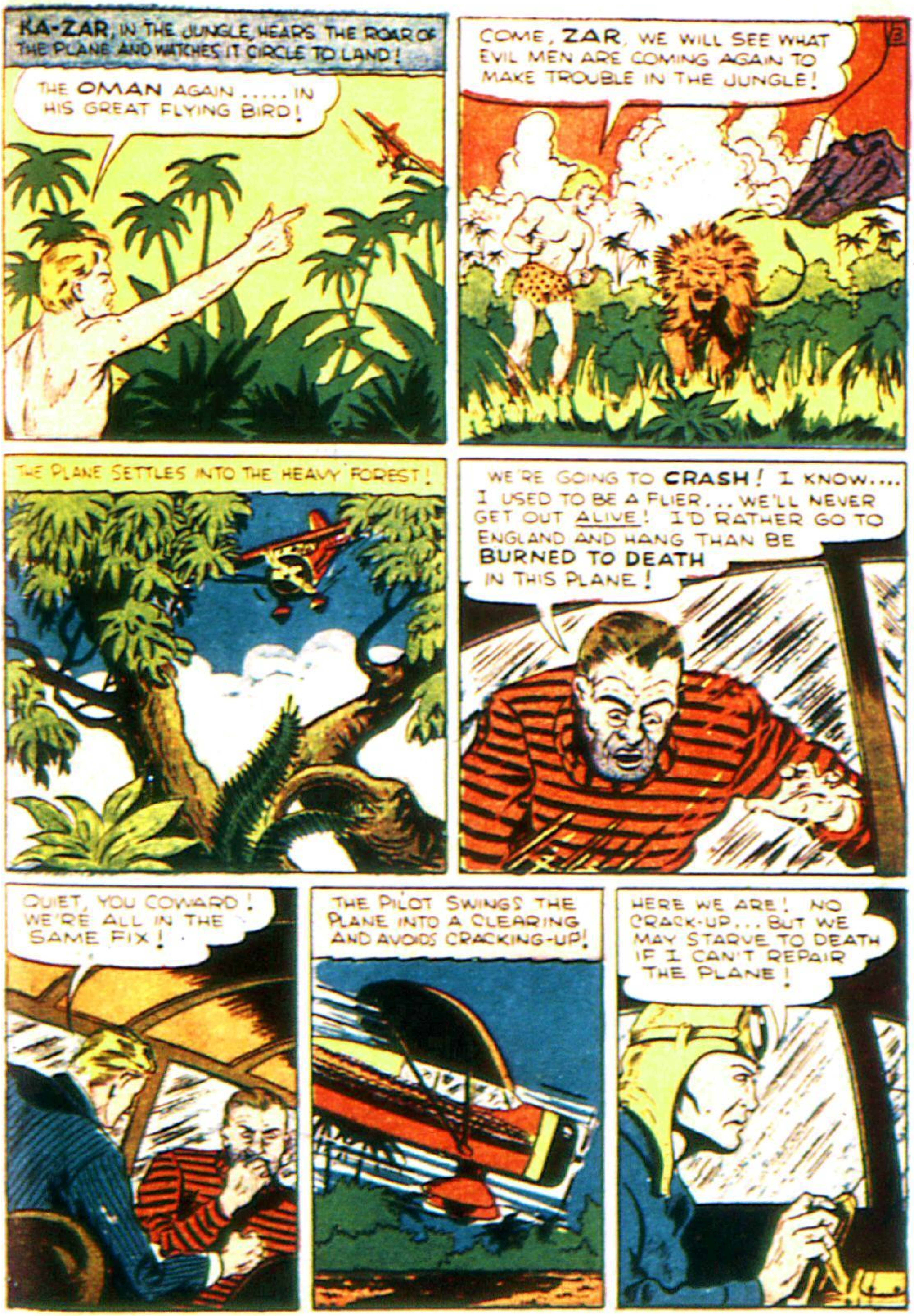

TERRY, THE BOY OF A HUNDRED HOBBIES, TAKES OUT HIS LATEST GADGET, THE "DETECTOSCOPE"...WITH WHICH HE CAN LISTEN THROUGH SOLID WALLS-
THE DETECTOSCOPE IS SIMPLY A SENSITIVE MICROPHONE CONNECTED TO EARPHONES AND OPERATING BY TWO BATTERIES.
WHAT TERRY HEARS-
IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE....THE OLD DOCTOR WAS GETTING ALL THE GLORY AND MONEY... SO YOU DECIDED TO KILL HIM, FINISH HIS WORK, AND COLLECT THE REWARDS YOURSELF!
NO..THAT'S NOT TRUE! HE'S INNOCENT!
WHAT'S NOT TRUE? THE ONLY POINT THAT DOESN'T FIT IS THAT THE GUN IS MISSING....AND WE'LL SOON FIND THAT! HEY YOU.... COME HERE!
ME, SIR?
YES, YOU! TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FORMER BOSS!
WELL, SIR, DR. CALDWELL WAS HELD RATHER HIGH IN THE MEDICAL WORLD - AND HAD MADE QUITE A FORTUNE DUE TO HIS SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS. I DON'T BELIEVE HE HAD A WILL, HOWEVER
THERE WON'T BE ANY MONEY LEFT, AFTER HIS PLAY-BOY STEPSON, GREGORY, GETS THRU SPENDING IT!
GREGORY? STEPSON? TELL ME MORE
DR. CALDWELL MARRIED A WOMAN WITH ONE SON...AND THIS WAS HER HOME..SHE WOULD HAVE LOST IT, EXCEPT FOR THE DOCTOR'S MONEY. AFTER SHE DIED THE DOCTOR AND SON QUARRELED CONTINUALLY.
WHERE IS HE? - HE'LL INHERIT THE DOC'S MONEY NOW, WON'T HE?
MR. GREGORY HAS NOT BEEN IN THIS HOUSE IN TWO YEARS. HE LIVES IN THE CITY ON AN ALLOWANCE FROM THE DOCTOR.
HMMM.. NO GUN, NO WILL!...WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, DR WATSON?
GLEEK...GLAAK!

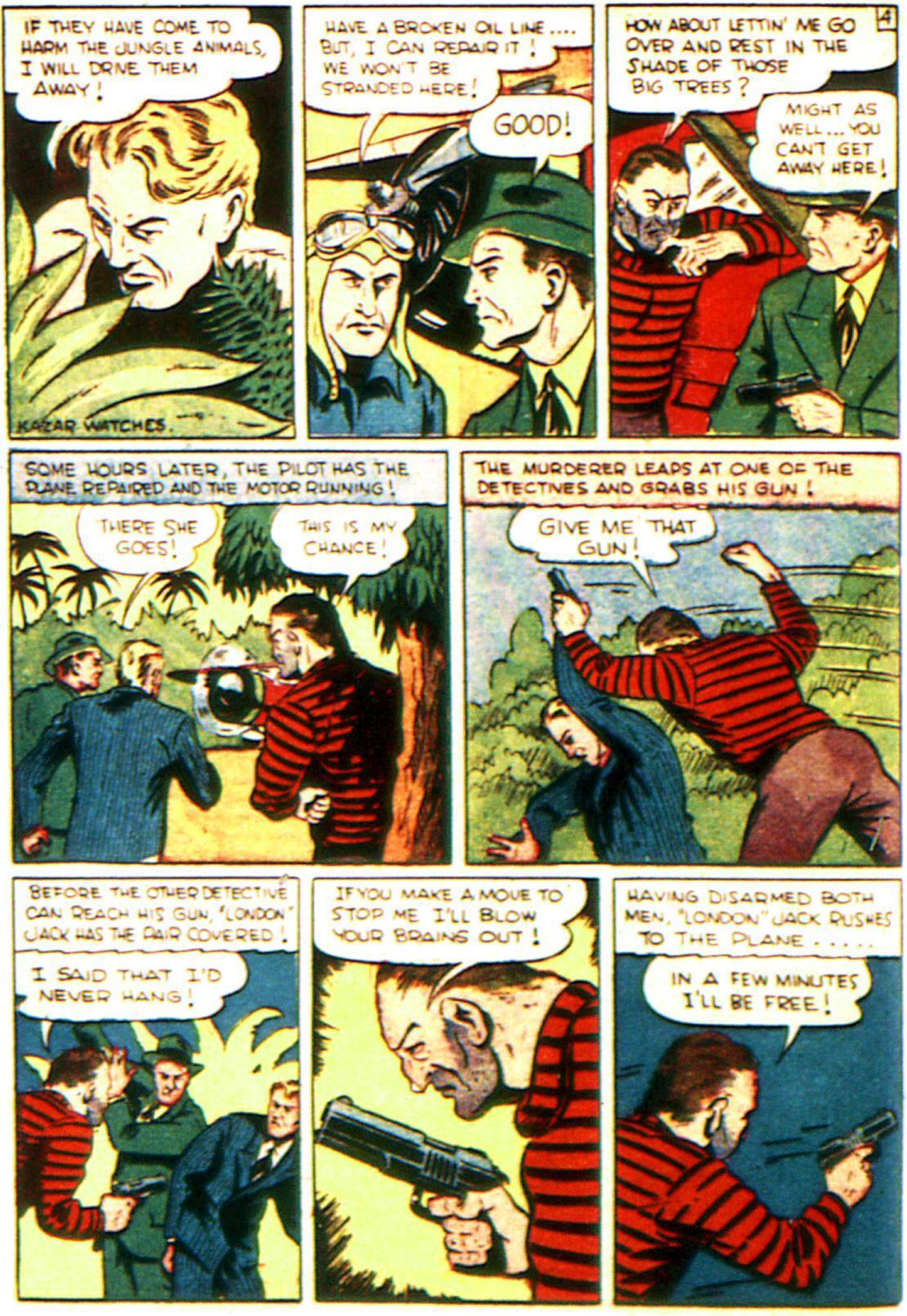

TERRY TURNS TO SEE —
HEY. YOU!
AS THE SURPRISED MAN RACES AWAY, TERRY AND DR. WATSON FOLLOW.
HE CAME THIS WAY.
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! GOT AWAY!.... WHAT IS IT, DR. WATSON? OH, A DOOR... BUT I DON'T THINK HE WENT IN THERE.
WHAT..? OH, A BURNED PIECE OF PAPER.... HMMM?
SIMPLY BY SWITCHING THE LIGHT TO AN EXTRA, ULTRA-VIOLET BULB, HE IS ABLE TO READ THE BURNED PAPER. THE RAYS ACT ON WHAT IS LEFT OF THE CHEMICALS IN THE ORIGINAL INK.... .....MAKING IT GLOW A DIFFERENT COLOR.
Dr. Caldwell
THE GLOW OF THE CHEMICALS UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAY MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR TERRY TO RECOGNIZE THE PIECE OF PAPER AS THE OLD DOCTOR'S WILL... A WILL THAT IS NOT KNOWN TO EXIST!
TERRY MAKES PERMANENT EVIDENCE OF THE WILL WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS CAMERA —
WHEN SUDDENLY —
HERE... I'LL TAKE THAT CAMERA!
WH---??
GLUK..!
BUT... DR. WATSON ISN'T ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

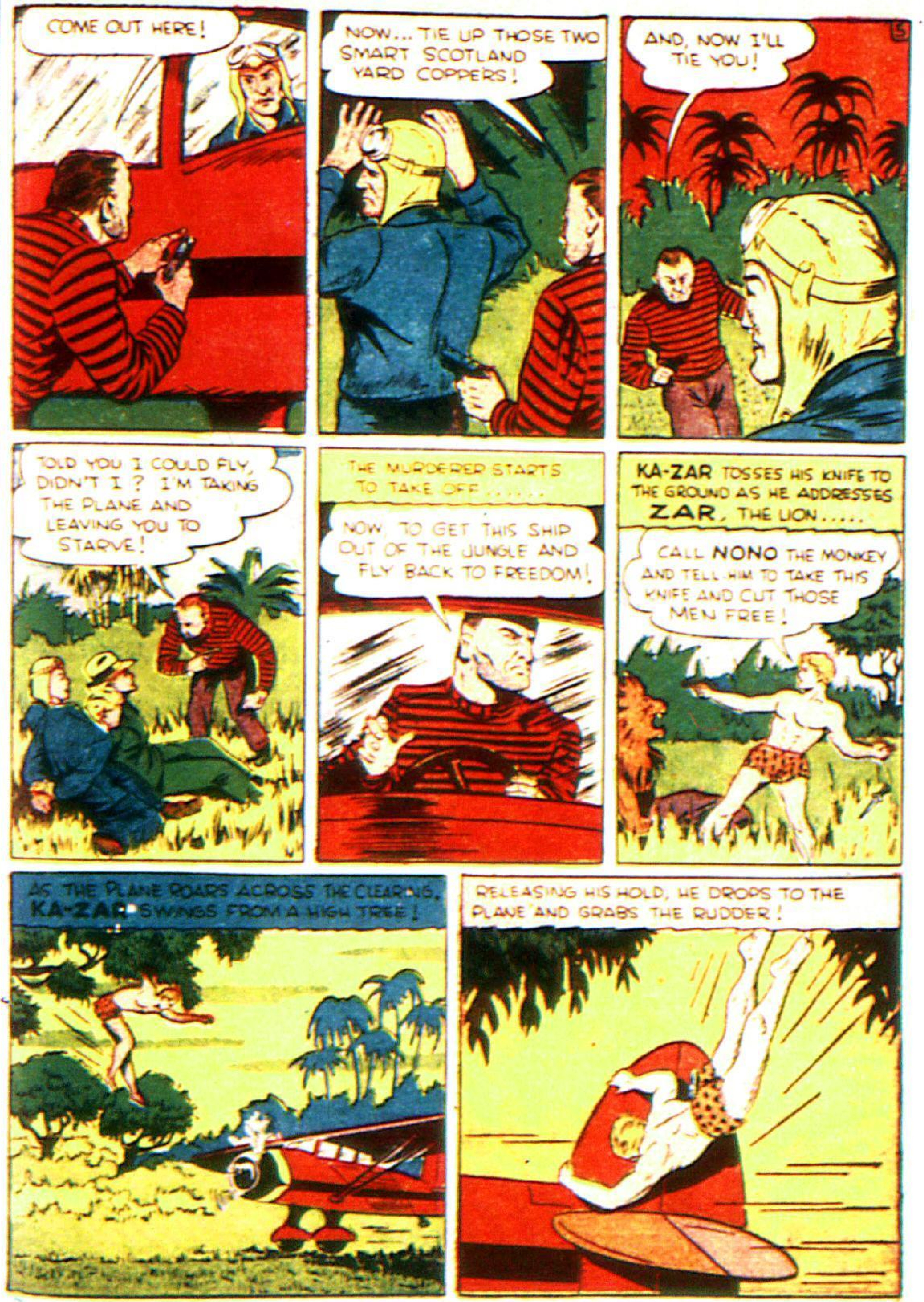

CLUNK!
GOOD WORK, BOY!
LATER, EVERYONE IS GATHERED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE MANSION... THEY HEAR A NOISE, AND —
OOOH!
STAND BACK, EVERYBODY... ALL RIGHT, WHOEVER YOU ARE... COME ON OUT! I HAVE YOU COVERED!
HERE'S YOUR MURDERER! IT SEEMS THAT THE OLD DOCTOR DID MAKE A WILL... AND HAD A LAWYER WITNESS IT. GREGORY KNEW THAT THE DOCTOR WOULDN'T LEAVE MUCH TO HIM... SO HE DECIDED TO DESTROY ALL THE EVIDENCE.
LET ME SEE THAT CAMERA!
LATER, IN THE DEVELOPING ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS -
YES... THIS IS HIS WILL, ALL RIGHT! AND LOOK HERE... SEE THAT LAWYER'S NAME? THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE MAN MURDERED AT 208 PRINCE AVE.
SO YOU SEE, GREGORY SET THE CLOCK-GUN SO THAT BOTH MURDERS WOULD TAKE PLACE AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME. HE SHOT THE DOCTOR THRU A SMALL HOLE IN THE WALL FROM THE PASSAGE!
THE YOUNG ASSISTANT AND HIS FIANCEE ARE INFORMED THAT THE DOCTORS ENTIRE FORTUNE WAS LEFT TO THEM.
TERRY, WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!
DON'T THANK ME.. I ENJOYED DOING IT... DIDN'T WE, DR WATSON?
EEEK...EEEEK!
FOLLOW THE BAFFLING ADVENTURES OF TERRY VANCE AND HIS AMUSING ASSISTANT, DR. WATSON, IN FUTURE ISSUES OF
MARVEL COMICS

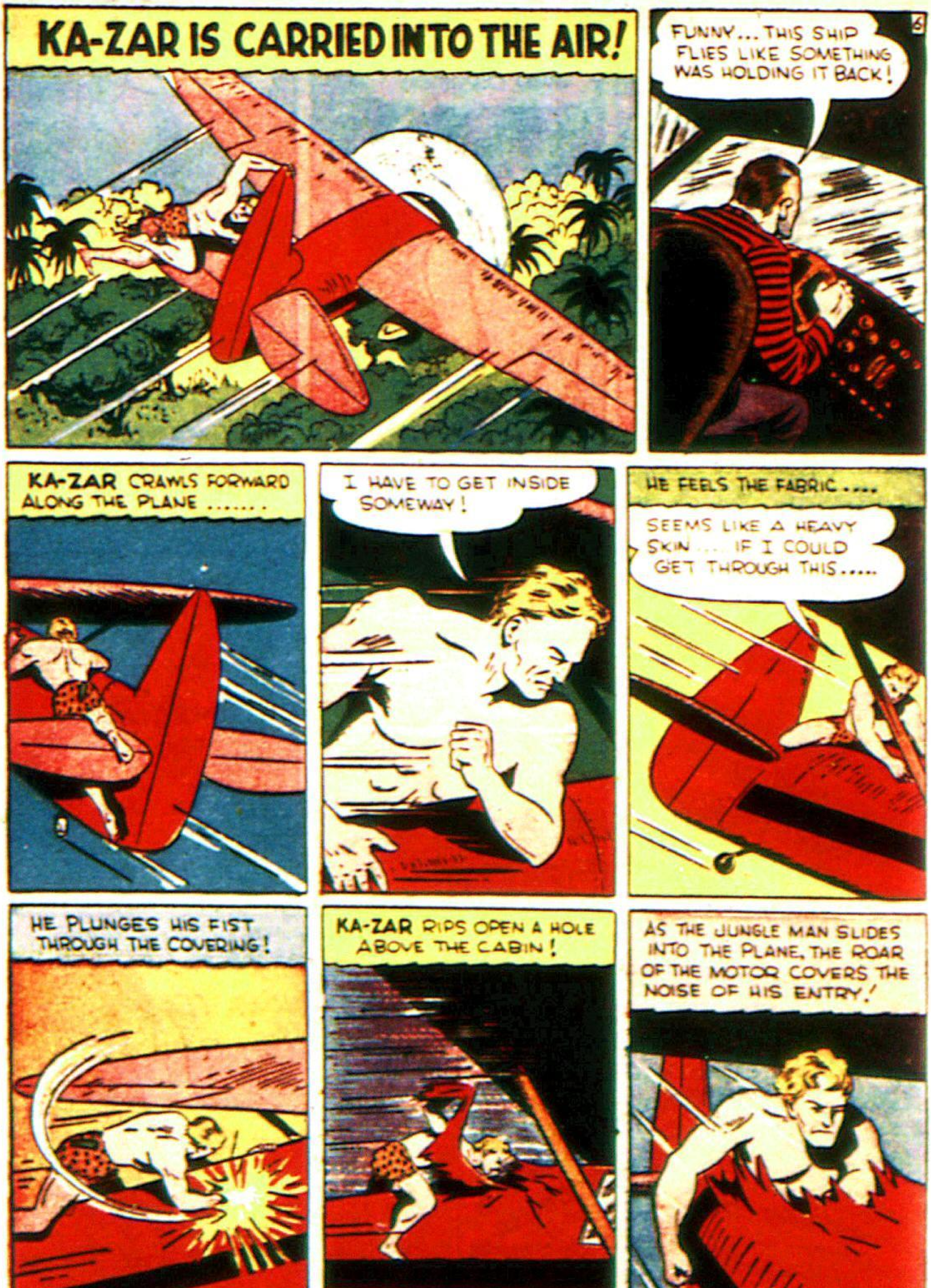

ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
~FROM THE FAMOUS CHARACTER CREATED BY BOB BYRD~
KA-ZAR, GUARDIAN OF THE PEACE OF THE WILD BELGIUM CONGO JUNGLE, MEETS HIS MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE WHEN TWO SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES AND A VICIOUS KILLER UNEXPECTEDLY COME TO HIS FOREST HOME!
TWO SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES WATCH A GROUP OF WORKERS IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS...
THAT'S HIM .. THE ONE WITH THE STRIPED SHIRT!
RIGHT! LET'S GET HIM NOW!
ALL RIGHT...."LONDON" JACK, WE'VE GOT YOU!
WHADDA YA' MEAN? I DON'T KNOW YOU GUYS!
WE'RE FROM SCOTLAND YARD AND ARE TAKING YOU BACK FOR THE MURDER OF GREGORY BILLINGS FIVE YEARS AGO!

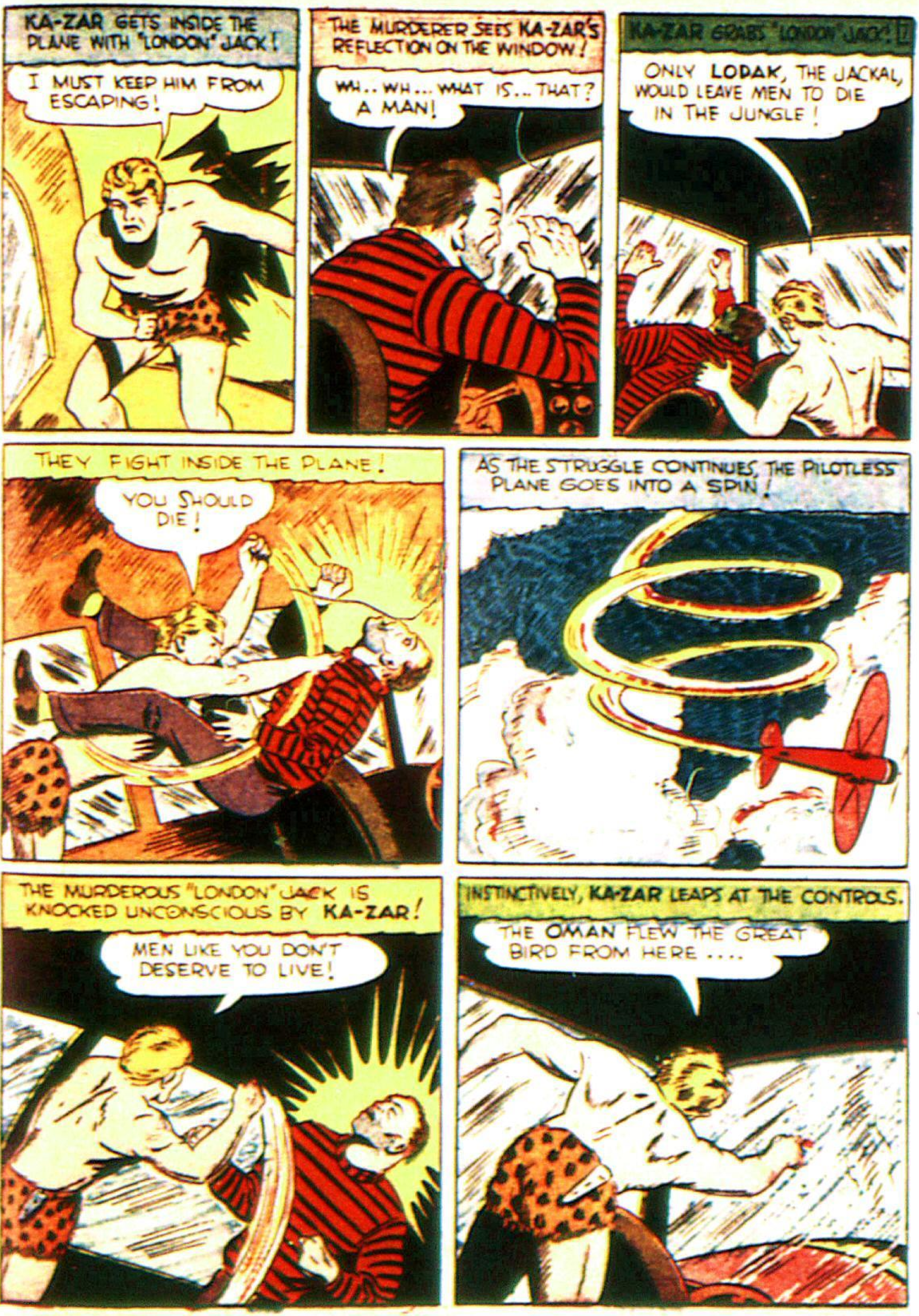

GET IN THIS PLANE, "LONDON" JACK, WE'RE GOING TO FLY YOU BACK TO ENGLAND!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU GOT ANYTHING ON ME?
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHEN WE GET THERE. WE'VE GOT PROOF THAT YOU COMMITTED ONE OF THE MOST FIENDISH MURDERS EVER HEARD OF IN ENGLAND! YOUR GAL FRIEND, KITTY SMILEY, SQUEALED ON YOU! ALL RIGHT, PILOT.... LET'S GO....
KITTY SMI... I THOUGHT, ER, THAT SHE....
WE KNOW... YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD KILLED HER TOO! BUT, SHE RECOVERED.... AND HER TESTIMONY WILL HANG YOU!
O.K. I DID KILL THE GUY! WELL, LET'S GET THERE AND GET IT OVER WITH!
YOU AIN'T GONNA' HANG ME! MY LUCK AIN'T UP YET!
I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE LOST DOWN IN THAT JUNGLE! I'LL TAKE LONDON ANY DAY, INSTEAD OF THAT PLACE!
SUDDENLY.... OIL BEGINS TO STREAK FROM THE MOTOR!
... THIS HAPPENS HIGH ABOVE THE BELGIAN CONGO JUNGLE!
I'VE GOT TO LAND! IF I DON'T CUT THE MOTOR OFF, THAT OIL WILL CATCH FIRE!

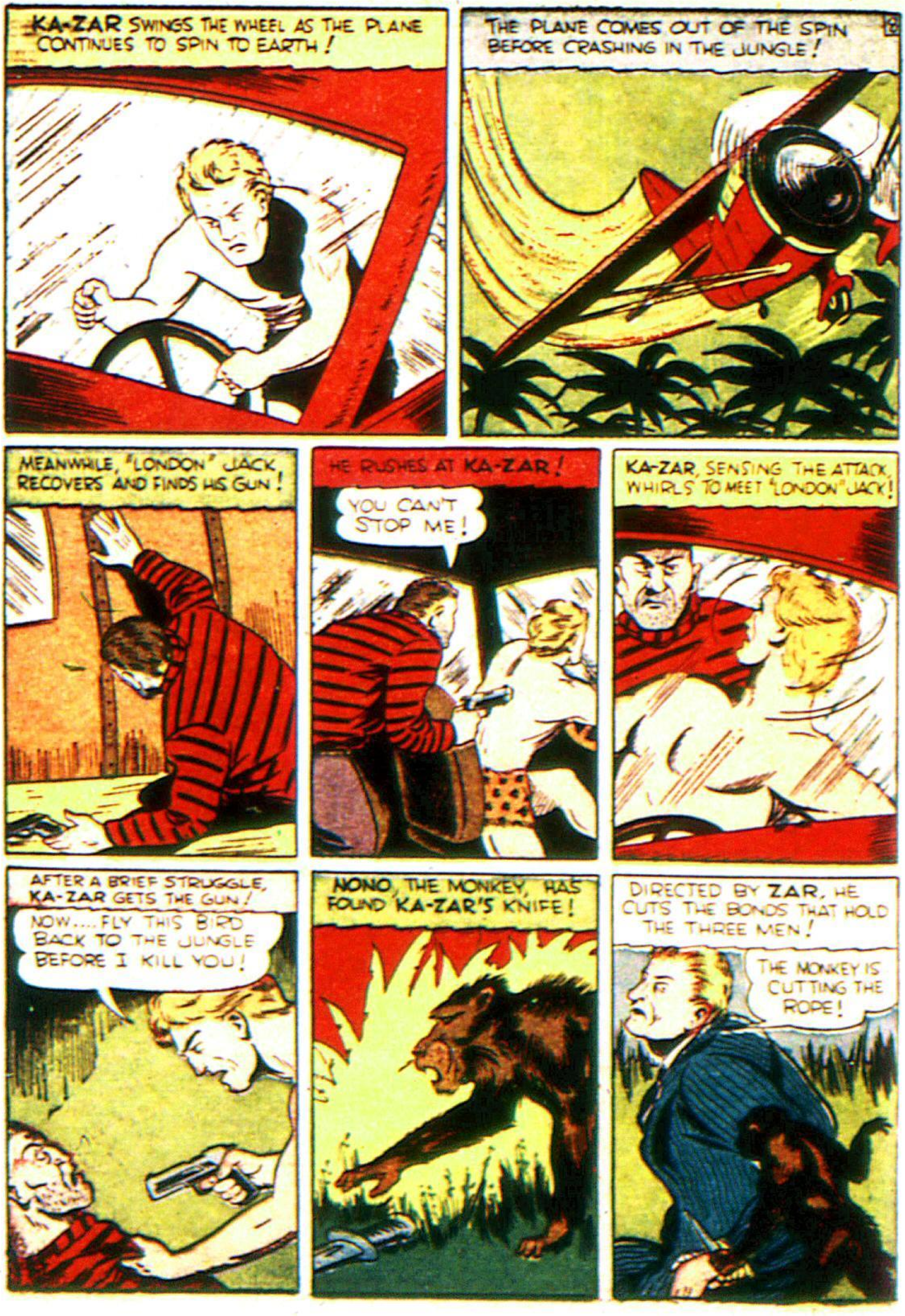

KA-ZAR, IN THE JUNGLE, HEARS THE ROAR OF THE PLANE AND WATCHES IT CIRCLE TO LAND!
THE OMAN AGAIN ..... IN HIS GREAT FLYING BIRD!
3
COME, ZAR, WE WILL SEE WHAT EVIL MEN ARE COMING AGAIN TO MAKE TROUBLE IN THE JUNGLE!
THE PLANE SETTLES INTO THE HEAVY FOREST!
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH! I KNOW.... I USED TO BE A FLIER... WE'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE! I'D RATHER GO TO ENGLAND AND HANG THAN BE BURNED TO DEATH IN THIS PLANE!
QUIET, YOU COWARD! WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME FIX!
THE PILOT SWINGS THE PLANE INTO A CLEARING AND AVOIDS CRACKING-UP!
HERE WE ARE! NO CRACK-UP... BUT WE MAY STARVE TO DEATH IF I CAN'T REPAIR THE PLANE!

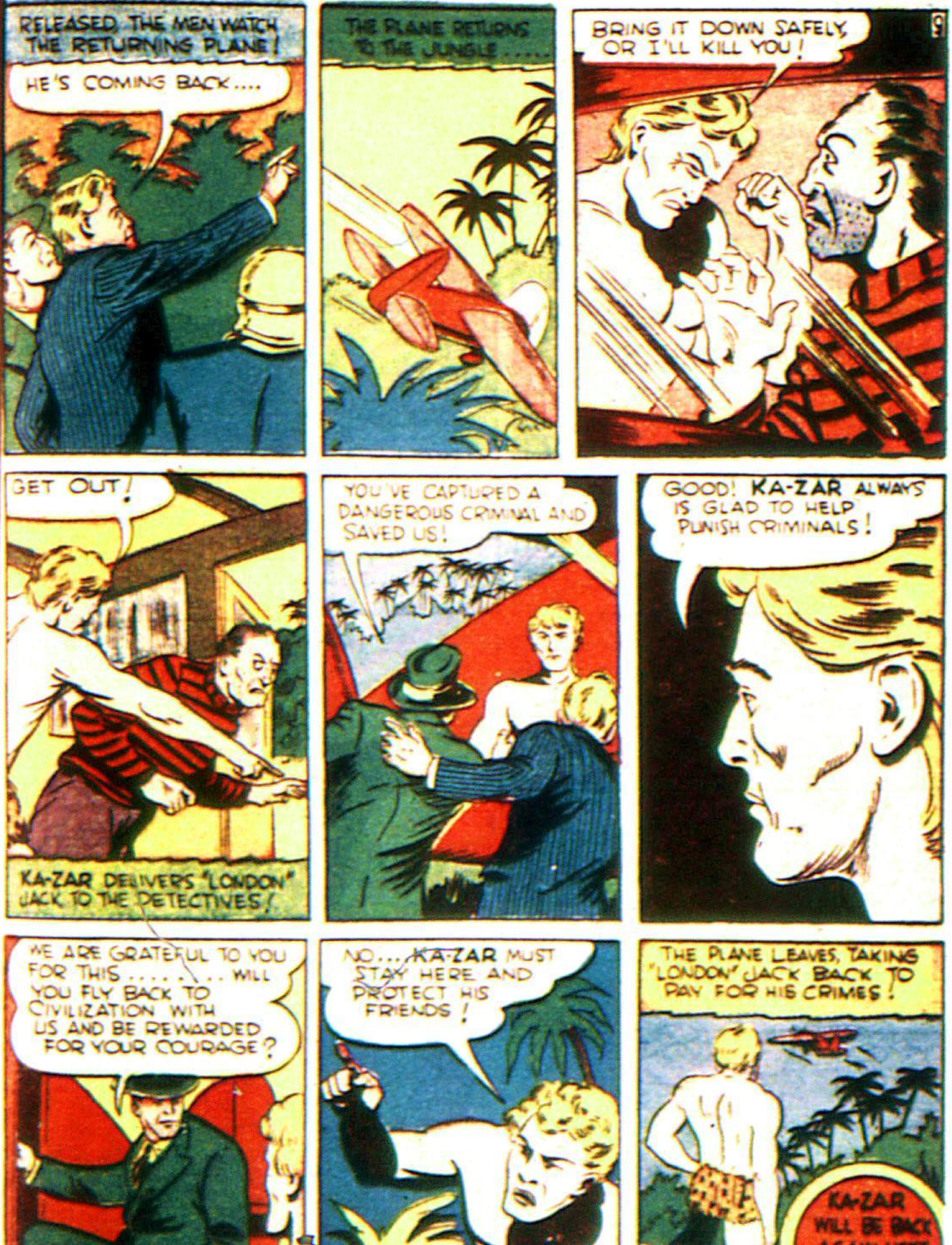

IF THEY HAVE COME TO HARM THE JUNGLE ANIMALS, I WILL DRIVE THEM AWAY!
KAZAR WATCHES.
HAVE A BROKEN OIL LINE.... BUT, I CAN REPAIR IT! WE WON'T BE STRANDED HERE!
GOOD!
4
HOW ABOUT LETTIN' ME GO OVER AND REST IN THE SHADE OF THOSE BIG TREES?
MIGHT AS WELL... YOU CAN'T GET AWAY HERE!
SOME HOURS LATER, THE PILOT HAS THE PLANE REPAIRED AND THE MOTOR RUNNING!
THERE SHE GOES!
THIS IS MY CHANCE!
THE MURDERER LEAPS AT ONE OF THE DETECTIVES AND GRABS HIS GUN!
GIVE ME THAT GUN!
BEFORE THE OTHER DETECTIVE CAN REACH HIS GUN, "LONDON" JACK HAS THE PAIR COVERED!
I SAID THAT I'D NEVER HANG!
IF YOU MAKE A MOVE TO STOP ME I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
HAVING DISARMED BOTH MEN, "LONDON" JACK RUSHES TO THE PLANE....
IN A FEW MINUTES I'LL BE FREE!


COME OUT HERE!
NOW... TIE UP THOSE TWO SMART SCOTLAND YARD COPPERS!
AND, NOW I'LL TIE YOU!
5
TOLD YOU I COULD FLY, DIDN'T I ? I'M TAKING THE PLANE AND LEAVING YOU TO STARVE!
THE MURDERER STARTS TO TAKE OFF......
NOW, TO GET THIS SHIP OUT OF THE JUNGLE AND FLY BACK TO FREEDOM!
KA-ZAR TOSSES HIS KNIFE TO THE GROUND AS HE ADDRESSES ZAR, THE LION.....
CALL NONO THE MONKEY AND TELL HIM TO TAKE THIS KNIFE AND CUT THOSE MEN FREE!
AS THE PLANE ROARS ACROSS THE CLEARING, KA-ZAR SWINGS FROM A HIGH TREE!
RELEASING HIS HOLD, HE DROPS TO THE PLANE AND GRABS THE RUDDER!


KA-ZAR IS CARRIED INTO THE AIR!
6
FUNNY... THIS SHIP FLIES LIKE SOMETHING WAS HOLDING IT BACK!
KA-ZAR CRAWLS FORWARD ALONG THE PLANE ....
I HAVE TO GET INSIDE SOMEWAY!
HE FEELS THE FABRIC ....
SEEMS LIKE A HEAVY SKIN .... IF I COULD GET THROUGH THIS.....
HE PLUNGES HIS FIST THROUGH THE COVERING!
KA-ZAR RIPS OPEN A HOLE ABOVE THE CABIN!
AS THE JUNGLE MAN SLIDES INTO THE PLANE, THE ROAR OF THE MOTOR COVERS THE NOISE OF HIS ENTRY!

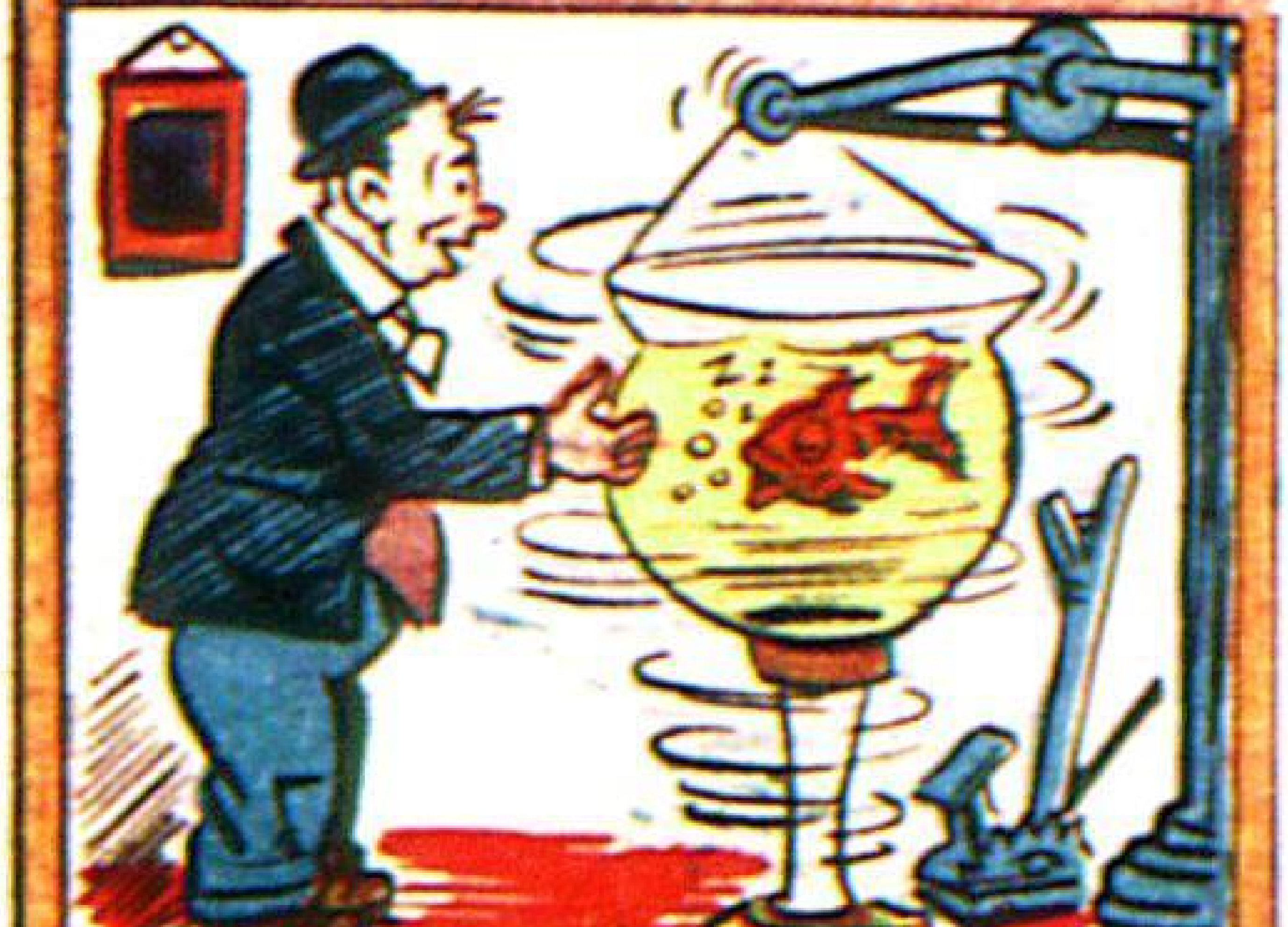

KA-ZAR GETS INSIDE THE PLANE WITH "LONDON" JACK!
I MUST KEEP HIM FROM ESCAPING!
THE MURDERER SEES KA-ZAR'S REFLECTION ON THE WINDOW!
WH.. WH... WHAT IS... THAT? A MAN!
KA-ZAR GRABS "LONDON" JACK!
ONLY LODAK, THE JACKAL, WOULD LEAVE MEN TO DIE IN THE JUNGLE!
THEY FIGHT INSIDE THE PLANE!
YOU SHOULD DIE!
AS THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES, THE PILOTLESS PLANE GOES INTO A SPIN!
THE MURDEROUS "LONDON" JACK IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY KA-ZAR!
MEN LIKE YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!
INSTINCTIVELY, KA-ZAR LEAPS AT THE CONTROLS.
THE OMAN FLEW THE GREAT BIRD FROM HERE ....


KA-ZAR SWINGS THE WHEEL AS THE PLANE CONTINUES TO SPIN TO EARTH!
THE PLANE COMES OUT OF THE SPIN BEFORE CRASHING IN THE JUNGLE!
MEANWHILE, "LONDON" JACK RECOVERS AND FINDS HIS GUN!
HE RUSHES AT KA-ZAR!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME!
KA-ZAR, SENSING THE ATTACK, WHIRLS TO MEET "LONDON" JACK!
AFTER A BRIEF STRUGGLE, KA-ZAR GETS THE GUN!
NOW.... FLY THIS BIRD BACK TO THE JUNGLE BEFORE I KILL YOU!
NONO, THE MONKEY, HAS FOUND KA-ZAR'S KNIFE!
DIRECTED BY ZAR, HE CUTS THE BONDS THAT HOLD THE THREE MEN!
THE MONKEY IS CUTTING THE ROPE!

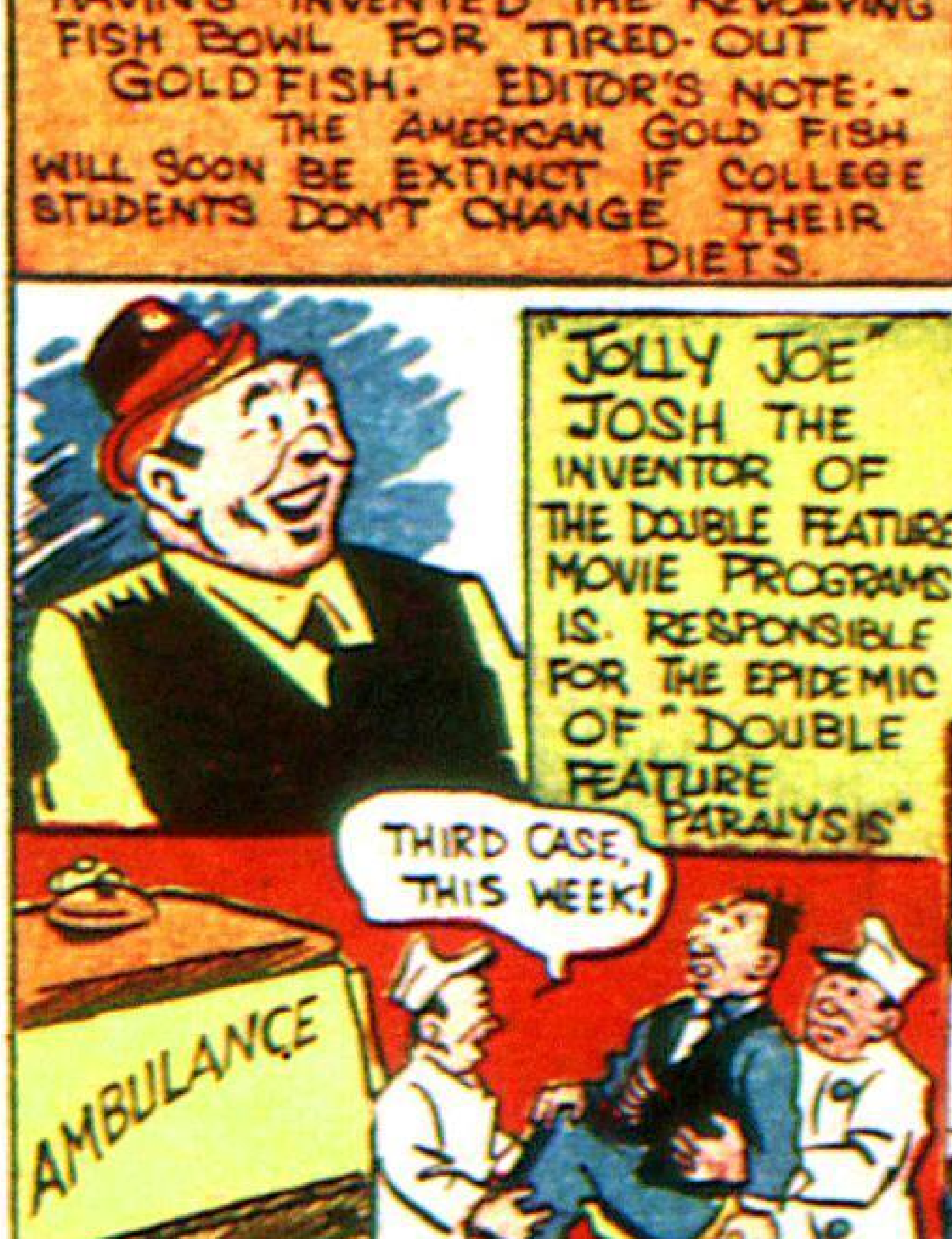

RELEASED, THE MEN WATCH THE RETURNING PLANE!
HE'S COMING BACK....
THE PLANE RETURNS TO THE JUNGLE.....
BRING IT DOWN SAFELY, OR I'LL KILL YOU!
GET OUT!
KA-ZAR DELIVERS "LONDON" JACK TO THE DETECTIVES!
YOU'VE CAPTURED A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL AND SAVED US!
GOOD! KA-ZAR ALWAYS IS GLAD TO HELP PUNISH CRIMINALS!
WE ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR THIS.......WILL YOU FLY BACK TO CIVILIZATION WITH US AND BE REWARDED FOR YOUR COURAGE?
NO....KA-ZAR MUST STAY HERE AND PROTECT HIS FRIENDS!
THE PLANE LEAVES, TAKING "LONDON" JACK BACK TO PAY FOR HIS CRIMES!
KA-ZAR WILL BE BACK AGAIN NEXT MONTH!

OUR HALL OF SHAME

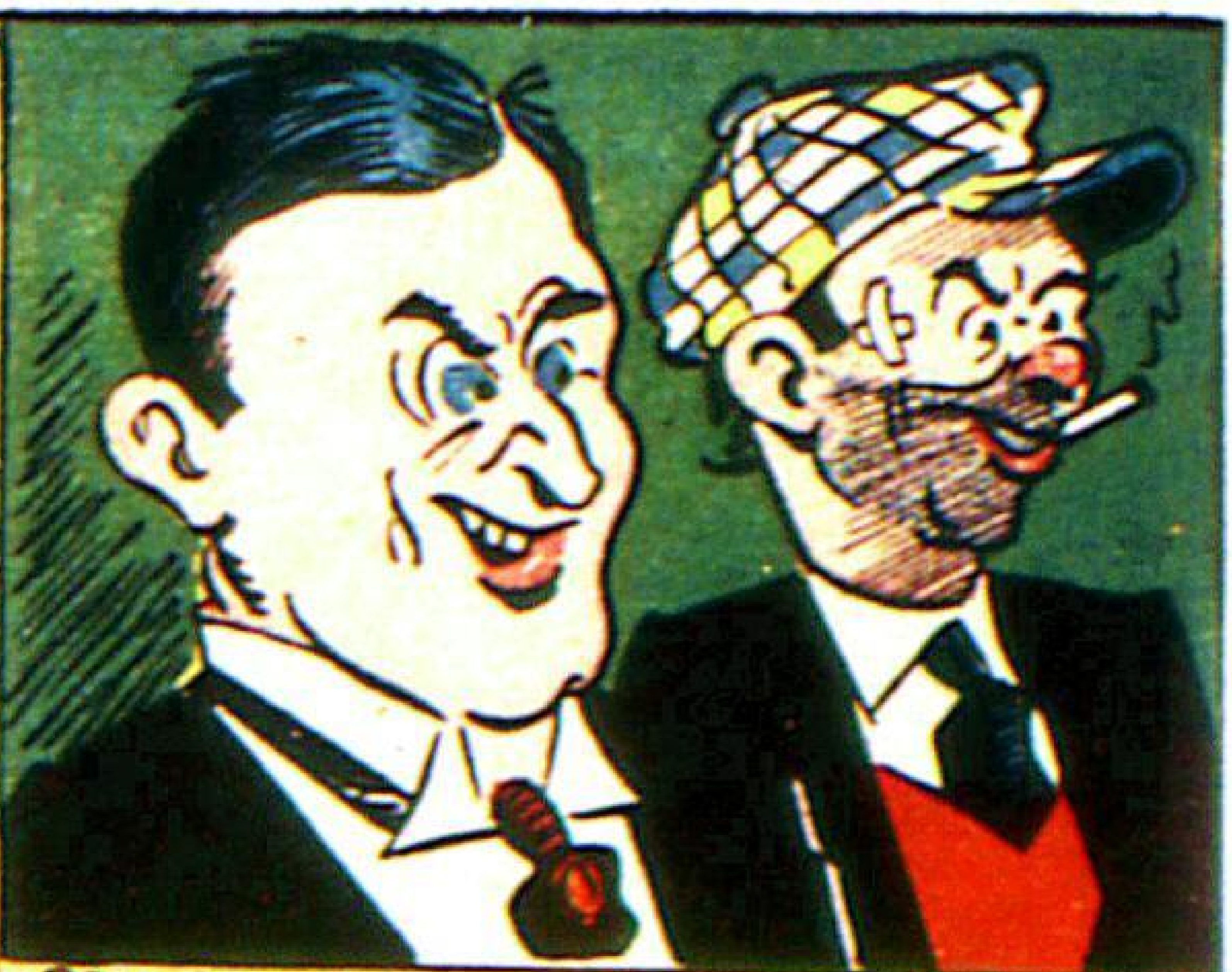
by GENE MARRIN



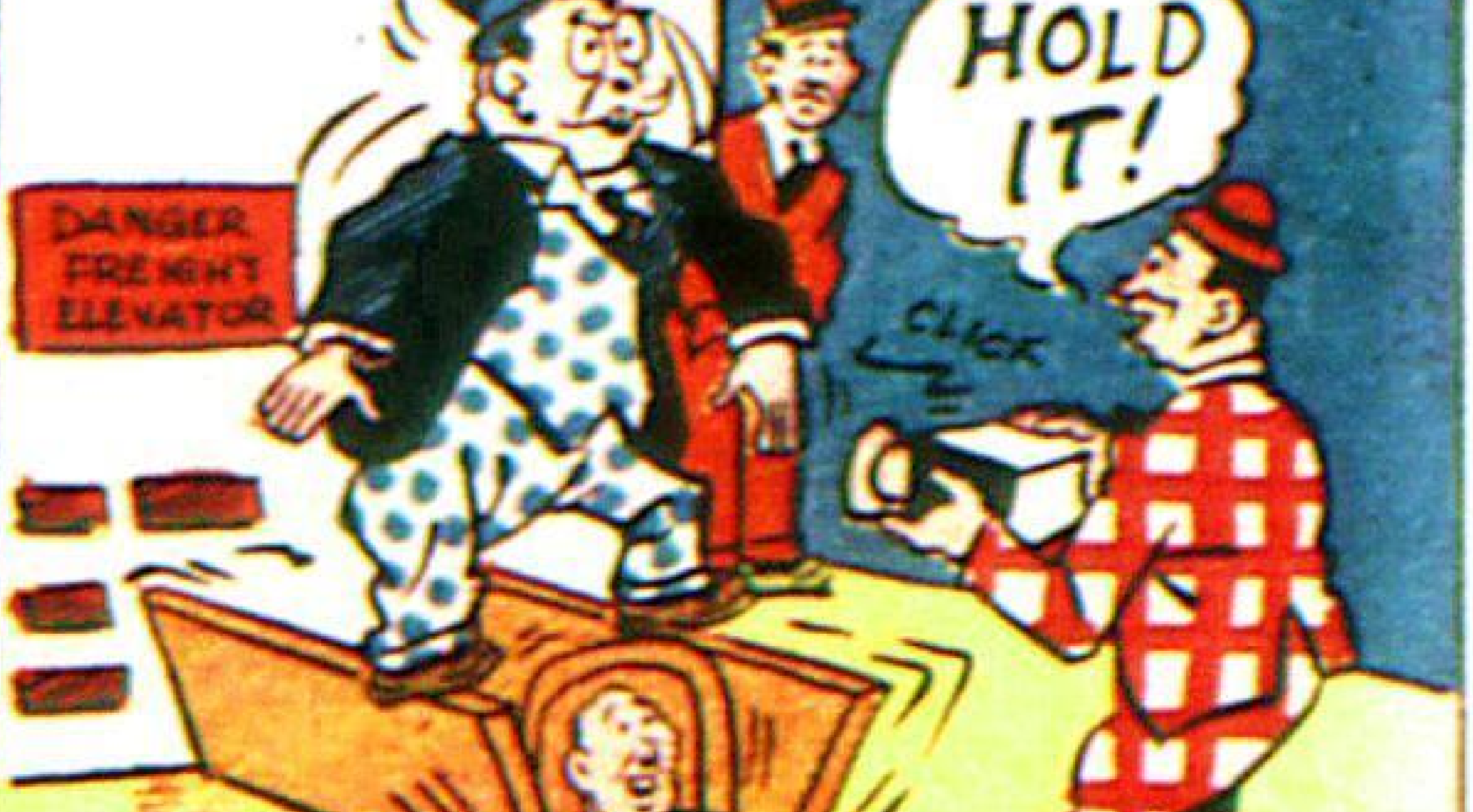
CLEM CHOWDER, THE "ALL AMERICAN SCREW-BALL", IS CREDITED WITH HAVING INVENTED THE REVOLVING FISH BOWL FOR TIRED-OUT GOLDFISH. EDITOR'S NOTE:- THE AMERICAN GOLD FISH WILL SOON BE EXTINCT IF COLLEGE STUDENTS DON'T CHANGE THEIR DIETS.



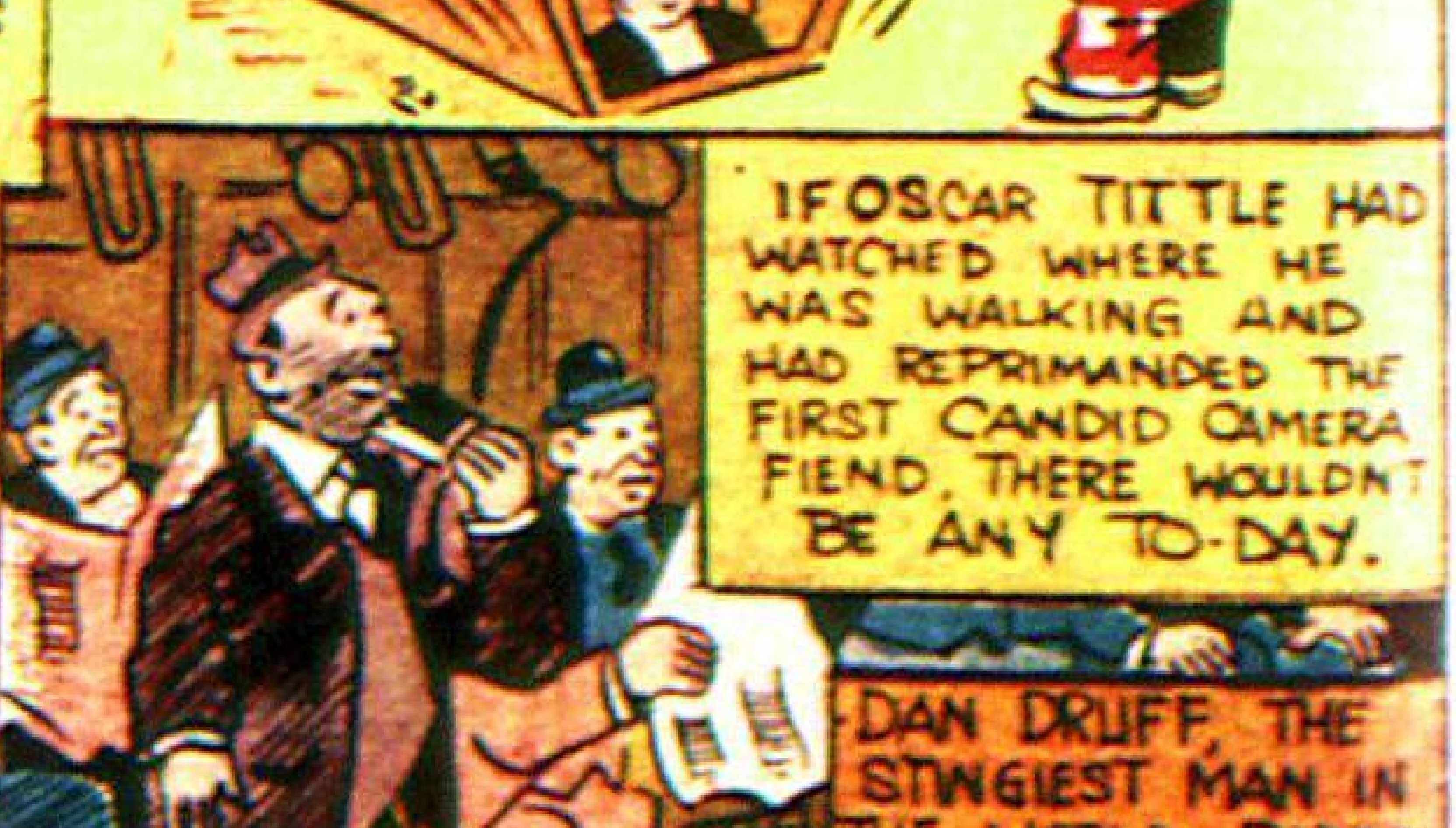
"JOLLY JOE" JOSH THE INVENTOR OF THE DOUBLE FEATURE MOVIE PROGRAMS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EPIDEMIC OF "DOUBLE FEATURE PARALYSIS"



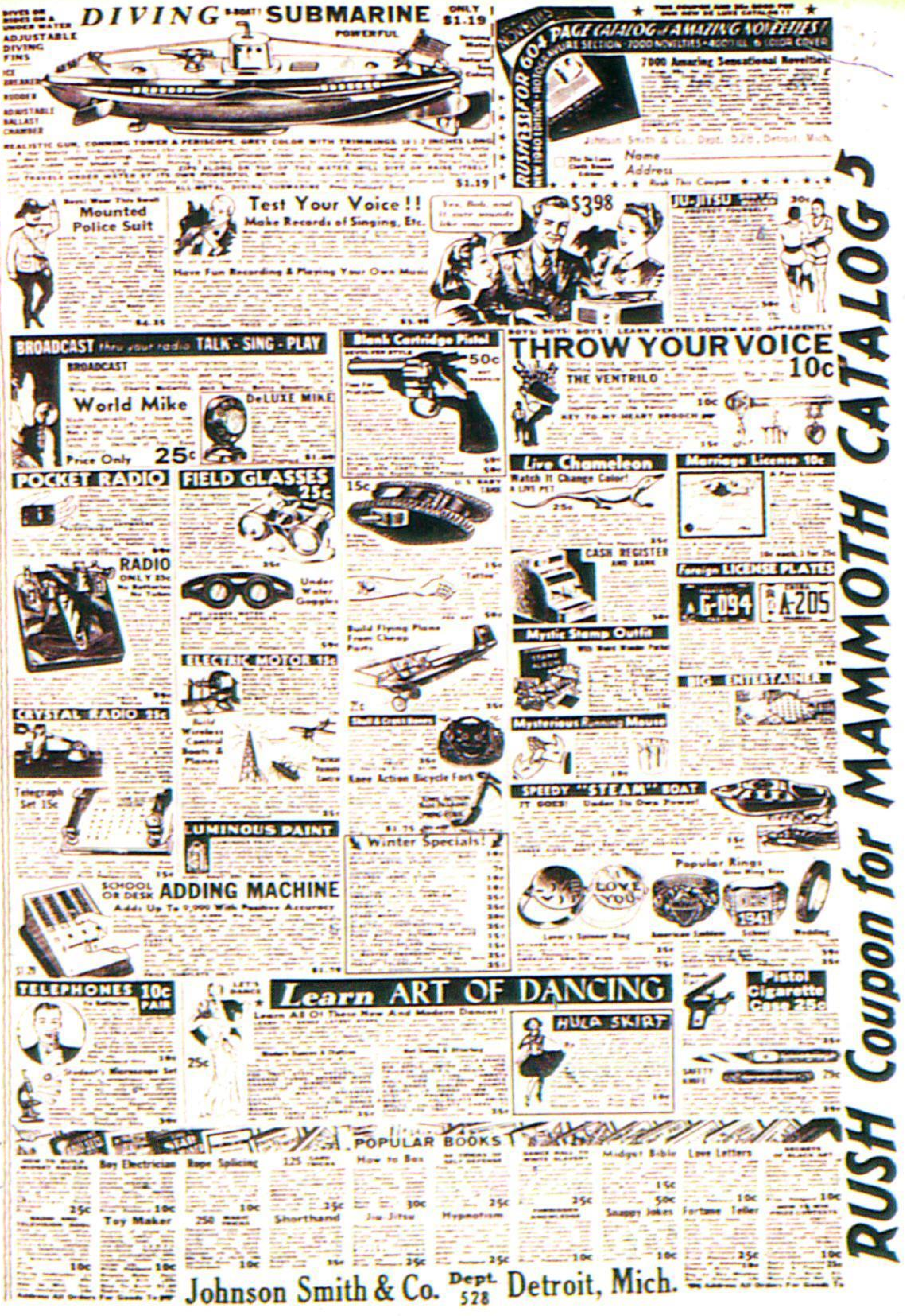
PROF. O.U. CHISELER, I.O.U., P.D.Q. ETC., AND BULLET-PROOF McNASTY, TWO BOYS WHO MADE A FORTUNE BY COVERING DOOR-KNOBS WITH MOLASSES AND SELLING THEM FOR "ALL DAY SUCKERS" MR CHISELER ALSO HAD OTHER STERLING QUALITIES, LIKE PILFERING BABY CARRIAGES, GIVING BABIES RAZOR BLADES AS PLAYTHINGS, AND ROLLING CHILDRENS LOLLY POPS IN THE SAND.



IF OSCAR TITTLE HAD WATCHED WHERE HE WAS WALKING AND HAD REPRIMANDED THE FIRST CANDID CAMERA FIEND, THERE WOULDNT BE ANY TO-DAY.



DAN DRUFF, THE STINGIEST MAN IN THE WORLD. RIDES FREE ON THE TROLLEY CARS AND NEVER FAILS TO DO HIS SHAVING ON THEIR ELECTRIC CURRENT.

DIVING SUBMARINE ONLY $1.19

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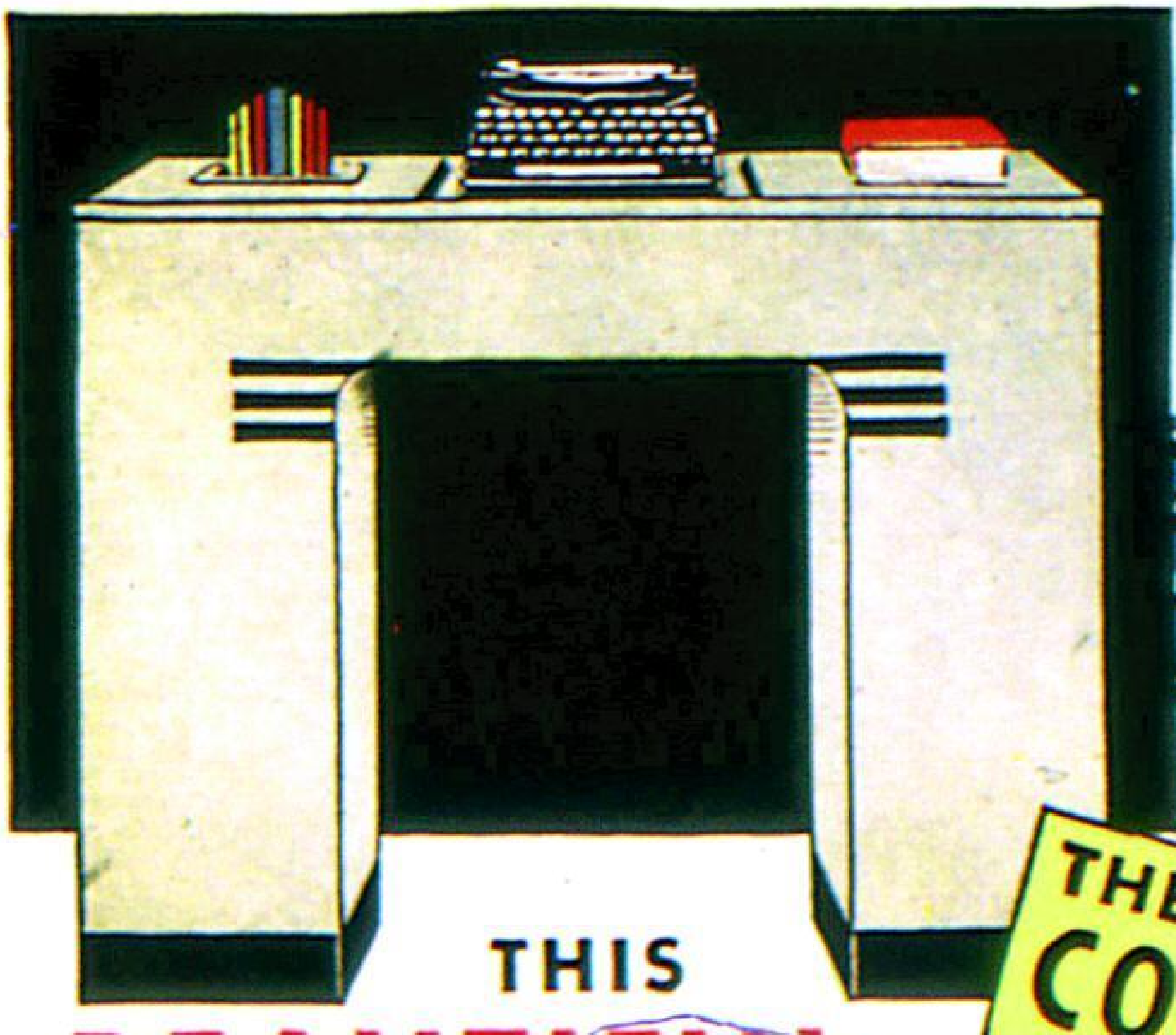

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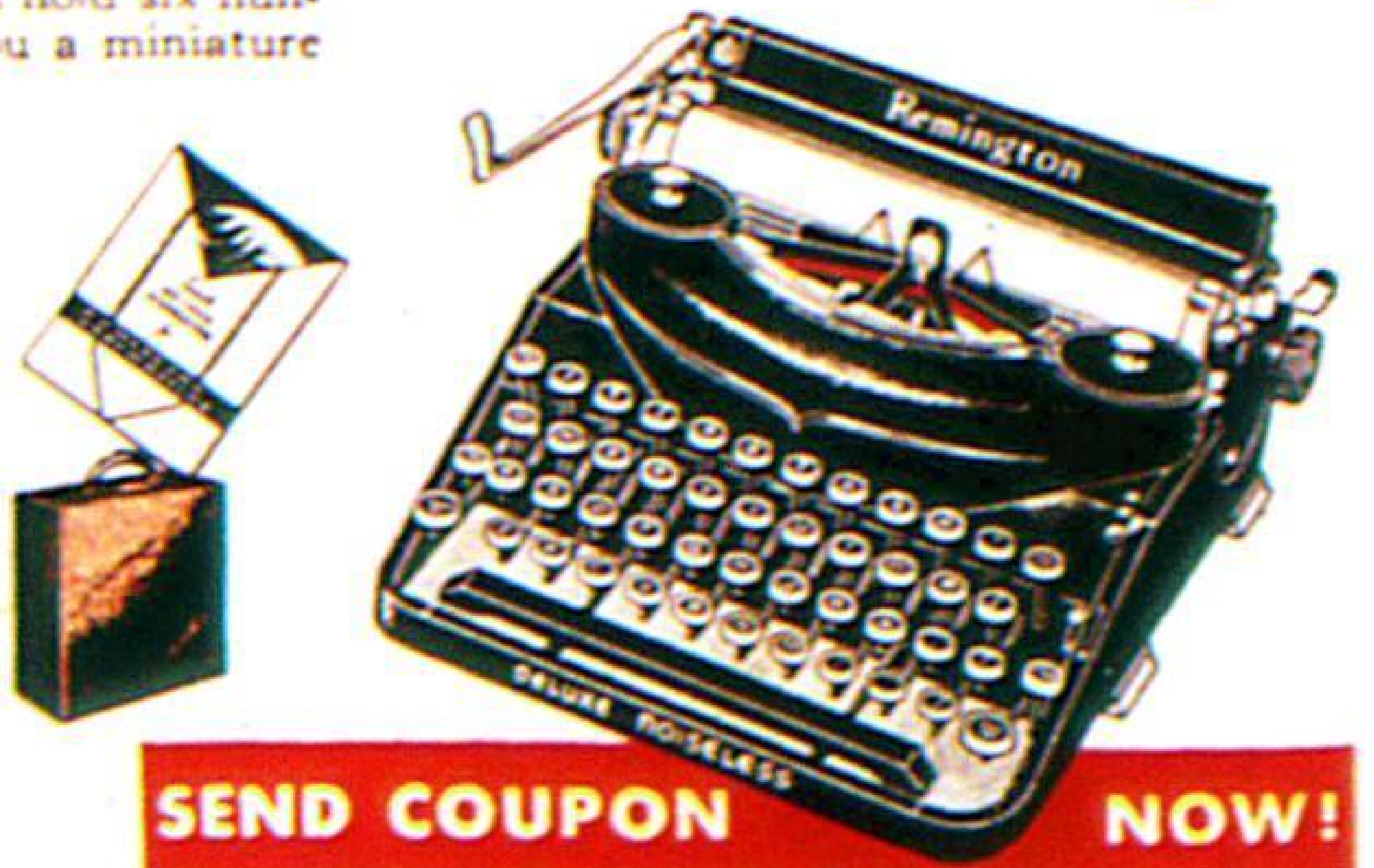

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